Bernard Gates's Book
given by Willoughby Bertie Esqr
August the 14: 1719

Beaum

SOME

SELECT SONGS

As they are Sung in the

FAIRY QUEEN.

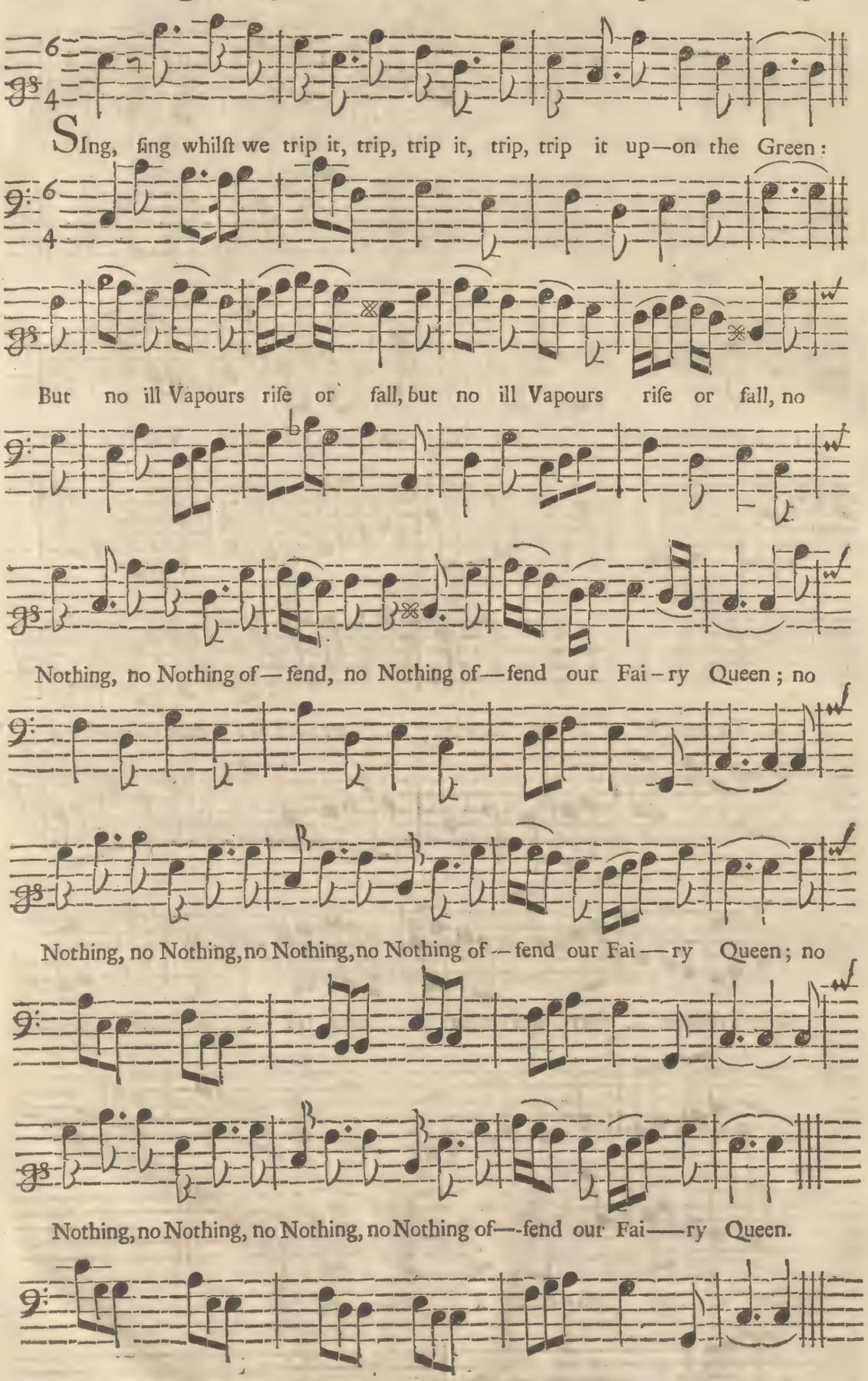
Set to Musick,

By Mr. *HENRY PURCELL.*

LONDON,

Printed by *J. Heptinstall*, for the Author; *and are* to be Sold by *John Carr*, at the *Inner-Temple Gate* near *Temple-Barr*, by *Henry Playford* at his Shop in the *Temple*, and at the Theatre in *Dorset-Garden.* 1692.

First Song sung in the second Act. by Mrs. *Aliff*.



Second Song in the Second Act. Sung by Mrs. *Dyer*.

I am come to lock all faſt, Love with—out me can—not laſt:

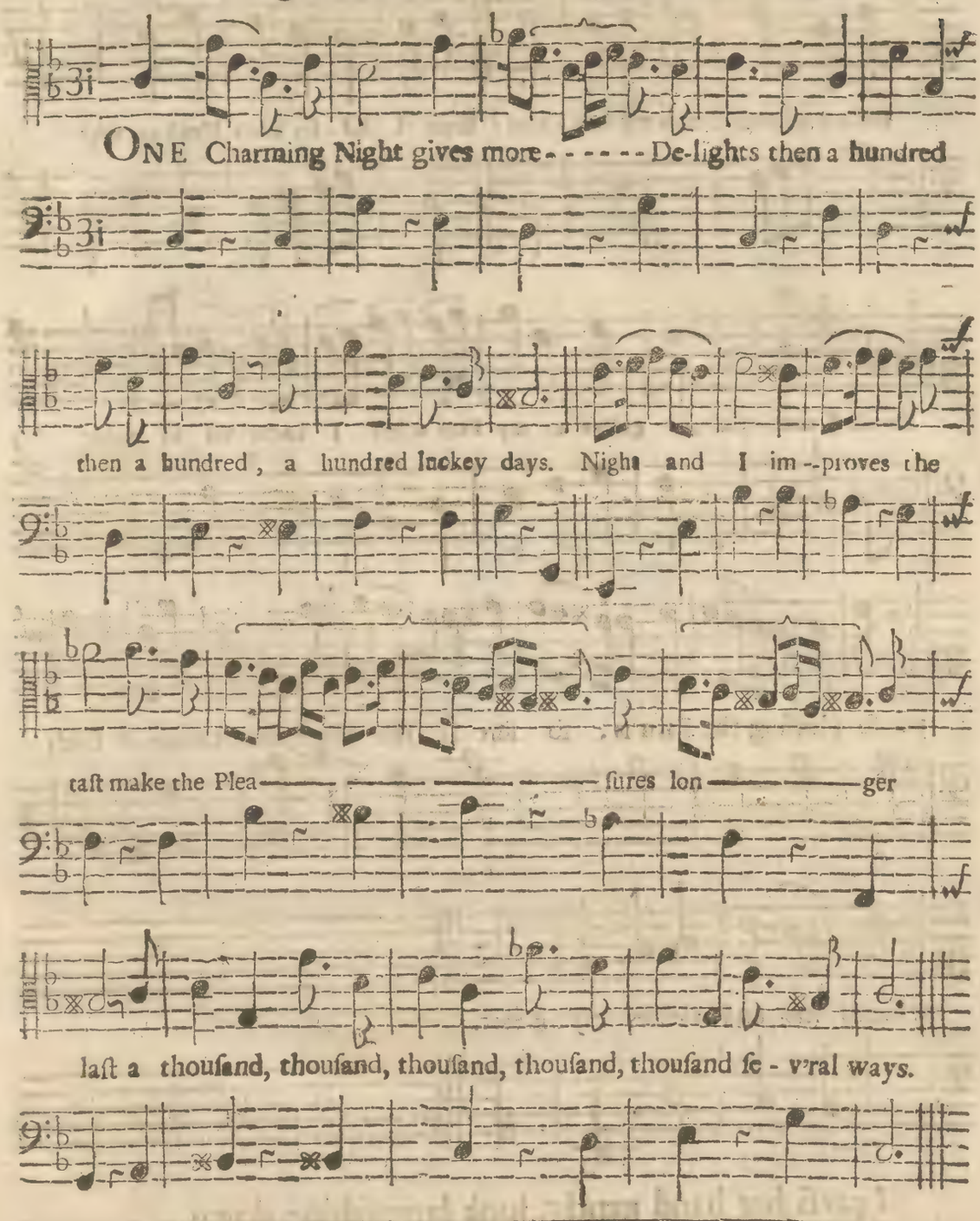
Love like Counſells of the Wiſe, muſt be hid from Vul—gar Eyes;

'Tis ho—ly, 'tis ho—ly, and we muſt, we muſt Conceal it;

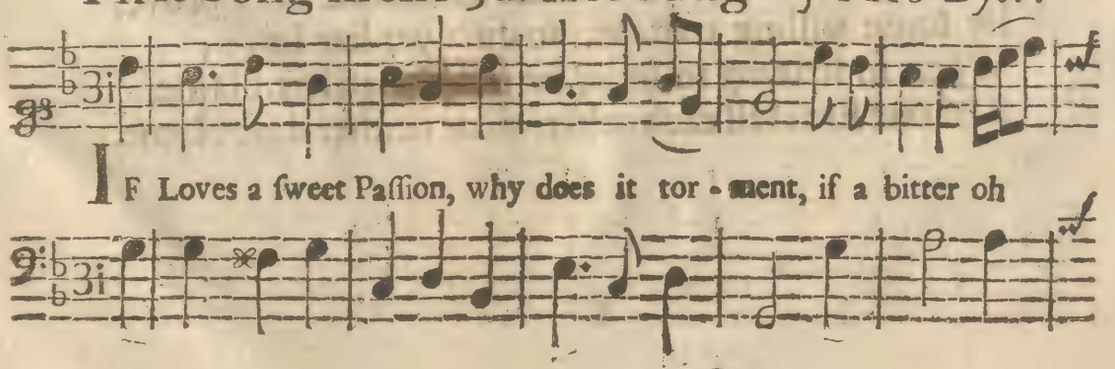
they pro-fane it, they pro—fane it who re—veal it; they pro—

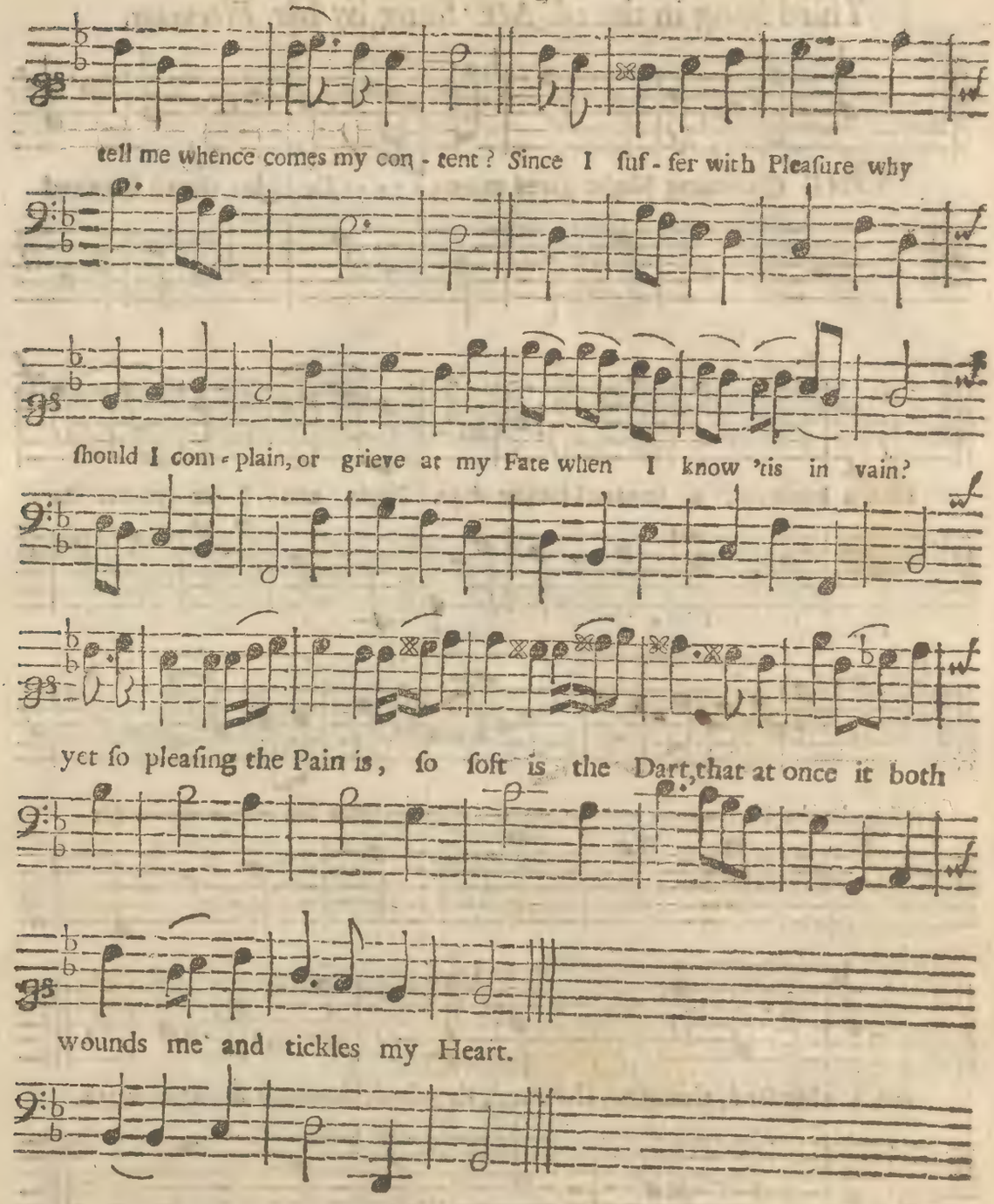
——fane it, they pro—fane it who re—veal it.

Third Song in the 2d. Act. Sung by Mr. *Freeman.*



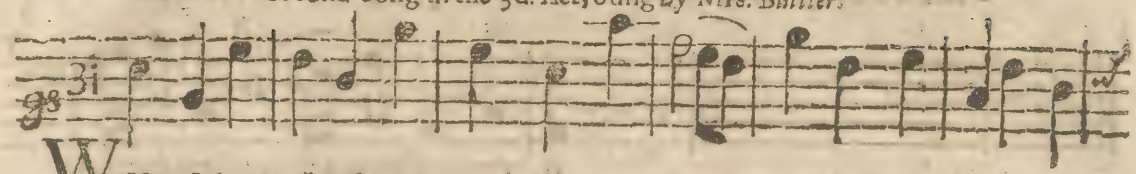
Firſt Song in the 3d: Act Sung by Mrs. *Dyer:*



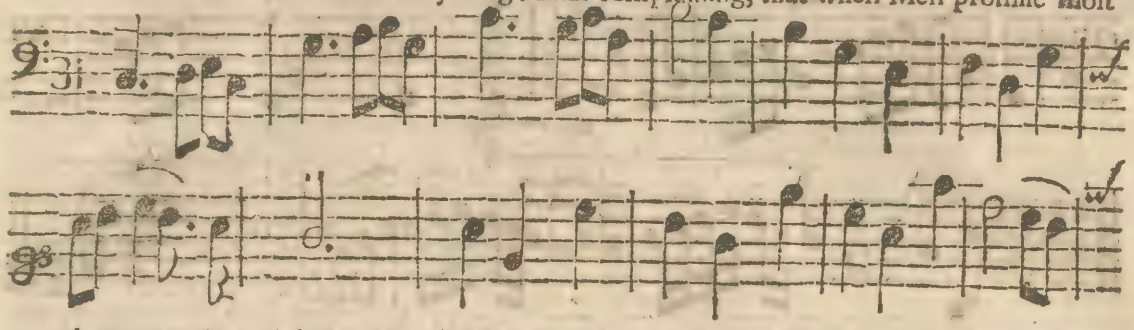


I press her hand gently, look languishing down,
And by Passionate silence I make my Love known;
But Oh! how I'm blest when so kind she does prove,
By some willing mistake, to discover her Love;
When in striving to hide, she [redacted] all her Flame,
And our Eyes tell each other, what neither dare Name.

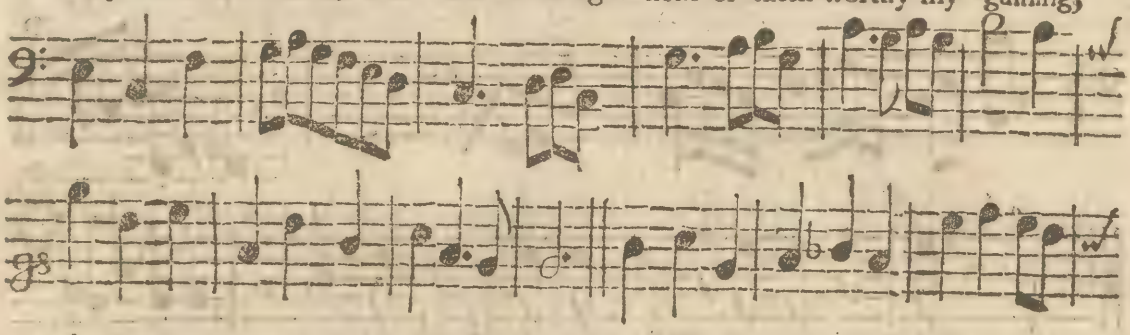
Second Song in the 3d. Act, Sung by Mrs. *Battler.*



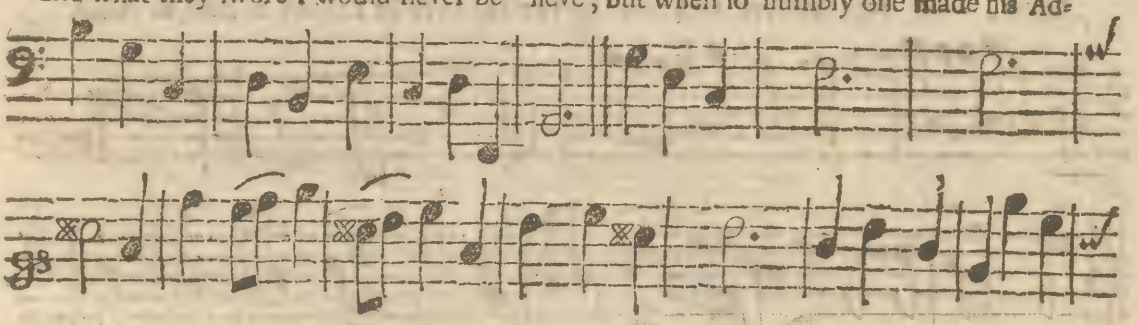
WHen I have often heard young Maids complaining, that when Men promiſe moſt



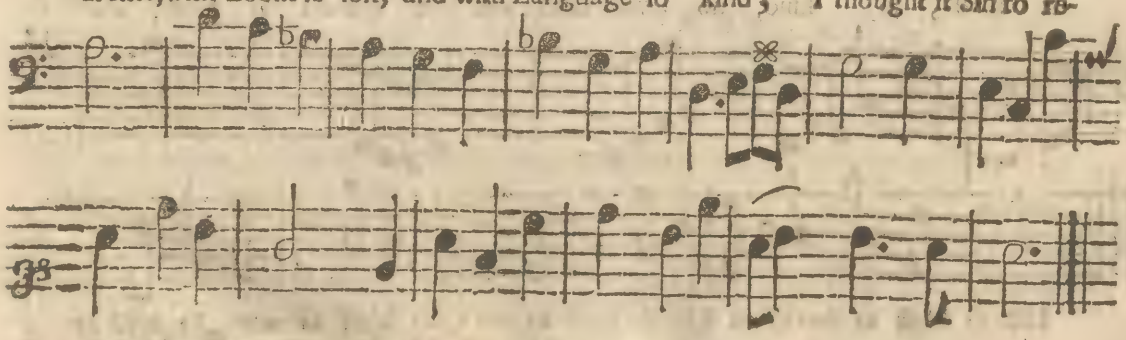
they moſt de - - ceive, then I thought none of them worthy my gaining,



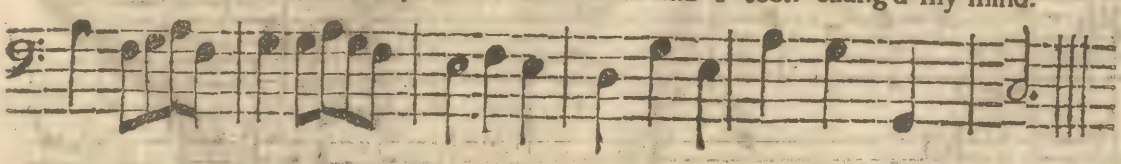
and what they ſwore I would never be - lieve, but when ſo humbly one made his Ad-



dreſſes, with Looks ſo ſoft, and with Language ſo kind, I thought it Sin to re-

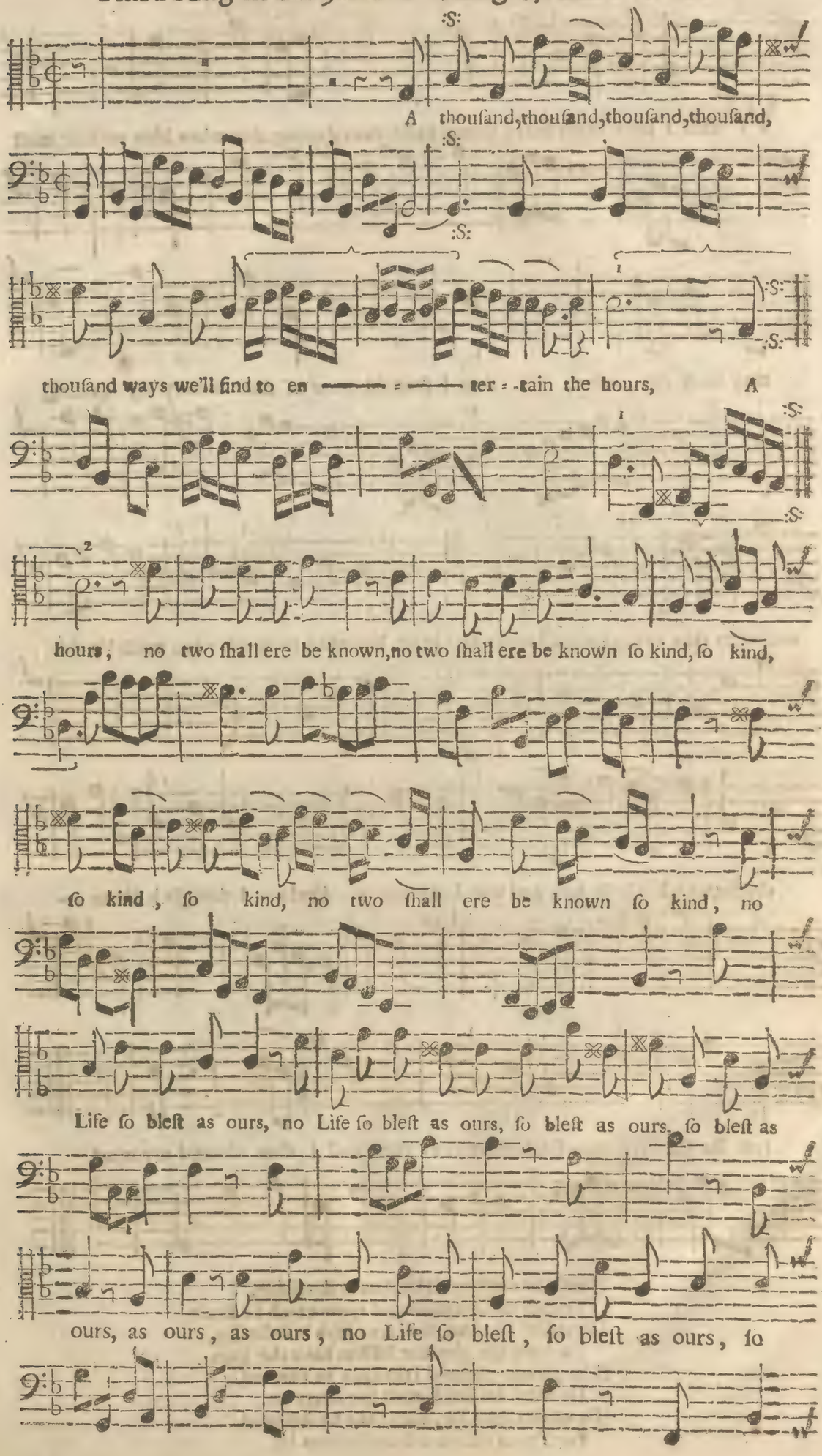


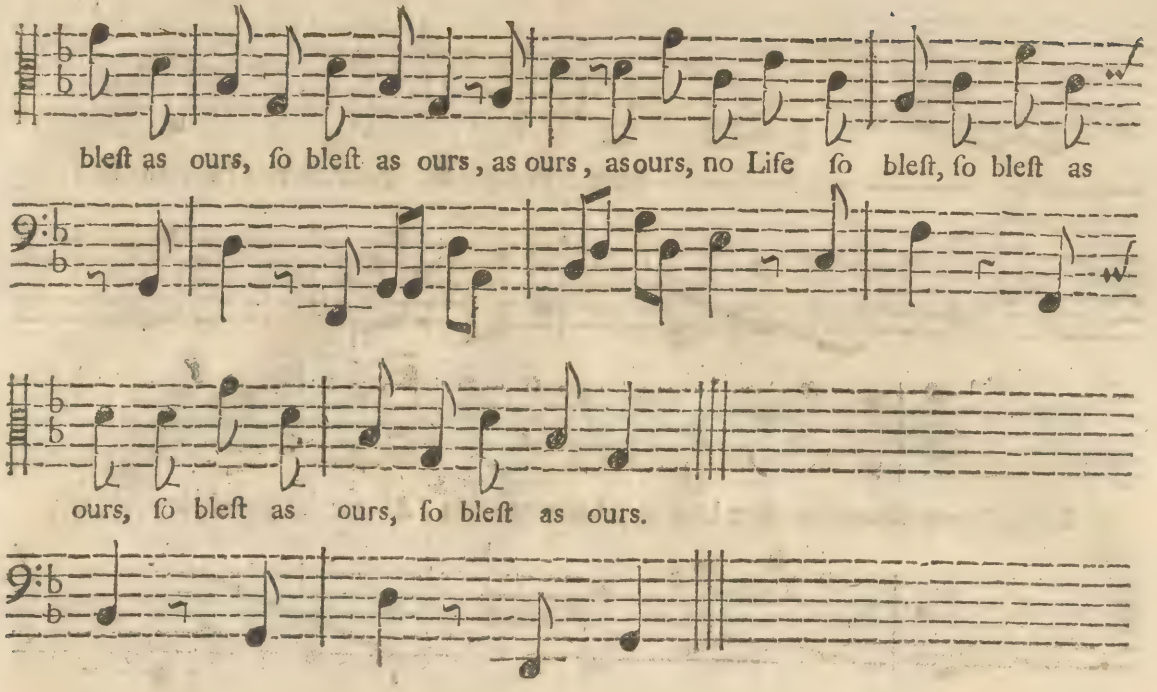
ſuſe his Ca - reſ——ſes, Nature ore - came and I ſoon chang'd my mind.



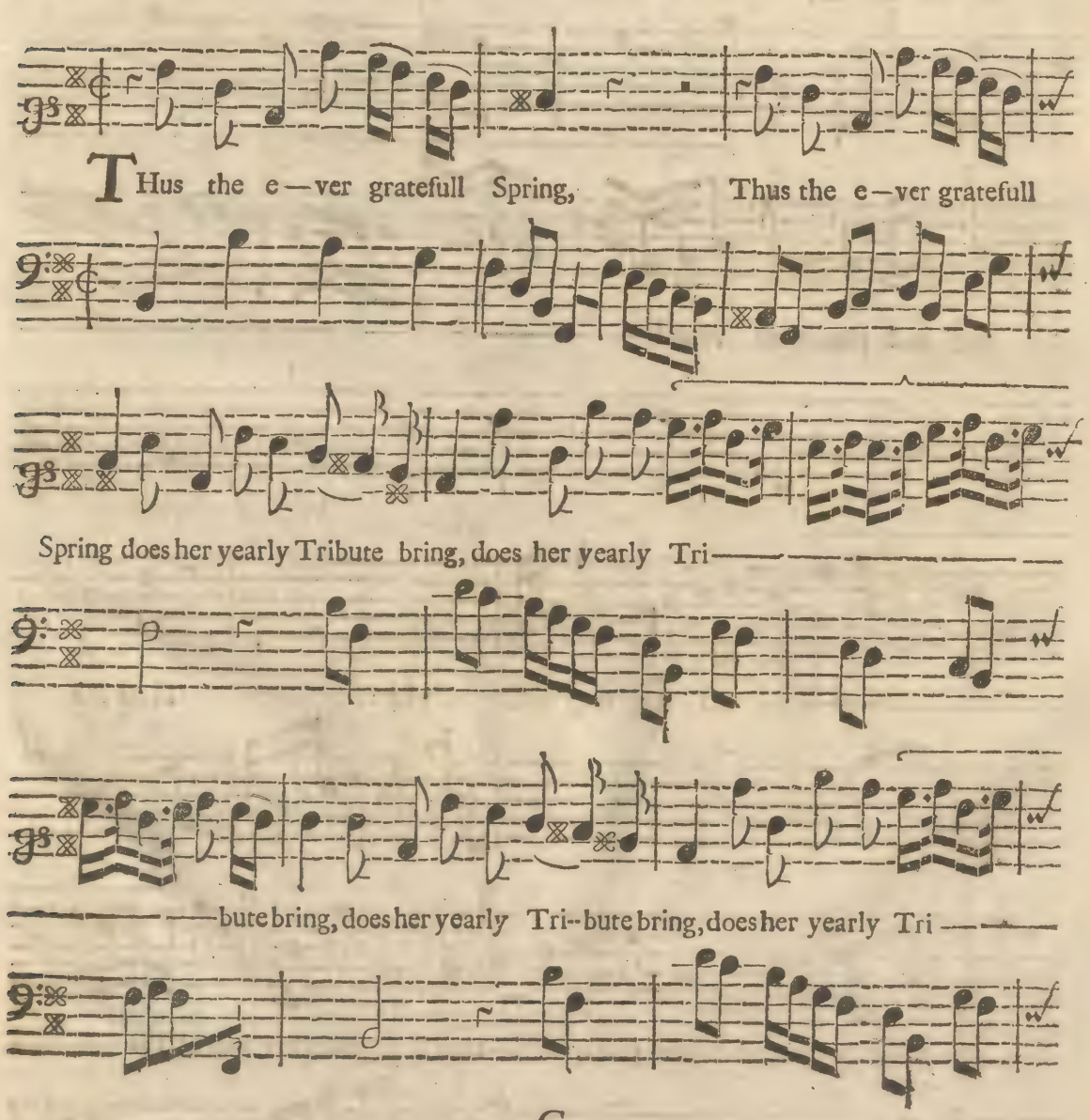
Should he employ all his Arts in deceiving,
Stretch his Invention and quite crack his Brain,
I find ſuch Charms, ſuch true Joys in believing,
I'le have the pleaſure let him have the pain.
If he proves perjur'd I ſhall not be cheated,
He may deceive himſelf but never me,
'Tis what I look for, and ſhan't be defeated,
For I'm as falſe and Inconſtant as he.

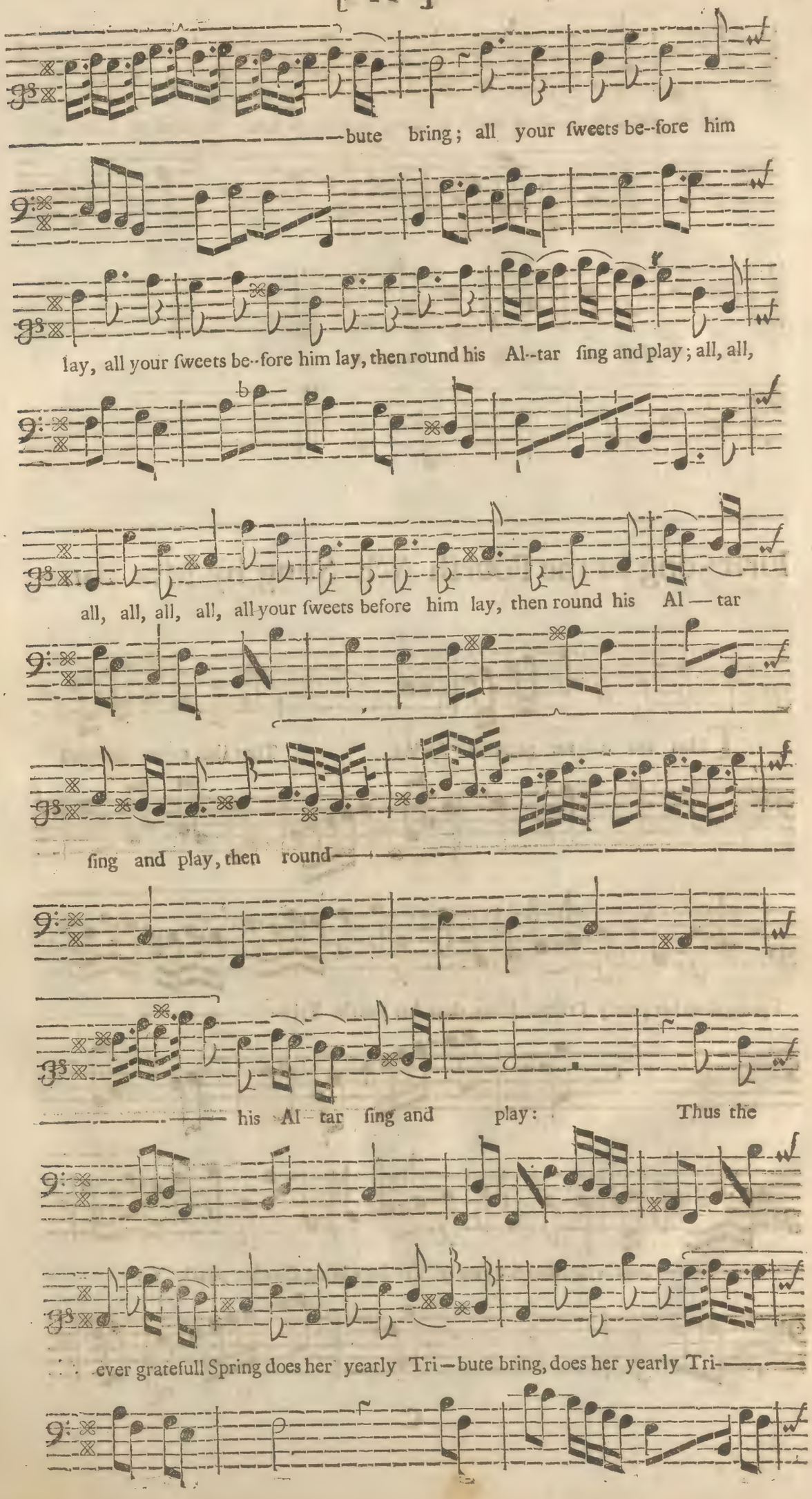
Third Song in the 3d. Act. Sung by Mr. *Freeman*.

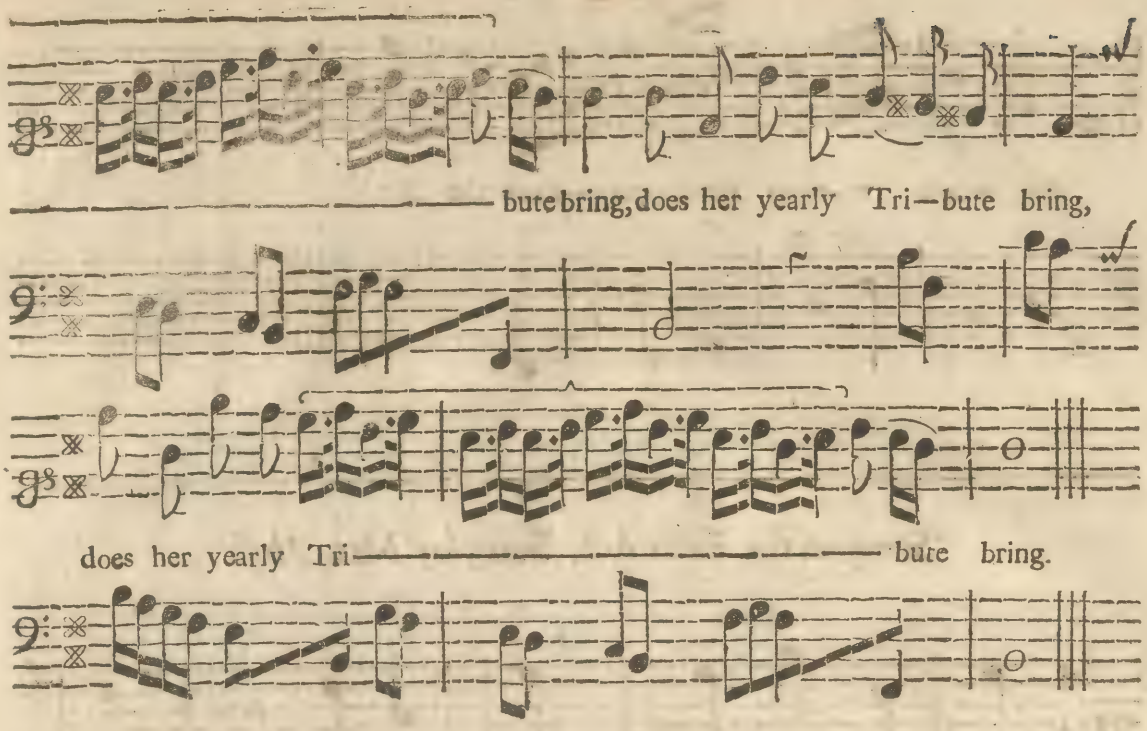




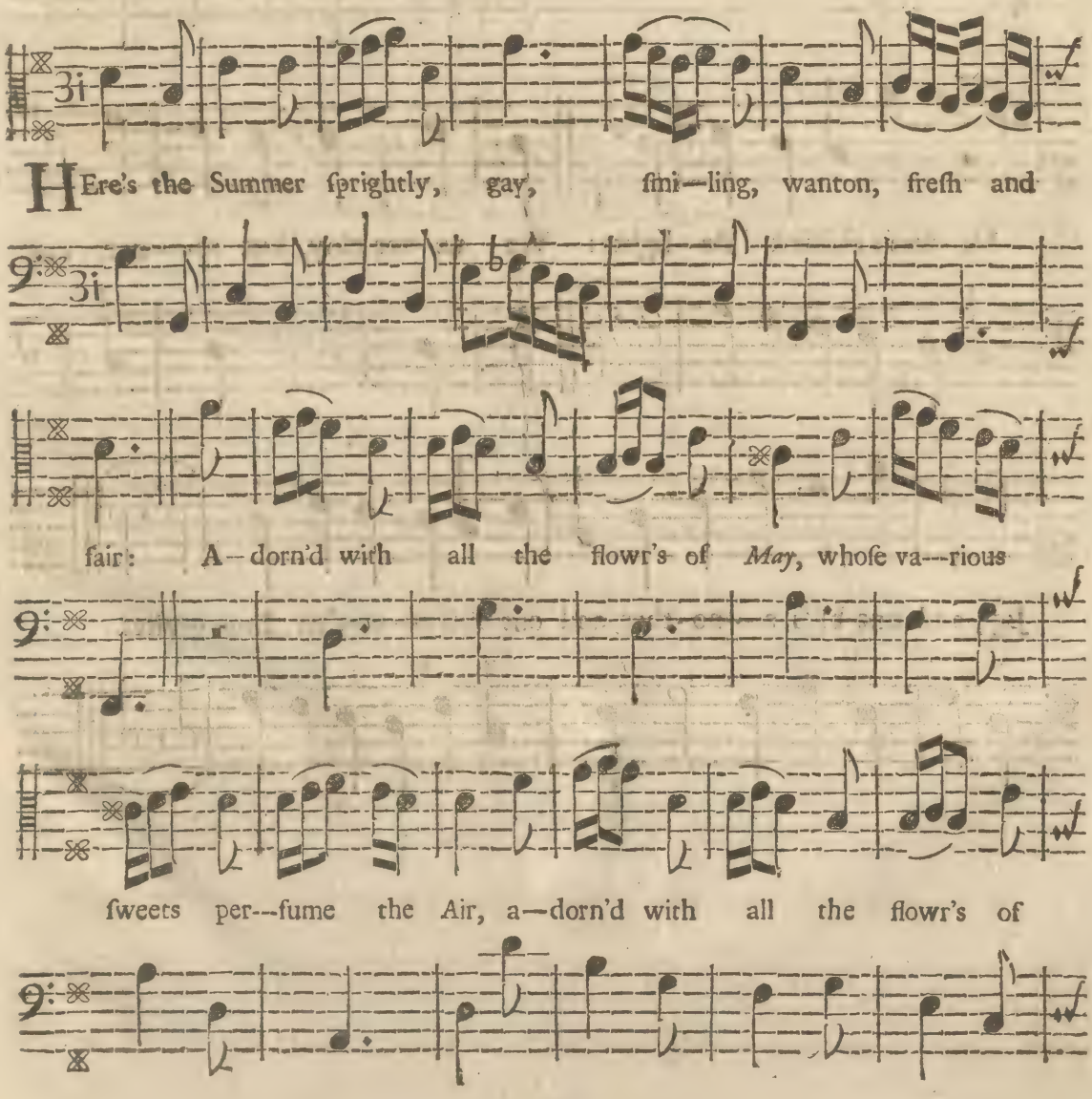
Firſt Song in the Fourth Act. Sung by Mrs. *Butler*.

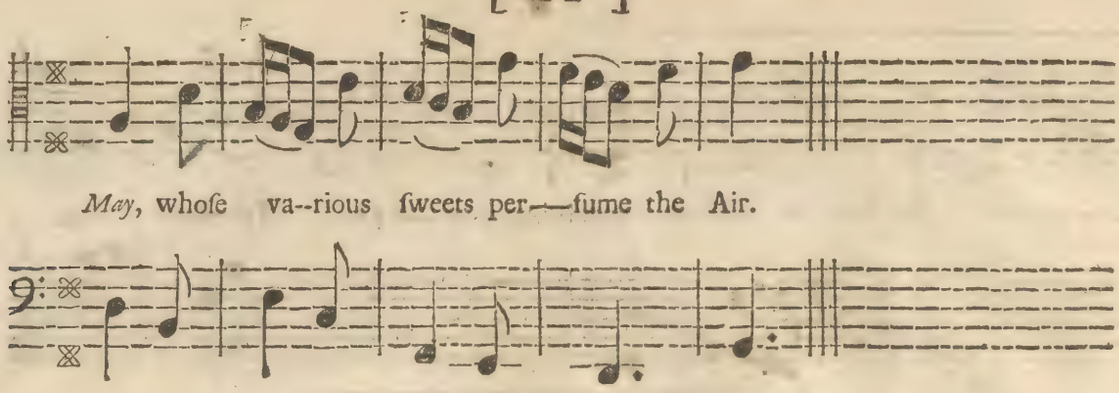



bute bring; all your ſweets be--fore him
lay, all your ſweets be--fore him lay, then round his Al--tar ſing and play; all, all,
all, all, all, all, all your ſweets before him lay, then round his Al — tar
ſing and play, then round
his Al — tar ſing and play: Thus the
ever gratefull Spring does her yearly Tri — bute bring, does her yearly Tri-

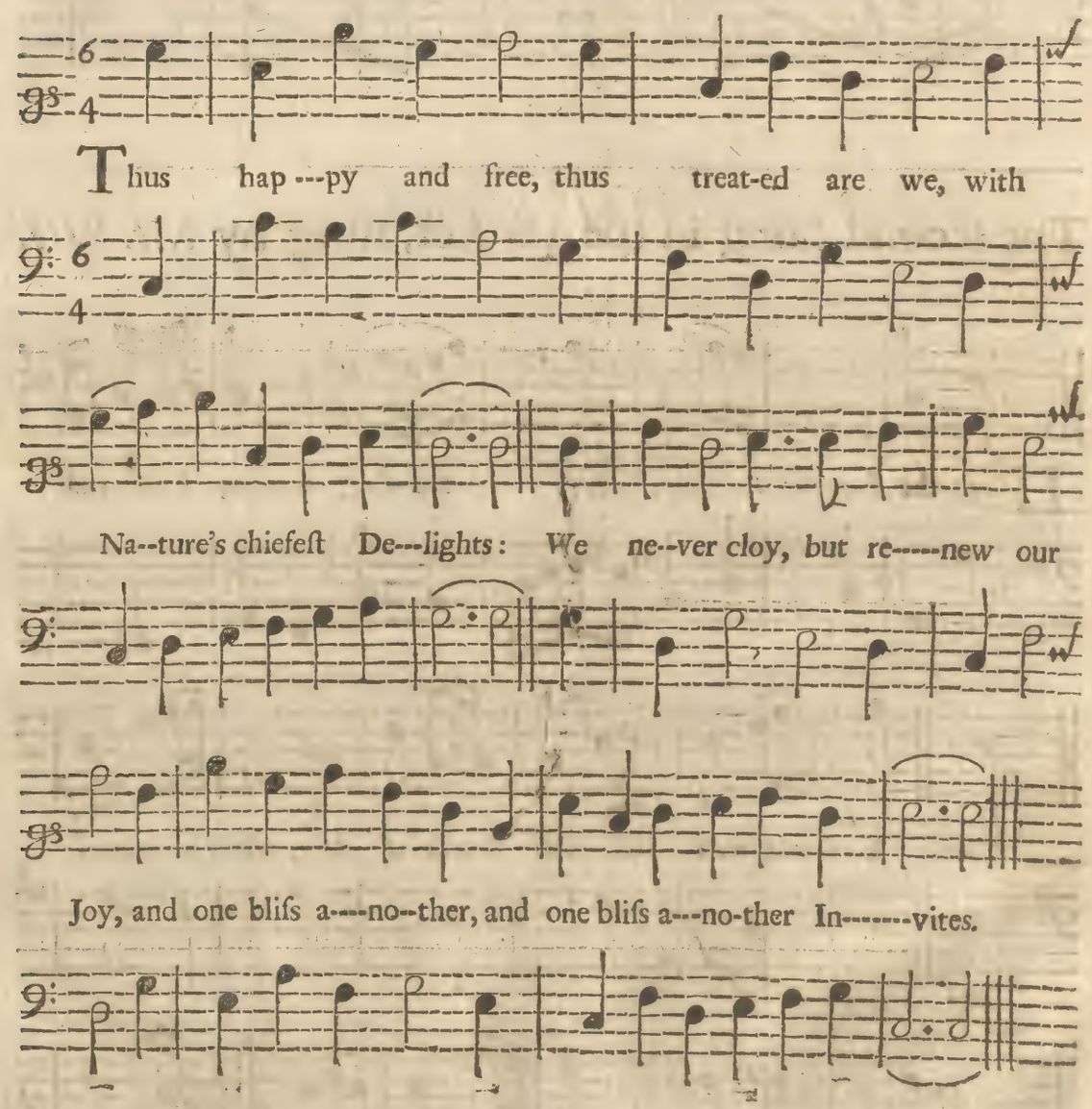


The ſecond Song in the 4*th* Act, ſung by Mr. P*ate*.





Song in the Fifth Act. Sung by Mrs. *Aliff*.



The Dialogue in the laſt *Opera*, call'd the *Fairy Queen*.

He

NOw the Maids and the Men are making their Hay, we've left the dull

fools, we've left the dull fools and are ſtolen a——way; then *Mopſa* no

more be Coy as before, but let's mer-ri-ly, mer-ri--ly, mer--ri--ly, mer-ri-ly

play; and kiſs, and kiſs, and kiſs, and kiſs, and kiſs the ſweet time a—way.

She

Why how now Sir Clown, why how now, what makes you ſo bold? I'd

have ye, I'd have ye to know I'm not made of that mold;

I tell you a—gain, a—gain and a--gain, Maids muſt ne-ver,

muſt ne--ver kiſs no Men; no, no, no, no, no, no kiſſing at

all, no, no, no, no, no, no kiſſing at all; I'le not kiſs till

She

I kiſs you for good and all; no, no, no, no, no,

He

Not kiſs you at all, not

98

no, no, no, no, no, no kiſſing at

kiſs you at all, not at all?

98

all, no, no, no, no, no, no no, no

not kiſs you at all; why no, why

no, no kiſſing at all? no, no, no, no, no

no not at all, why no, no, no,

I'le not kiſs till I kiſs you for good and all,

He

no, no kiſſing at all ? ſhould you give me a

ſcore, 'twould not leſ—ſen your ſtore, then bid me, bid me chear--ful—ly,

76

chear-ful—ly kiſs and take my fill, and take my fill my

She

fill of the bliſs; I'le not truſt you ſo far I know you to we'l,

ſhou'd I give you an Inch you'd ſoon, you'd ſoon take an Ell;

then Lord like, you Rule and Laugh, —— then Lord like you Rule and

Laugh —————— at the Fool; no, no, no, no,

no, no kiſſing at all, no, no, no, no, no, no kiſſing at all; I'le

He

not kiſs till I kiſs you for good and all: So ſmall a Re—

— queſt you muſt not, you cannot, you ſhall not de——ny; nor will I ad—

——mit of a——no--ther, a—no-ther re——ply; you muſt not, you

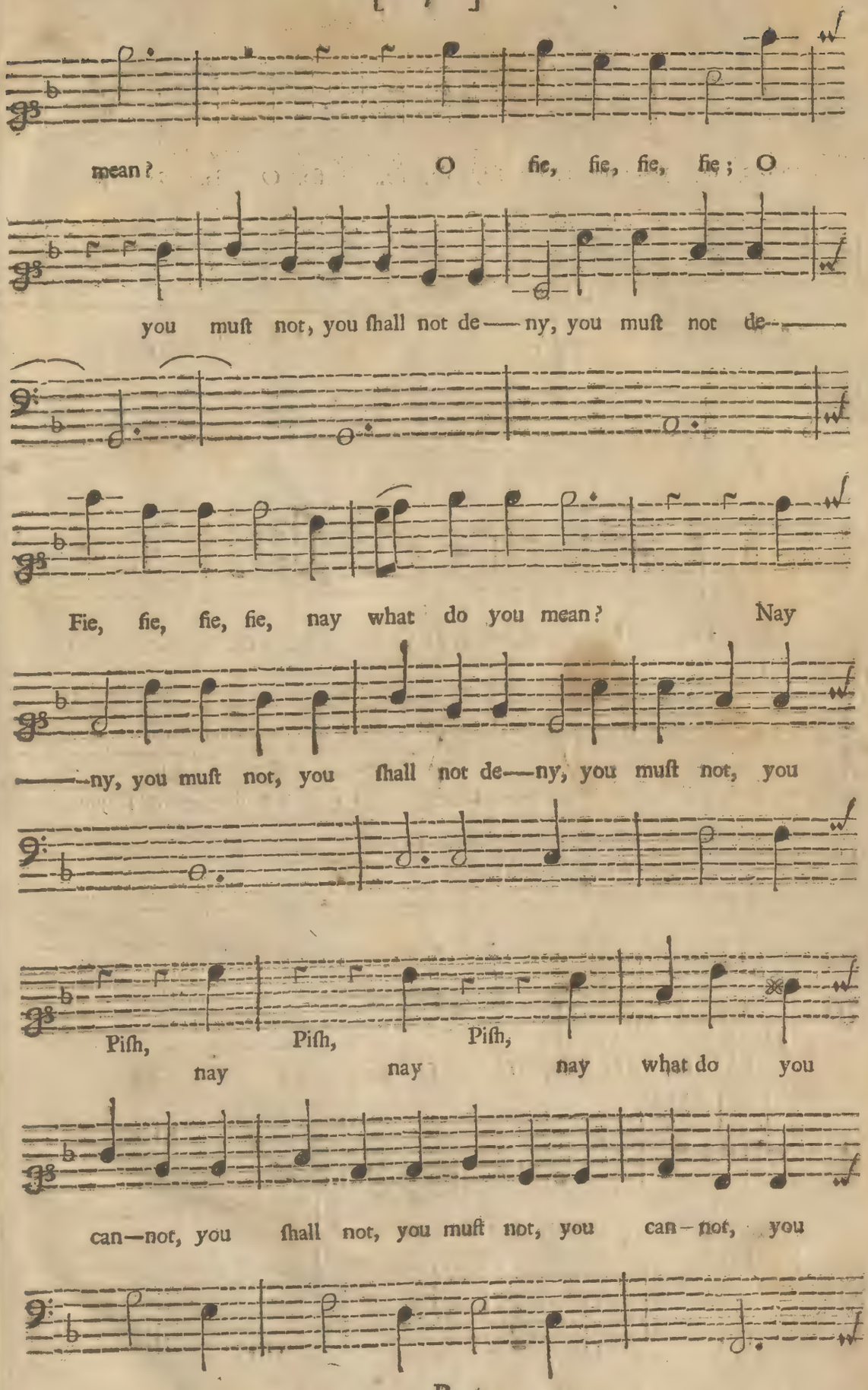
ſhall not de——ny; you muſt not, you can--not, you ſhall not de——

Chorus She

Nay what do you mean? nay what do you

Chorus

——ny. You muſt not, you ſhall not de——ny;


mean? O fie, fie, fie, fie; O
you must not, you ſhall not de—ny, you must not de—
Fie, fie, fie, fie, nay what do you mean? Nay
—ny, you must not, you ſhall not de—ny, you must not, you
Piſh, Piſh, Piſh,
nay nay nay what do you
can—not, you ſhall not, you must not, you can—not, you

what do you mean? O fie, fie, fie, fie, O fie, fie, fie,

ſhall not de——ny, you muſt not de—ny, you

fie, O fie, fie, fie, fie, fie, fie, fie, fie, O

muſt not, you ſhall not, you can--not, you ſhall not de——ny; you

fie, fie, fie, fie, fie, fie, fie, fie.

muſt not, you can—not, you ſhall not de——ny.

F I N I S.

THE SONGS TO The New Play OF DON QUIXOTE.

As they are Sung at

The Queen's Theatre IN DORSET GARDEN.

Part the First.

Sett by the moſt Eminent Maſters of the Age.

All Written by Mr. *D'urfey.*

Decies repetita placebunt.

LONDON,
Printed by *J. Heptinſtall* for *Samuel Briſcoe*, at the corner of *Charles-ſtreet, Covent-Garden.* 1694.

Price Two Shillings.

TO MY

Much Honoured and Ingenious Friends

(Lovers of MUSICK)

That frequent the *Rose*, *Chocalate-house*, *Coffee-houses*, and other places of Credit, in and about *Covent-Garden*; and

Particularly,

To the late Worthy Members of the

Witty Club.

These two Books of Songs, Sung in the First and Second Part of *Don Quixote*, are with all Veneration most humbly Dedicated,

By,

Gentlemen,

Your much obliged and most

Humble Servant,

T. D'urfey.

Advertisement of New Books.

THE Satyr of *Titus Petronius Arbiter*, a *Roman* Knight: with its Fragments recover'd at the Siege of *Belgrade*, 1688. which makes it intire. Made *English* by Mr. *Burnaby* of the *Middle-Temple*, and another Hand.

A Collection of Letters of Love and Gallantry, and several other Subjects. Written by Ladies, and printed by their direction; Vol. II. With a Dialogue between Love and Reason, shewing the Reasonableness and Unreasonableness of Love, the Memoirs of the Fair *Eloisa* a Nun and *Abelard* a Monk, and her passionate Letter to him: The Character and Pictures of several Ladies and Gentlemen; with other diverting Letters that past betwixt both Sex in Town and Countrey, dedicated to the *Beaux*. Where the First Volume is also to be had.

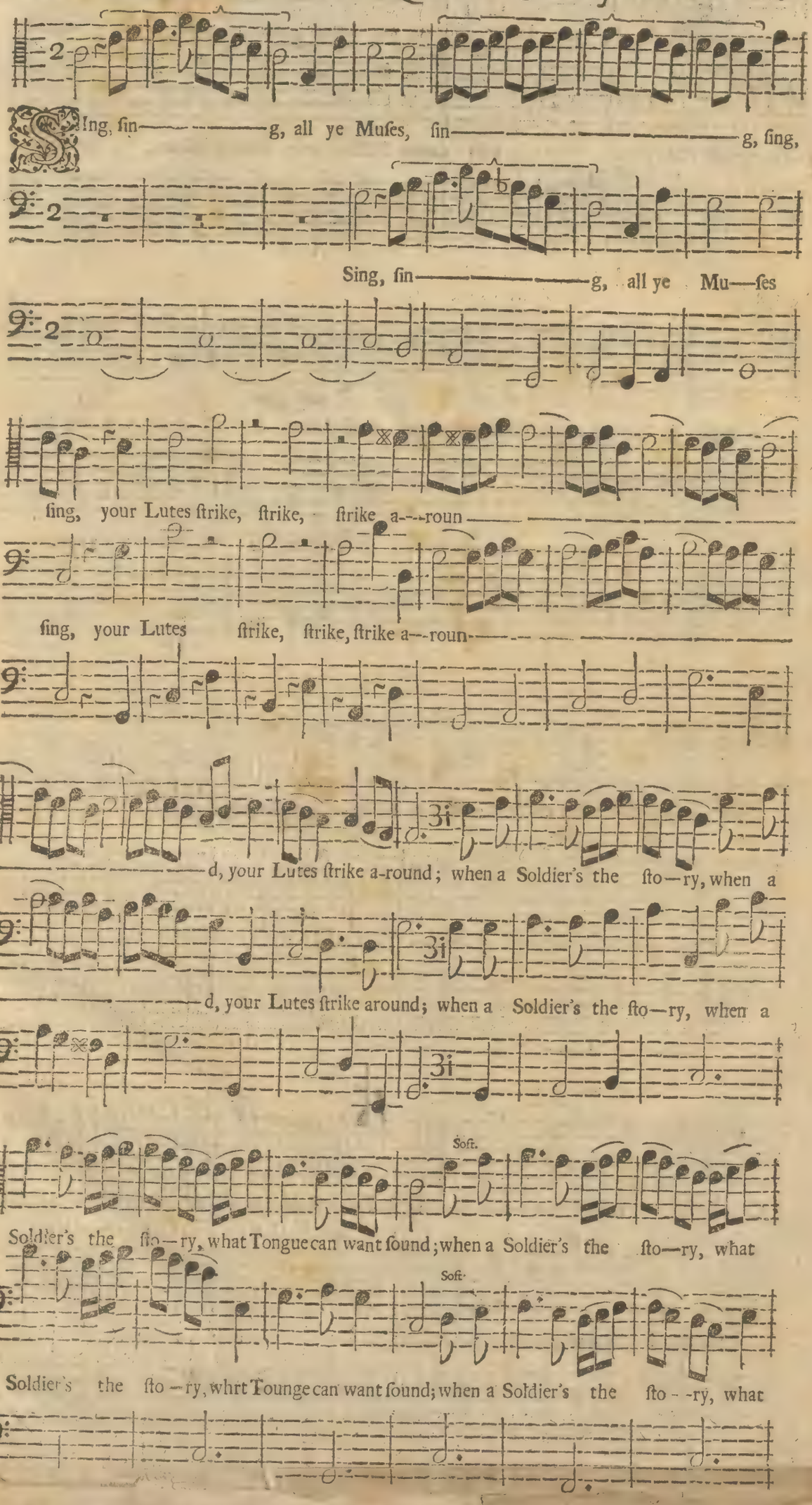
Lives of the Twelve *Cæsars*, the First Emperors of *Rome*: written in *Latine* by *C. Suetonius Tranquilus*: Translated into *English* by several Eminent Hands; with the Heads of the Emperors on Copper Plates.

The Compleat Captain, or an Abridgment of *Julius Cæsar*'s Commentaries, with Political Remarks on his Wars with the *Gauls*, the *Britains*, the *Spaniards*, the *Africans*, and the *Civils* Wars; with the Political Maxims of War now in use; with a Comparison betwixt the Ancient and Modern way of making War, with Reflections on both. Translated from the Copy printed at *Paris*, and dedicated to the *French* King, by *Henry* Duke of *Rohan*.

The Young Lawyer's Recreation; being a choice Collection of several pleasant Tryals, Cases, Passages and Customs in the Law, both Profitable and Diverting.

All Printed for *S. Briscoe*, at the corner of *Charles-street*, in *Russel-street*, *Covent-Garden*.

The First Song in the 2*d*. Act. Sung at the Knighting of *Don-Quixot*: Set by Mr. *Purcell*.



Tongue can want ſound ; who danger diſdains, who danger diſdains, woun——ds, wounds,

Tounge can want ſound ; who danger diſdains, who danger diſdains, woun——

wounds, bruiſes and pains, when the honour of Fighting is all that he gains; Rich

——di bruiſes and pains, when the honour of Fighting is all that he gains ;

profit comes ea-ſy, comes ea--ſy, ea--ſy in Cities of ſtore, but the Gold is earn'd hard where the

Rich pro-fit comes ea-ſy, ea--ſy in Ci--ties of ſtore,

Cannons do ro——————ar, but the Gold is earn'd hard where the Cannons doe

but the Gold is earn'd hard where the Cannons doe ro——————ar, do

Brisk-time.

roar; yet ſee how they run, how they run, how they run, how they run at the ſtorming, the

roar, yet ſee how they run, how they run, at the ſtorming the

ſtorming, the ſtorming, the ſtorming, the ſtorming a Town, thro' Blood and thro' Fire, to

ſtorming, the ſtorming, the ſtorming, the ſtorming a Town, thro' Blood and thro' Fire to

Soft.

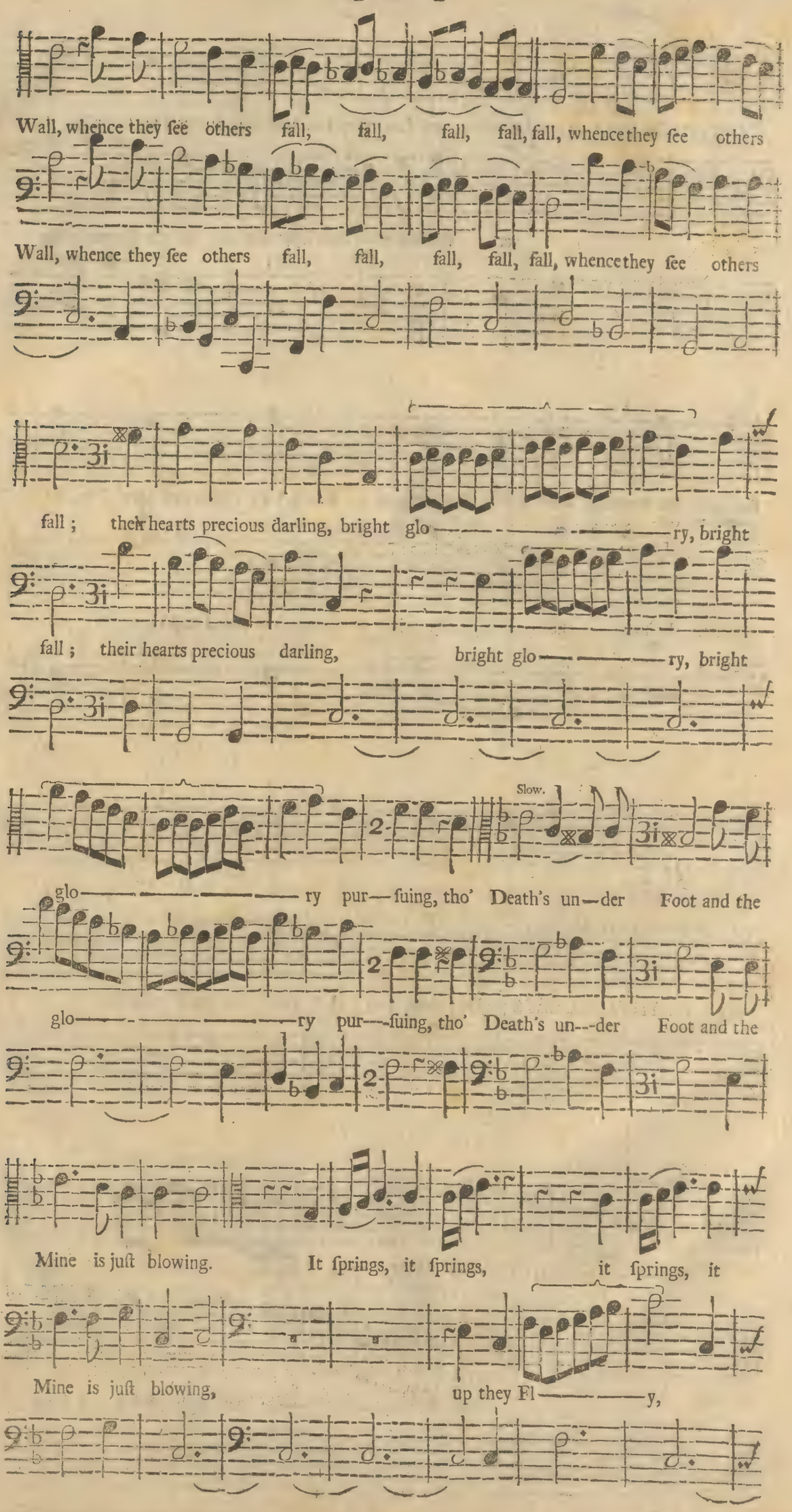
take the Half Moon, thro' Blood and thro' Fire to take the Half Moon; they

Soft.

take the Half Moon, thro' Blood and thro' Fire to take the Half Moon;

ſca——le the high Wall, they ſca——le the high

they ſca——le the high Wall, the high


Wall, whence they ſee others fall, fall, fall, fall, fall, whence they ſee others
Wall, whence they ſee others fall, fall, fall, fall, fall, whence they ſee others
fall; their hearts precious darling, bright glo——ry, bright
fall; their hearts precious darling, bright glo——ry, bright
Slow.
glo——ry pur—ſuing, tho' Death's un—der Foot and the
glo——ry pur—ſuing, tho' Death's un—der Foot and the
Mine is juſt blowing. It ſprings, it ſprings, it ſprings, it
Mine is juſt blowing, up they Fl——y,

ſprings up they fl——y, they fl——y, yet

ſprings, it ſprings, it ſprings, it ſprings, up they fl——

more, more, more, more, more, yet more ſtill ſup-ply, as Bride-grooms to

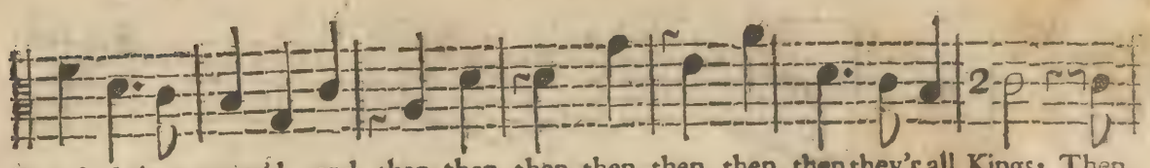
——y, yet more, more, more, yet more ſtill ſup—ply, as Bride-grooms to

Marry, they haſ——ten to die, they haſten to die; till Fate claps,

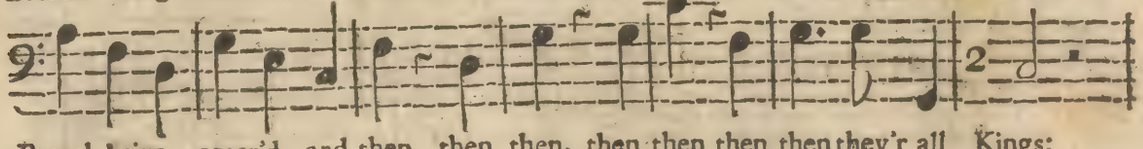
Marry, they haſ——ten, they haſten to die; till Fate claps,

claps, claps her Wings, till Fate claps, claps, claps her Wings, and the glad Tydings brings, of the

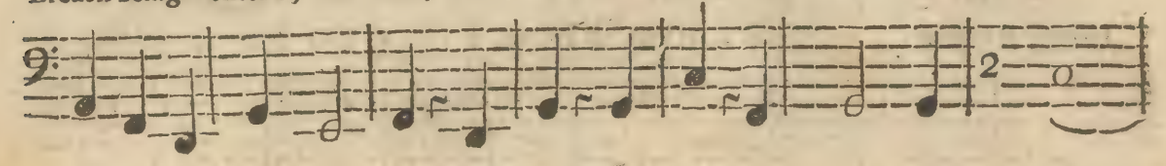
claps, claps her Wings, till Fate claps, claps, claps her Wings, and the glad Tydings brings, of the



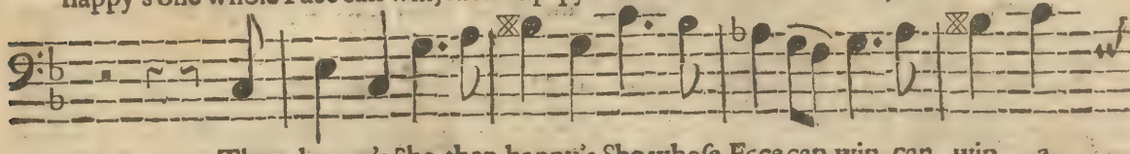
Breach being enter'd, and then, then, then, then, then, then, then they'r all Kings: Then



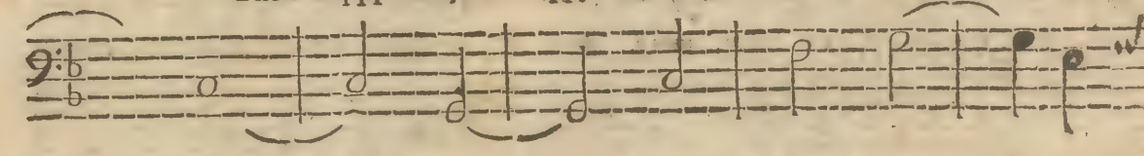
Breach being enter'd, and then, then, then, then, then, then, then they'r all Kings:

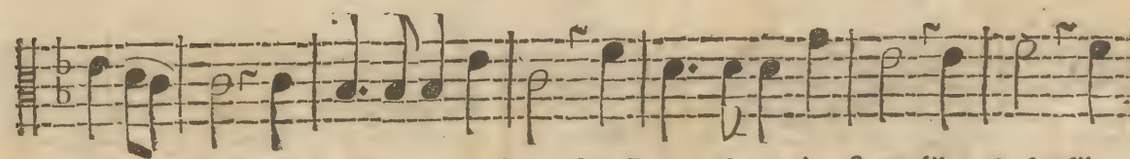


happy's She whoſe Face can win, then hap-py's She whoſe Face can win, can win a

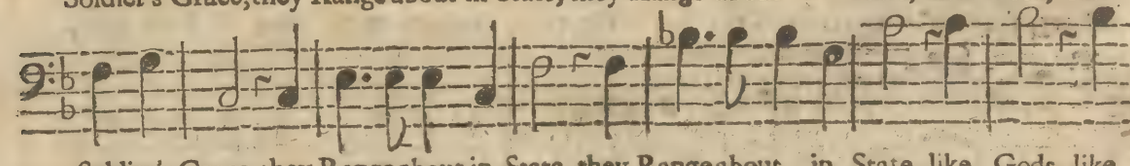


Then happp's She, then happy's She whoſe Face can win, can win a

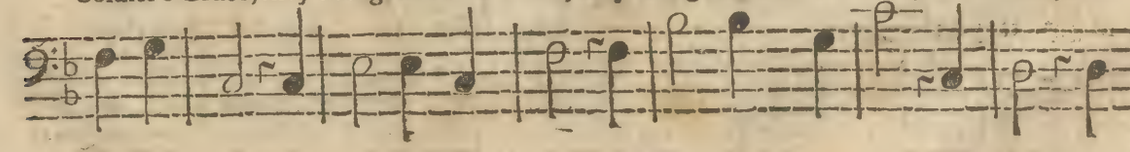


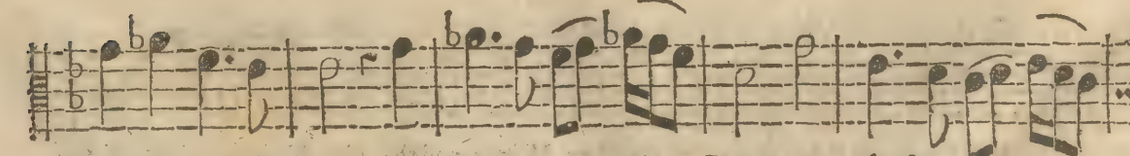


Soldier's Grace, they Range about in State, they Range about in State, like Gods, like

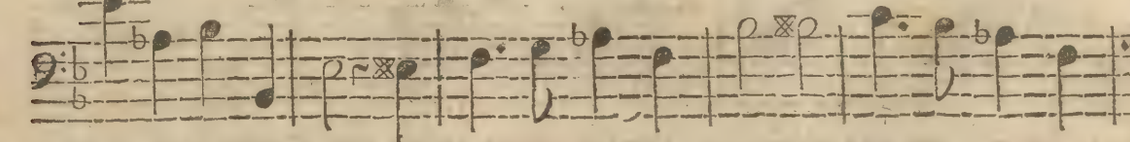


Soldier's Grace, they Range about in State, they Range about in State, like Gods, like

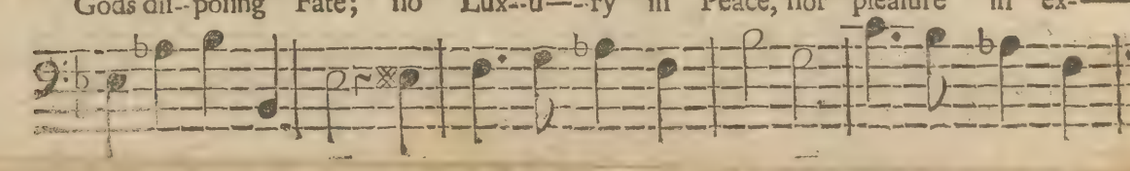


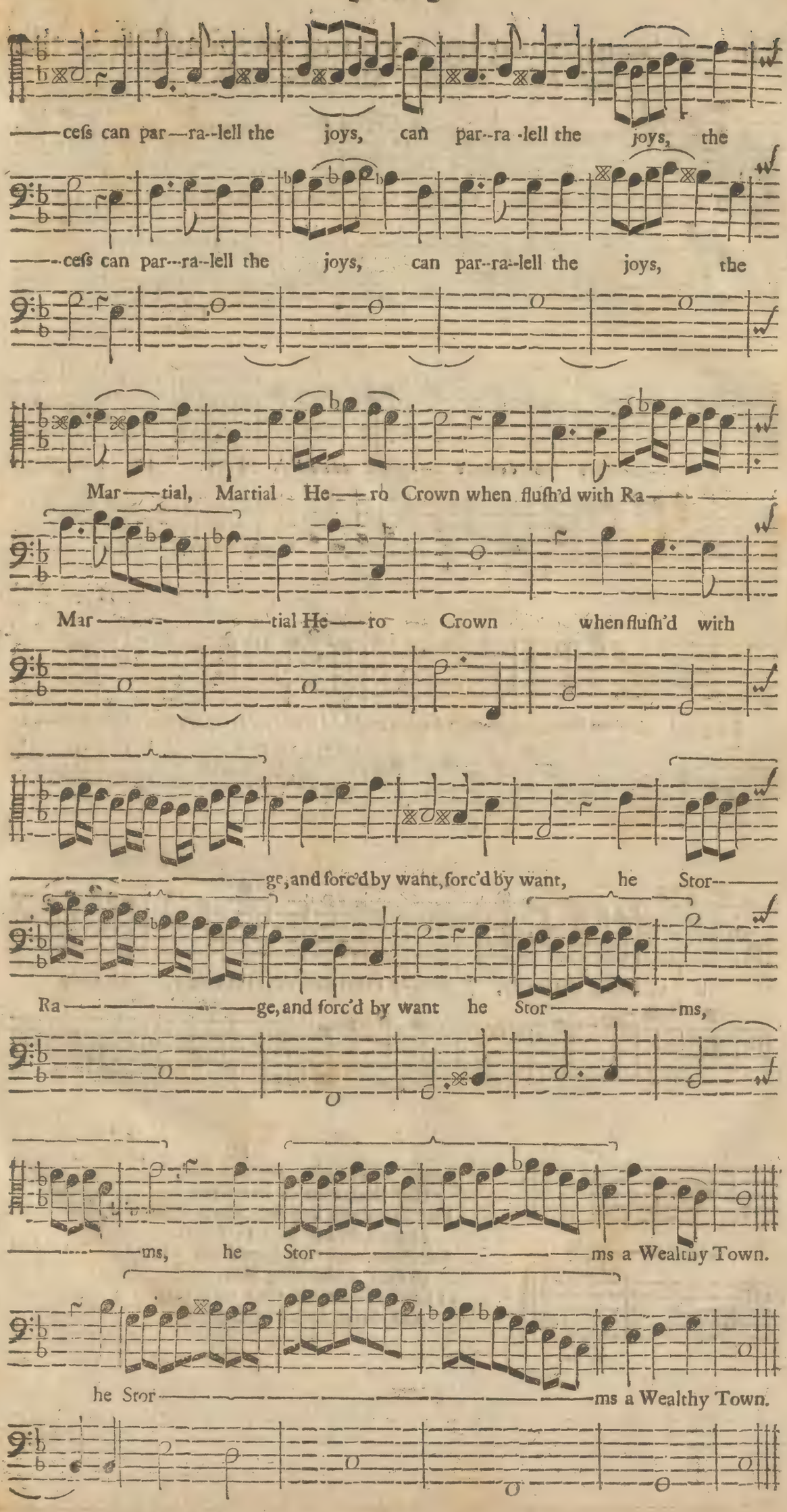


Gods diſ--poſing Fate; no Lux-u--ry in Peace, nor pleaſure in ex——



Gods diſ--poſing Fate; no Lux--u——ry in Peace, nor pleaſure in ex——




——ceſs can par—ra--lell the joys, can par--ra -lell the joys, the
——ceſs can par---ra--lell the joys, can par--ra--lell the joys, the
Mar——tial, Martial He——ro Crown when fluſh'd with Ra——
Mar——tial He——ro Crown when fluſh'd with
——ge, and forc'd by want, forc'd by want, he Stor--
Ra——ge, and forc'd by want he Stor——ms,
——ms, he Stor——ms a Wealthy Town.
he Stor——ms a Wealthy Town.

The 2*d*. Song, Sung by a young Shephardess in the 2*d*. Act. Set by Mr. *John Eccles*.

Slow.

YOUNG *Chry--sostome* had Ver--tue, Sense, Renown, and Manly Grace, yet

all a--las were no defence a---gainst *Marcella's* Face: His Love that

long had ta--ken Root, in doubts, in doubts cold bed was lay'd, where She not warming

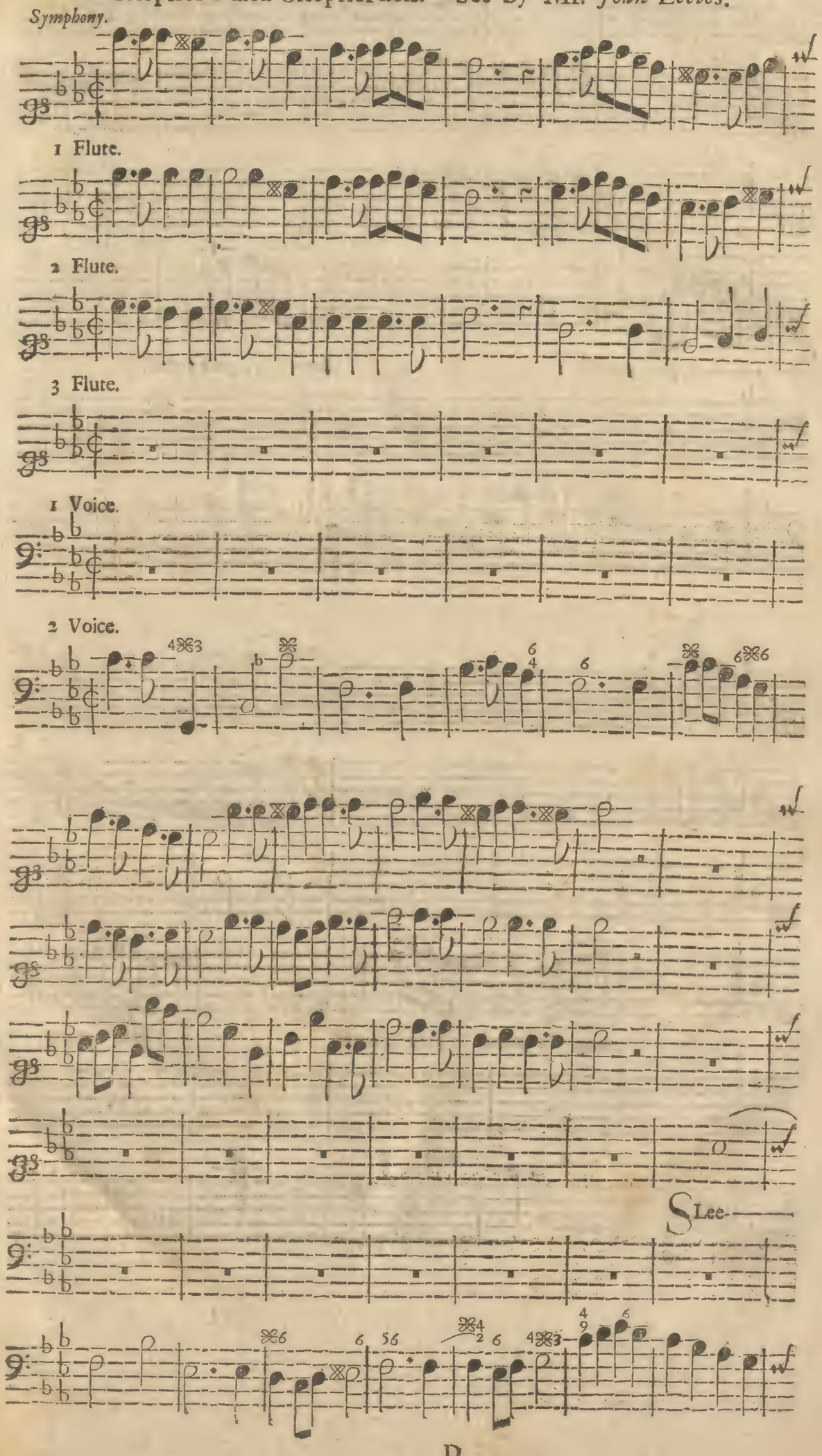
it to Shoot, the lovely, love--ly Plant decay'd, the lovely, love—ly

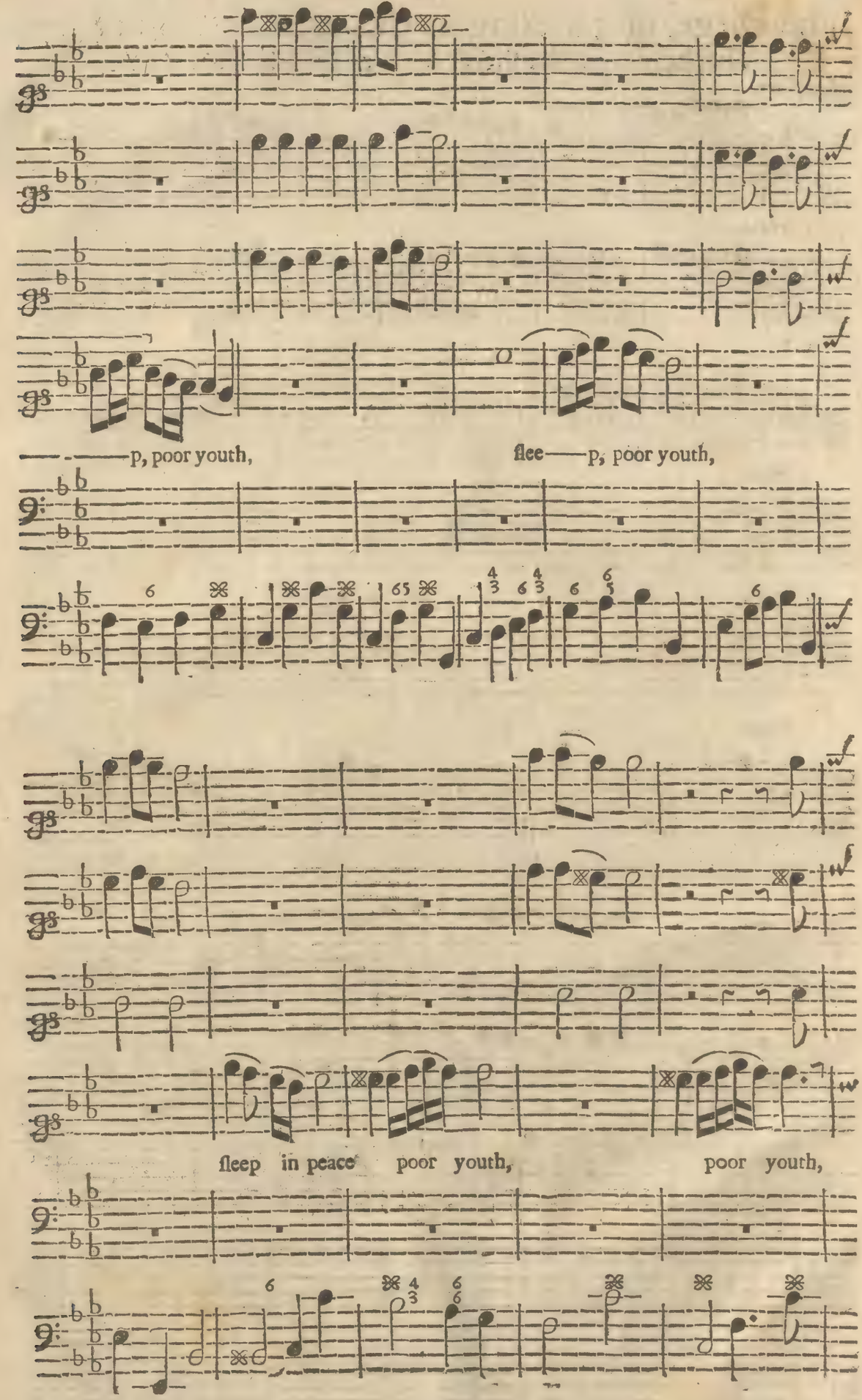
Plant de---cay'd.

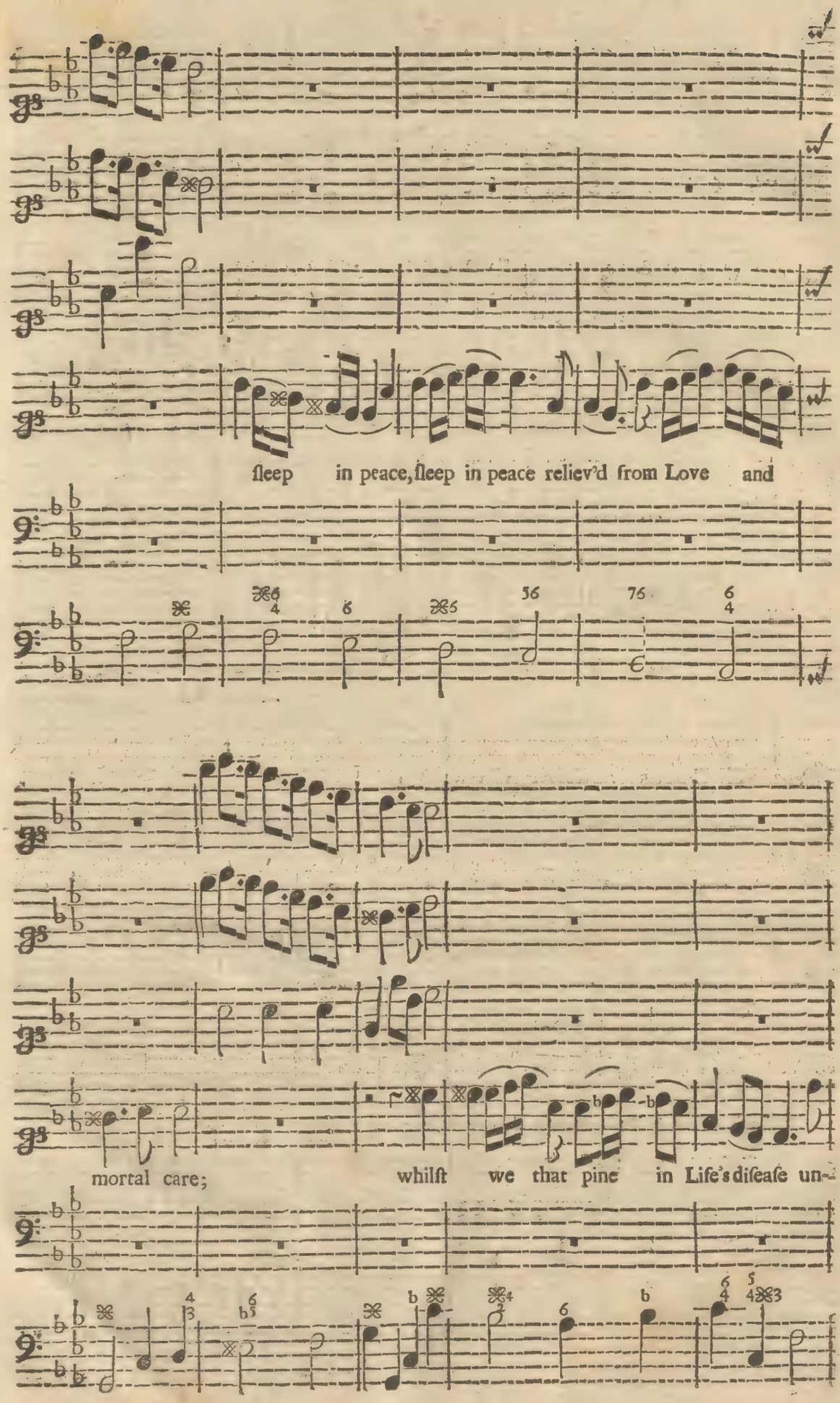
II.

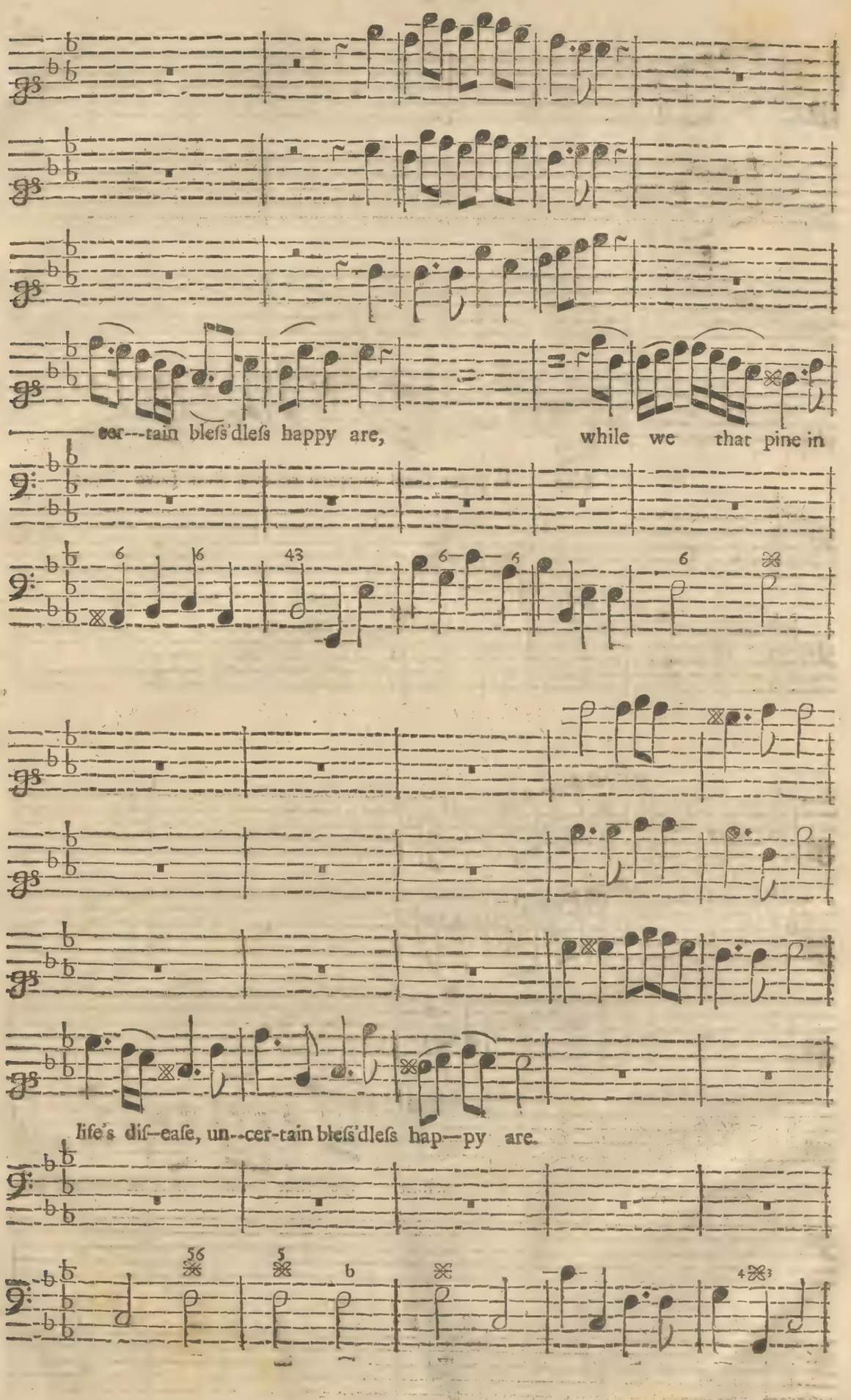
Had Coy *Marcella* own'd a Soul,
Half Beauteous as her Eyes;
Her Judgment had her Scorn controul'd,
And taught her how to Prize:
But Providence that form'd the Fair,
In such a charming Skin,
Their outside made their only care,
And never look'd within.

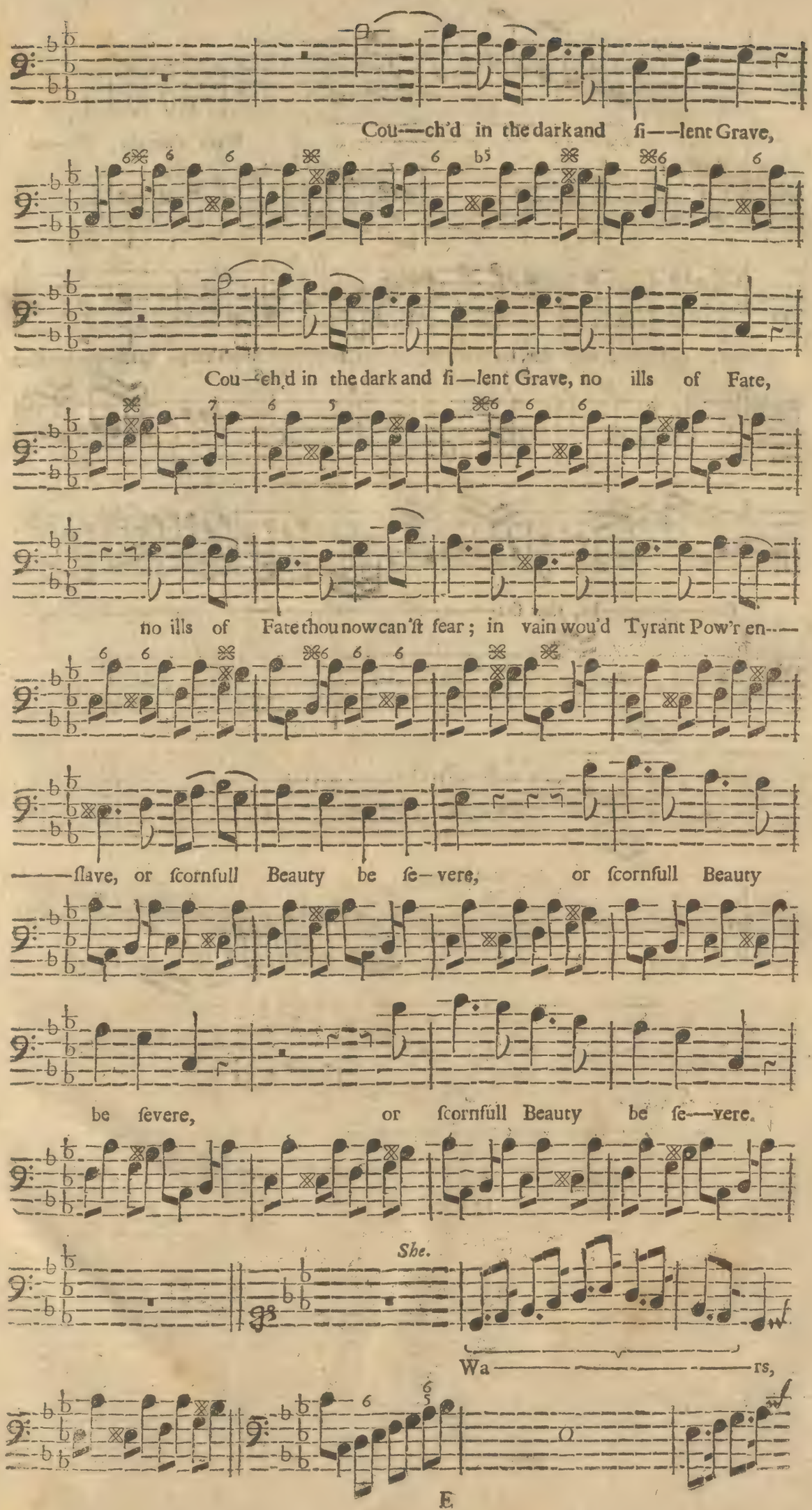
The Dirge, or 3*d*. Song in the 2*d*. Act. Sung by a Shepherd and Shepherdess. Set by Mr. *John Eccles*.

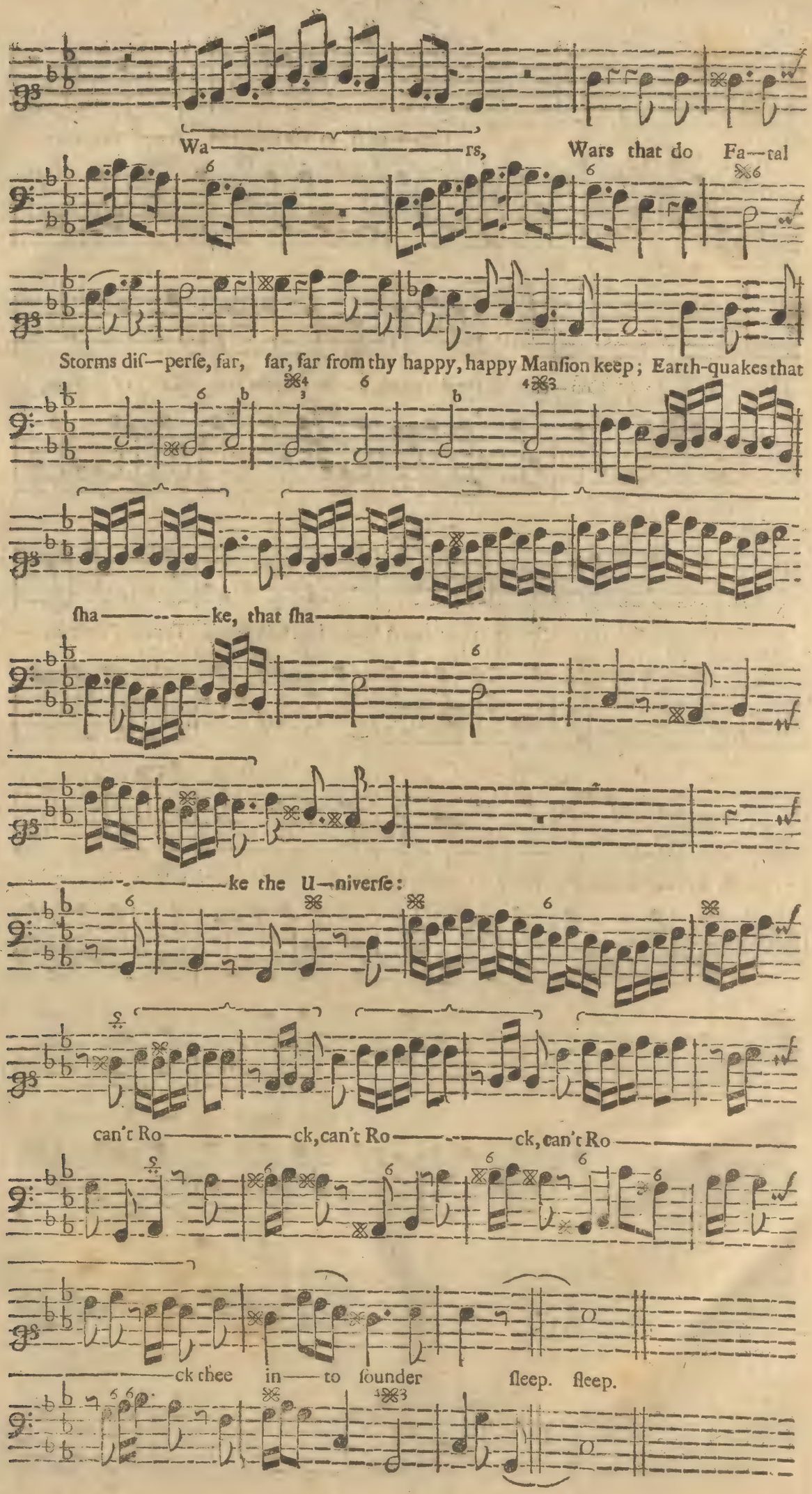



p, poor youth,
flee p, poor youth,
sleep in peace poor youth,
poor youth,


sleep in peace, sleep in peace reliev'd from Love and
mortal care; whilst we that pine in Life's disease un-


cer---tain bless'dless happy are, while we that pine in
life's dis--ease, un--cer-tain bless'dless hap--py are.


Cou—ch'd in the dark and si—lent Grave,
Cou—ch'd in the dark and si—lent Grave, no ills of Fate,
no ills of Fate thou now can'ſt fear; in vain wou'd Tyrant Pow'r en—
—ſlave, or ſcornfull Beauty be ſe—vere, or ſcornfull Beauty
be ſevere, or ſcornfull Beauty be ſe—vere.
She.
Wa——rs,


Wa——rs, Wars that do Fa—tal
Storms dif—perſe, far, far, far from thy happy, happy Manſion keep; Earth-quakes that
ſha——ke, that ſha——
——ke the U—niverſe:
can't Ro——ck, can't Ro——ck, can't Ro——
——ck thee in——to ſounder ſleep. ſleep.

With all the Charms, the Cha——rms of

With all the Charms, the Cha——rms

pea——ce, poſ—-ſeſt ſe-----cure from life's Torment or Pain.

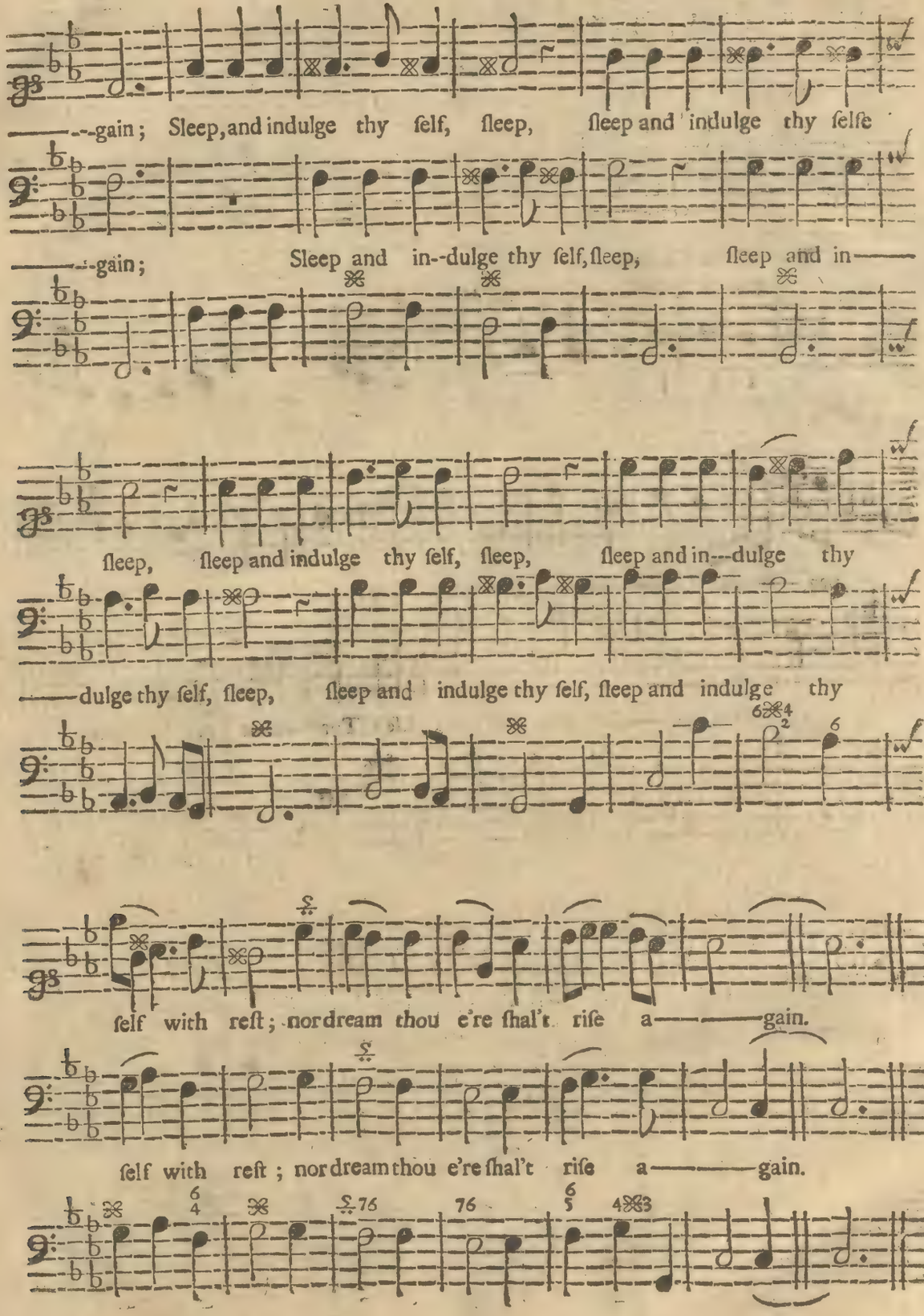
of peace poſ—-ſeſt ſe—cure from life's Tor—-ment or Pain.

Sleep and in---dulge thy ſelf, ſleep, ſleep and indulge thy ſelf, ſleep,

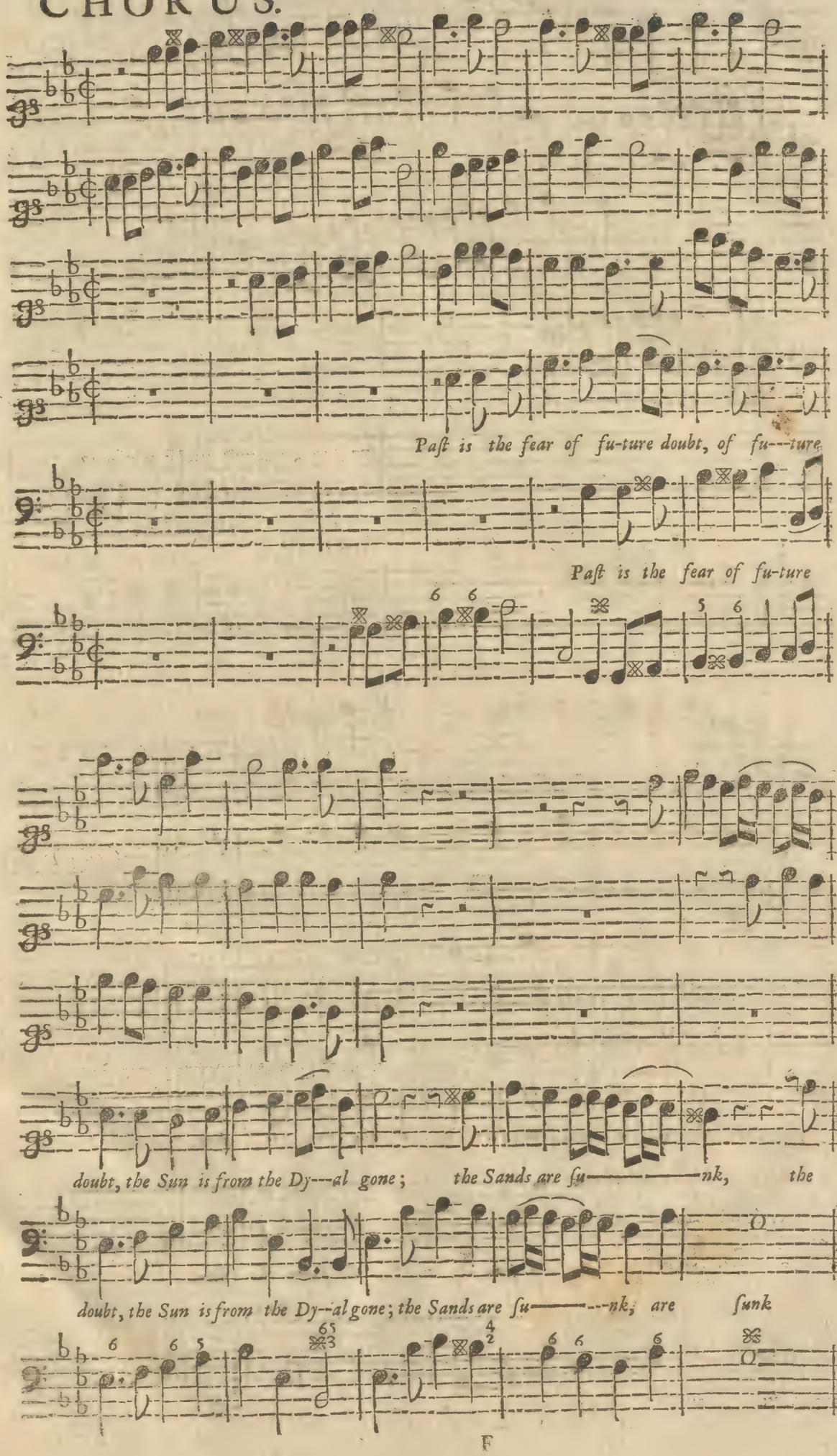
Sleep and indulge thy ſelf, ſleep, ſleep and indulge thy ſelf,

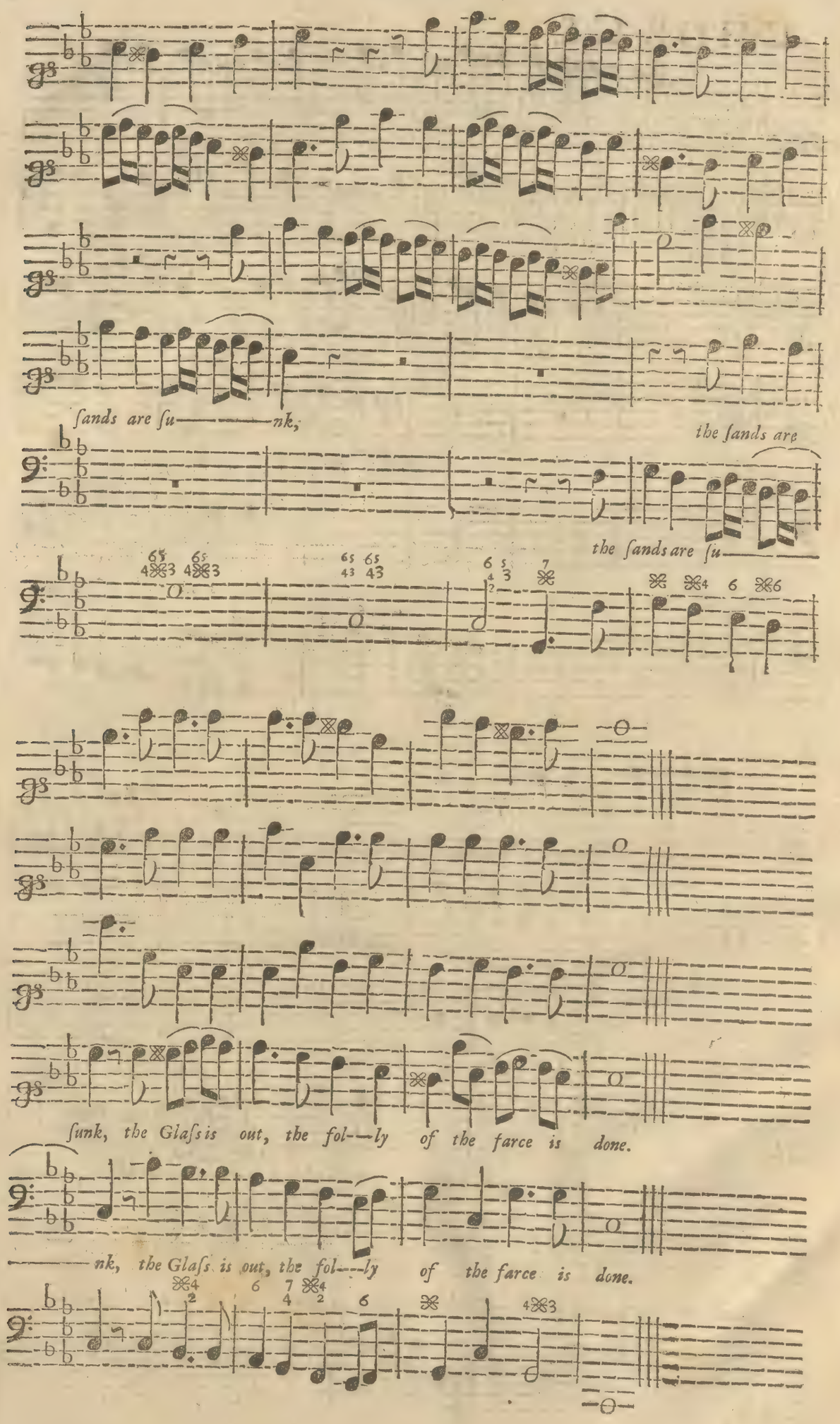
ſleep and in---dulge thy ſelf with Reſt, nor dream thou e're ſhal't riſe a——

ſleep: In—dulge thy ſelf with reſt, nor dream thou e're ſhal't riſe a——


---gain; Sleep, and indulge thy ſelf, ſleep, ſleep and indulge thy ſelfe
---gain; Sleep and in--dulge thy ſelf, ſleep, ſleep and in——
ſleep, ſleep and indulge thy ſelf, ſleep, ſleep and in---dulge thy
——dulge thy ſelf, ſleep, ſleep and indulge thy ſelf, ſleep and indulge thy
ſelf with reſt; nor dream thou e're ſhal't riſe a——gain.
ſelf with reſt; nor dream thou e're ſhal't riſe a——gain.

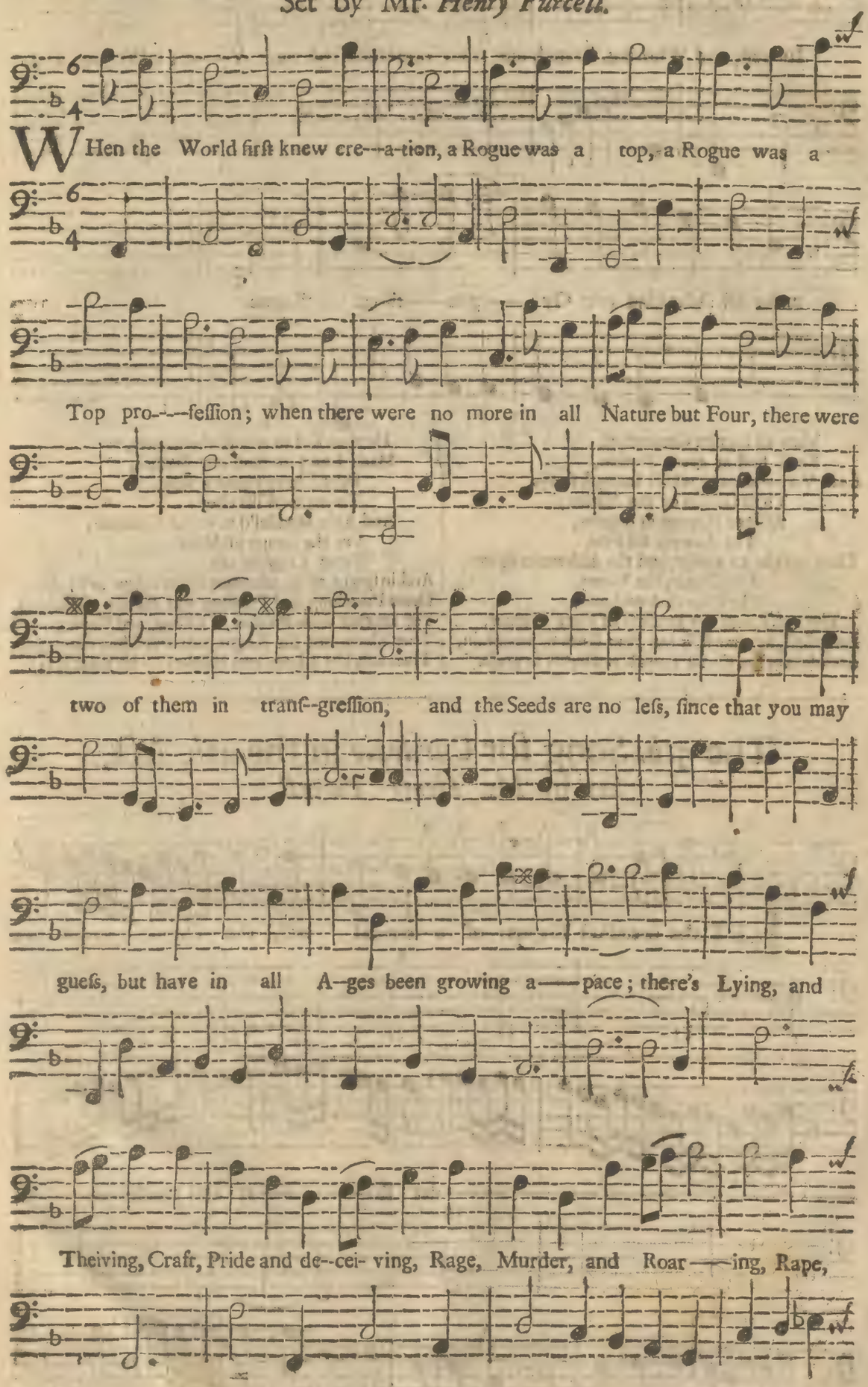
CHORUS.

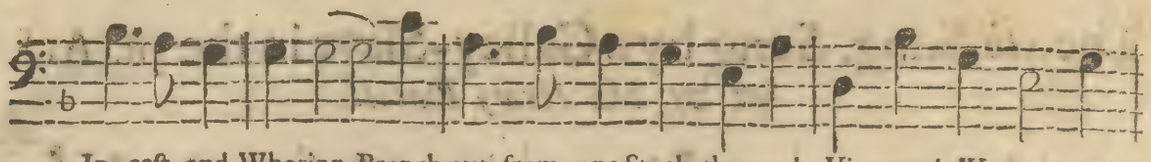

Paſt is the fear of fu-ture doubt, of fu---ture
Paſt is the fear of fu-ture
doubt, the Sun is from the Dy---al gone; the Sands are ſu———nk, the
doubt, the Sun is from the Dy--al gone; the Sands are ſu———nk, are ſunk


ſands are ſu——nk,
the ſands are
the ſands are ſu——
ſunk, the Glaſs is out, the fol——ly of the farce is done.
——nk, the Glaſs is out, the fol——ly of the farce is done.

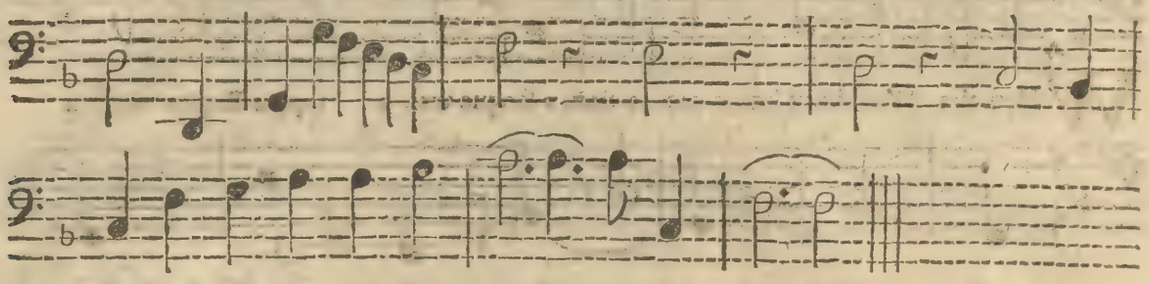
The 4*th*. Song, Sung by a Galley-Slave in the 3*d*. Act.

Set by Mr. *Henry Purcell.*

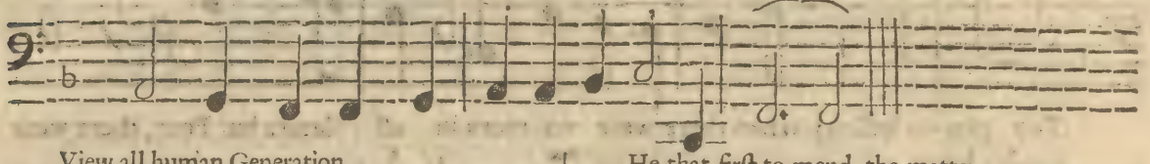




In--ceſt, and Whoring, Branch out from one Stock, the rank Vi---ces in Vogue, and



make all Mankind one Gy——gan——ti--cal Rogue.

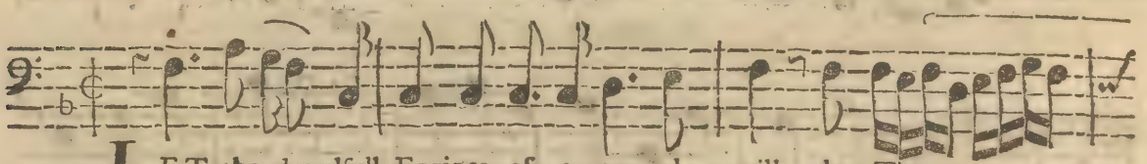


View all human Generation,
You'l find in every Station,
Lean Vertue decays, whilſt Intereſt ſways,
Th'ill Genius of the Nation;
All are Rogues in degrees,
The Lawyer for Fees,
The Courtier *Le cringe*, and the Alderman ſqueez;
The Canter, the Toper,
The Church-Interloper,
The Punk, and the Practiſe of Piety Groper;
But of all, he that fails our true Rites to maintain,
And deſerts the Cauſe Royal is deepeſt in grain.

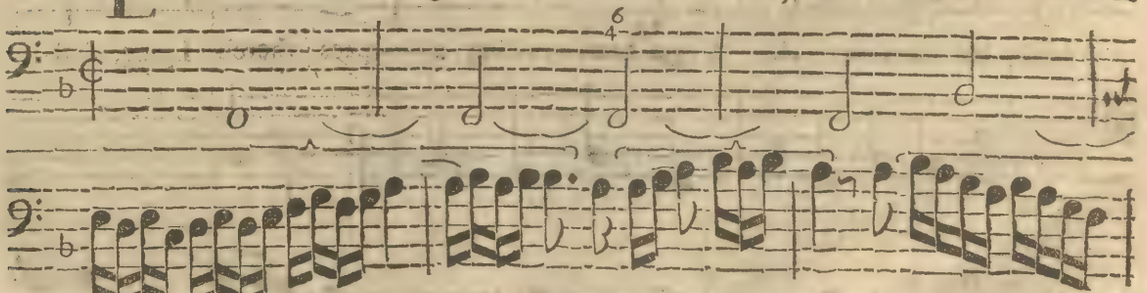
He that firſt to mend the matter,
Made Laws to bind our Nature,
ſhou'd have found a way,
To make Wills obey;
And have Moddel'd new the Creature,
For the ſavage in Man,
From Original ran,
And in ſpight of Confinement now raigns as't began:
Heres Preaching and Praying, and Reaſon diſplaying,
Yet Brother with Brother, is Killing and Slaying;
Then blame not the Rogue that free-Senſe does enjoy,
Then falls like a Log, and believes----he ſhall lye.

The 5*th*. Song for *Cardenio* in the 4*th*. Act.

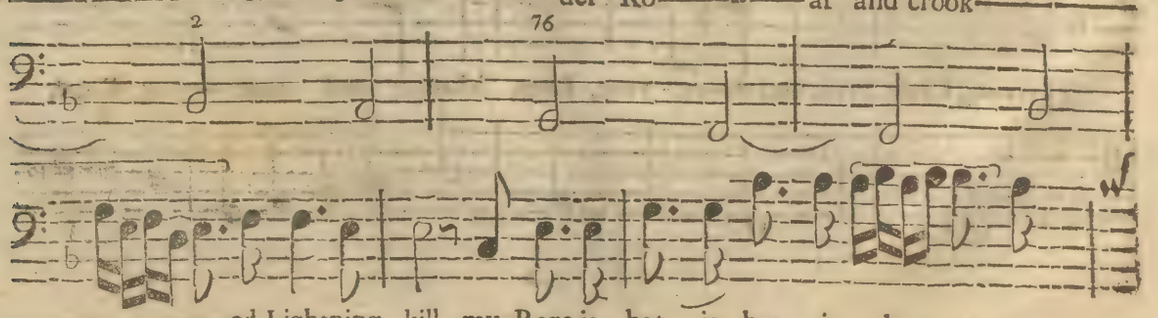
Set by Mr. *Henry Purcell*.



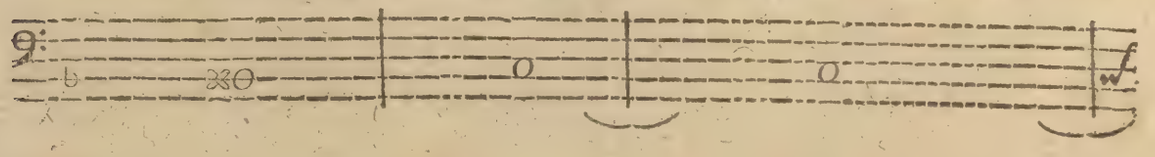
LET the dreadfull Engines of e---ter-nal will, the Thun-



——der Ro——ar and crook——



——ed Lightning kill, my Rage is hot, is hot, is hot, as



theirs as fa——tall too, and dares as horrid, and dares as

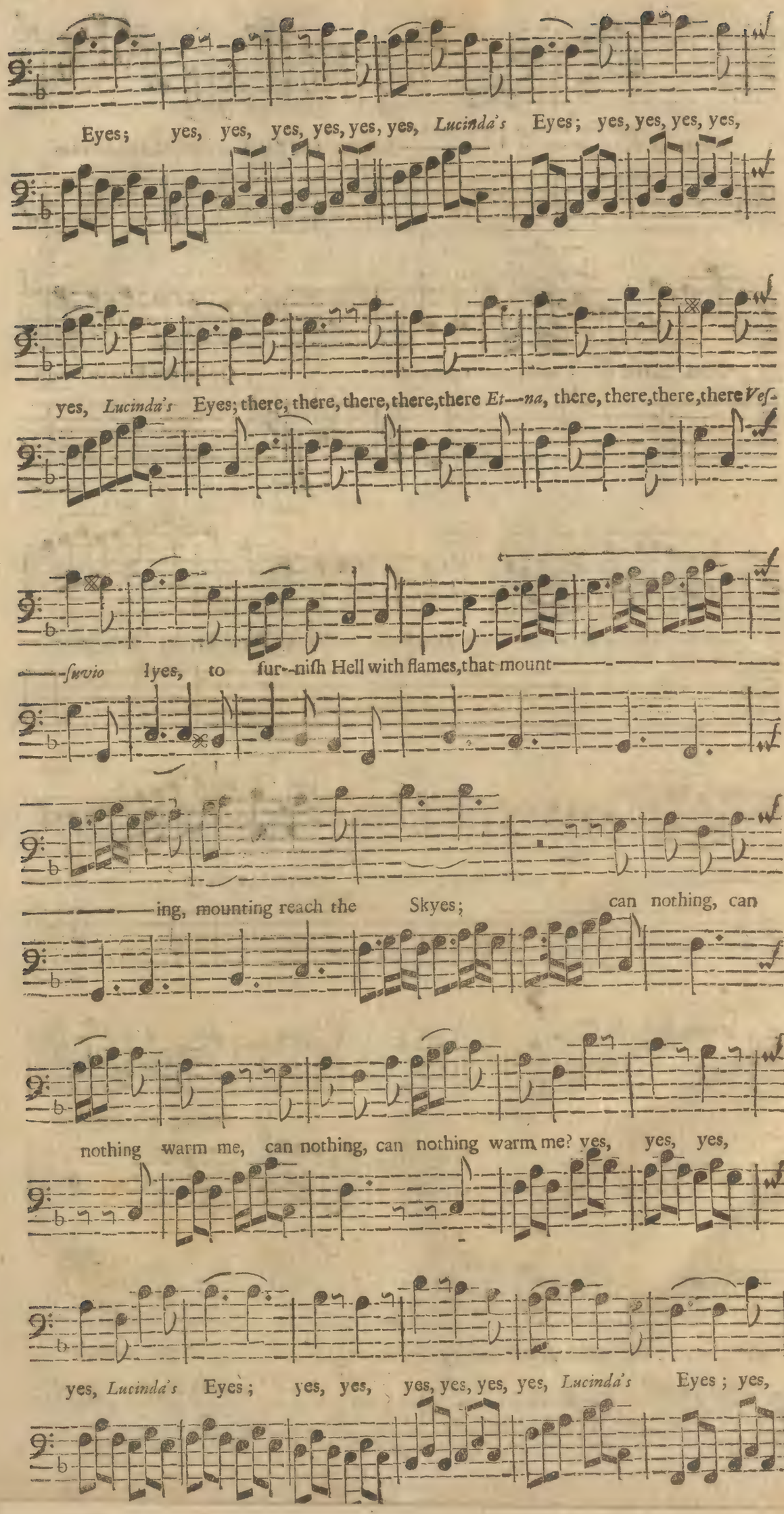
horrid, horrid ex——e——cution do: Or let the Frozen North

its ran——cour ſhow, within my Breaſt far, far grea——

——ter Tempeſts grow; deſpaire's more cold, more co——ld than

a——ll the winds can blow. Can nothing, can no--thing

warm me, can nothing, can nothing warm me? yes, yes, yes, yes *Lucinda's*


Eyes; yes, yes, yes, yes, yes, yes, *Lucinda's* Eyes; yes, yes, yes, yes,
yes, *Lucinda's* Eyes; there, there, there, there, there *Et—na*, there, there, there, there *Ves-*
—suvio lyes, to fur--nish Hell with flames, that mount
——ing, mounting reach the Skyes; can nothing, can
nothing warm me, can nothing, can nothing warm me? yes, yes, yes,
yes, *Lucinda's* Eyes; yes, yes, yes, yes, yes, yes, *Lucinda's* Eyes; yes,

yes, yes, yes, yes *Lucinda's* Eyes. Ye pow'rs I did but uſe her name,

and ſee how all, and ſee how all the Meteors flame, blew lightning flaſhes round the Court of

Sol, and now the Globe more feircely burns than once at *Phaeton's* fall.

Slow.

Ah! ah!

where, where are now, where are now, where are now thoſe

Flow——r'y Groves, where *Zephir's* fragrant winds did play? ah! where are

now, where are now, where are now those flow———r'y Groves, where *Zephir's*

fragrant winds did play? where guarded by a Troop of Loves, the

fair, the fair *Lu—cin—da* sleeping lay, there Sung the Nightingale, and

Lark, around us all was sweet and gay, we ne're grew sad till it grew

dark, nor nothing fear'd but short——ning day. I

glow, I glow, I glow, but 'tis with hate, why must I burn, why must I

burn, why, why muſt I burn for this in—grate, why, why muſt I

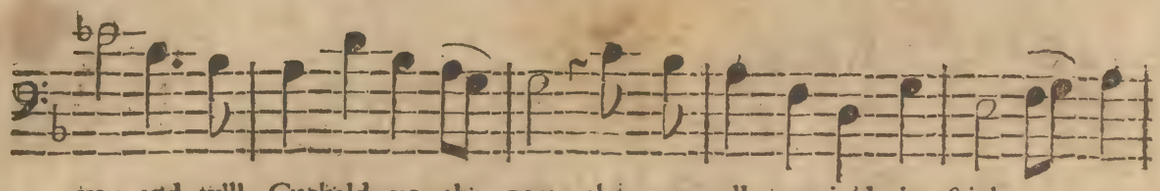
burn for this in—grate; Coole, coole it then, coo—

—le it then, and raile, ſince nothing, no—thing will pre—vaile.

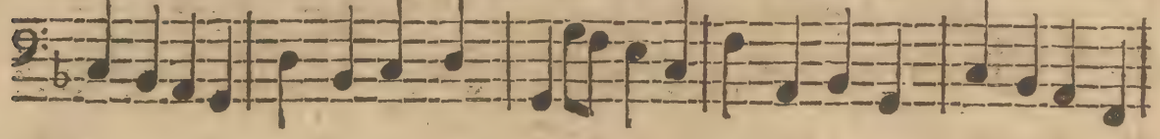
When a Woman Love pretends, 'tis but till ſhe gains her ends, and for better, and for

Worſe, is for Marrow of the Purſe, where ſhe Jilts you o're and o're, proves a

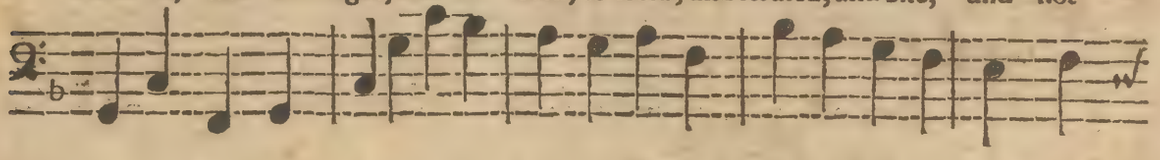
Slattern or a Whore; this hour will teize, will teize and vex, will teize, will teize and



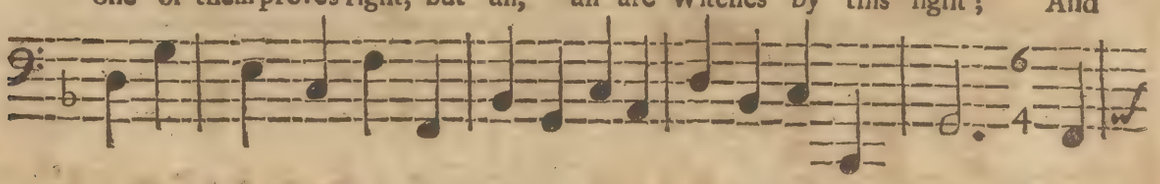
vex, and will Cuckold ye the next; they were all contriv'd in ſpight, to tor—



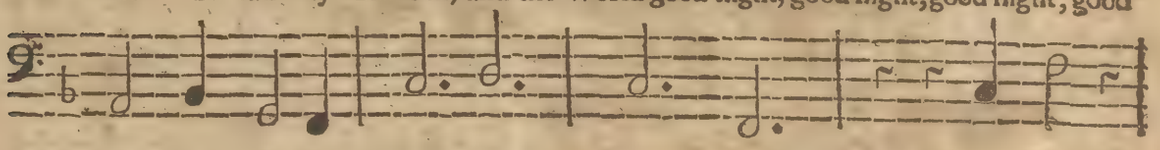
——ment us, not de—light, but to ſcold, to ſcold, and ſcratch, and bite, and not

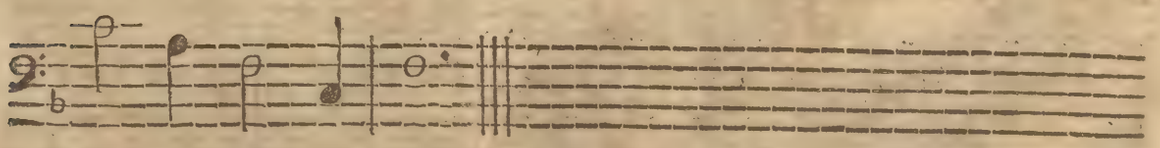


one of them proves right, but all, all are Witches by this light; And

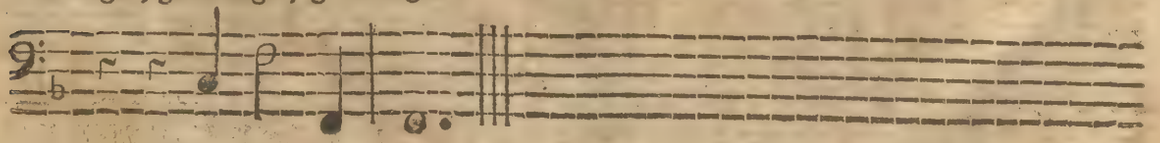


ſo I fair—ly bid e'm, and the World good night, good night, good night, good



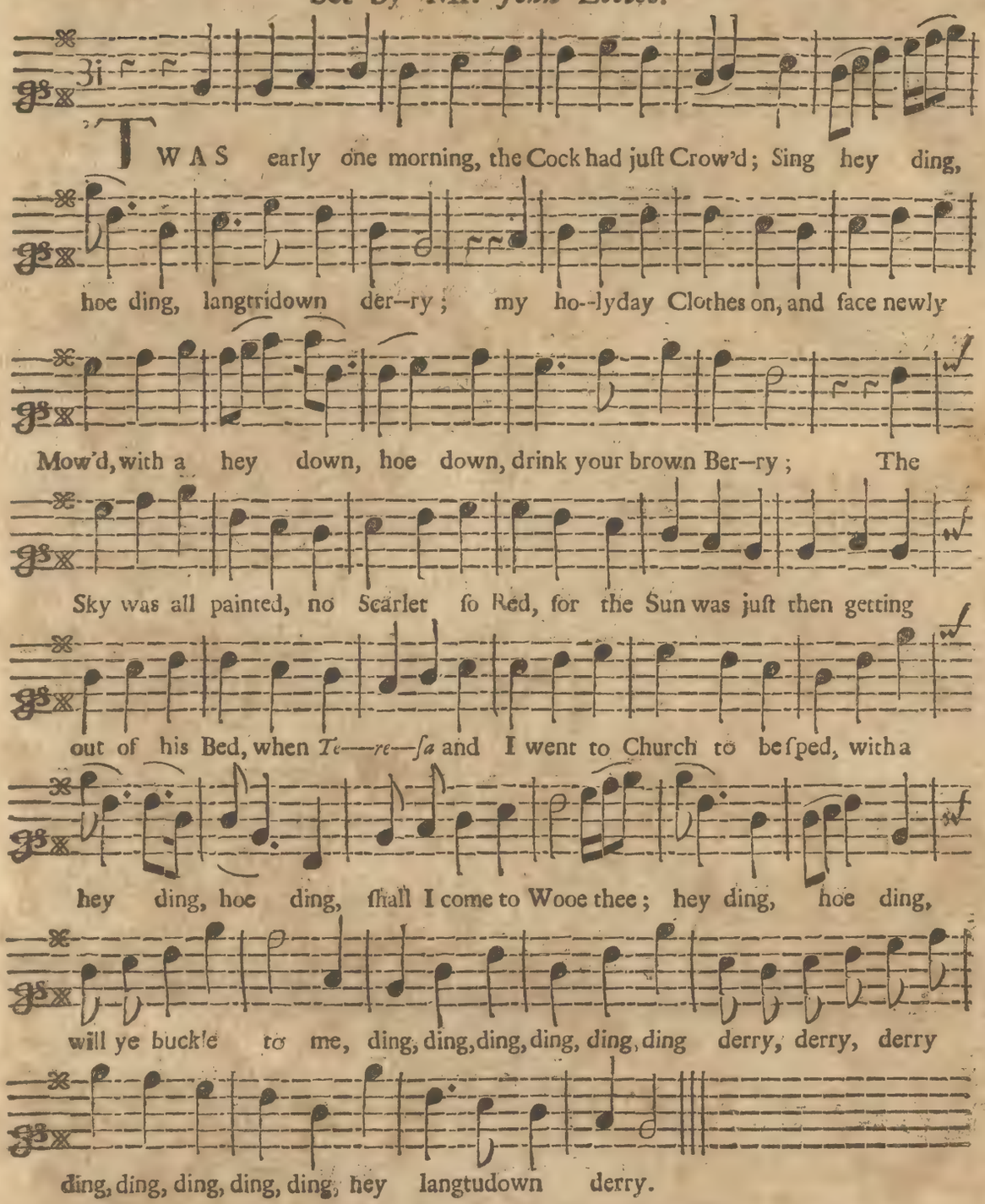


night, good night, good night.



The *6th.* Song for *Sancho* in the *4th.* Act.

Set by Mr. *John Eccles.*



II.

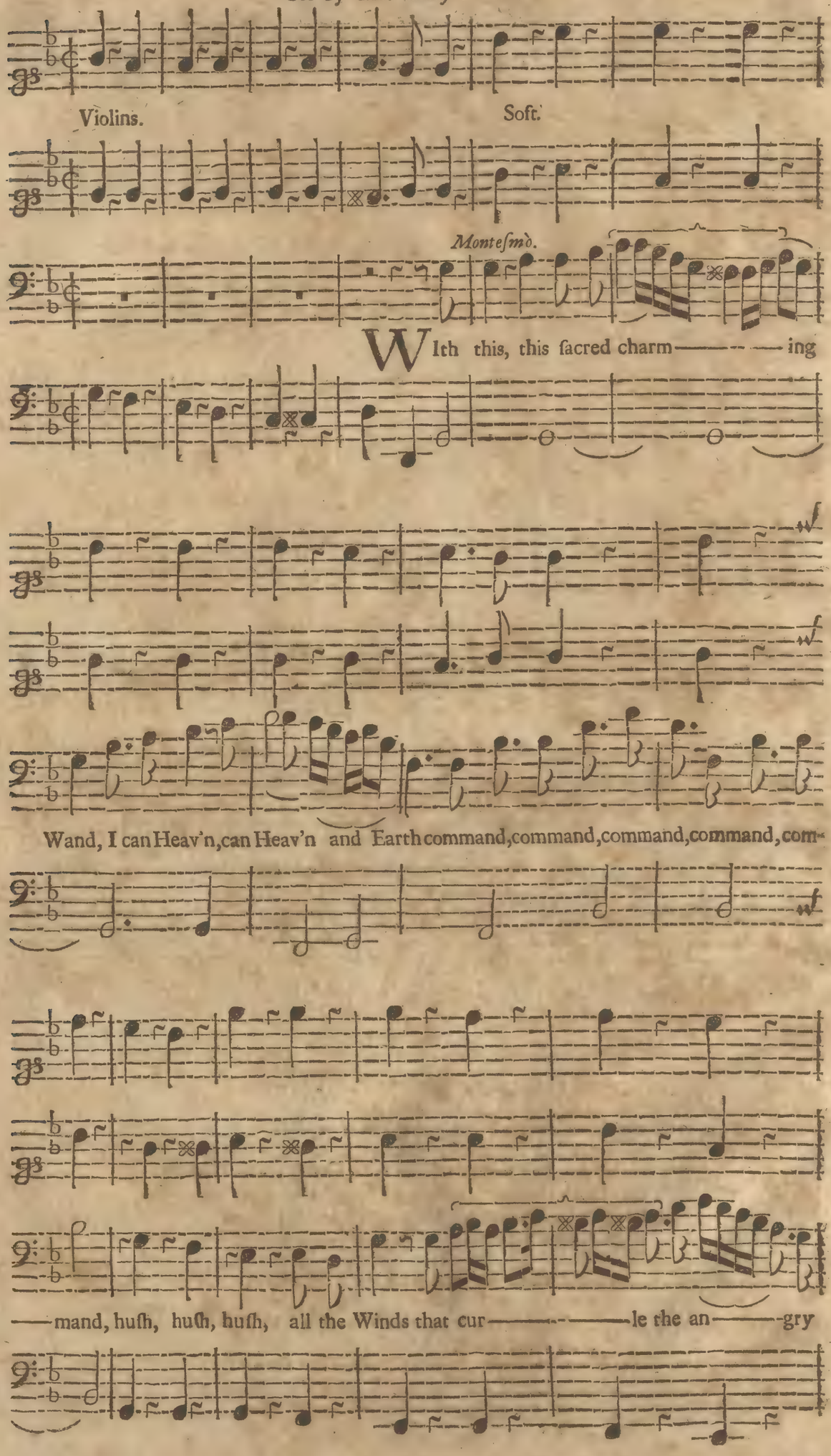
Her Face was as fair, as ift had been in Print;
Sing hey ding, &c.
And her ſmall Ferret Eyes, did lovingly Squint,
With a hey down, &c.
Yet her Mouth had been damag'd with Comfits and Plumbs,
And her Teeth that were uſeleſs, for biting her Thumbs,
Had late like ill Tennants, forſaken her Gums;
With a hey ding, hoe ding, &c.

III.

But when night came on, and we both were a bed;
Sing hey ding, &c.
Such ſtrange things were done, ther's no more to be ſaid,
With a hey down, &c.
Next Morning her head, ran of mending her Gown;
And mine was plagu'd, how to pay Piper a Crown,
And ſo we roſe up, the ſame Fools we lay down;
With a hey ding, hoe ding, &c.

The 7*th.* Song for *Montesmò* an Inchanter, and *Melliſſa* and *Urganda* Inchantreſſes. Sung in the 5*th.* Act of the firſt Part of *Don-Quixot.*

Set by Mr. *Henry Purcell.*



Sea, and make the row

ling Waves o——bey.

Urganda.

I, I from the Clouds can Con——jure down the Rain, I from the

Clouds can Con——jure down the Rain, can Con——jure

down the Rain; and make it De——luge, and make it De——

Melliſſa.

——luge once, once a—gain: I, when I pleaſe, I, when I

pleaſe, make Na——ture ſmile, ſmile, ſmile, as

ga——y, as ga——

——y, as at firſt ſhe did on, as at firſt ſhe did

on her Cre—a—t'on day; Groves with E——ter——nal ſweets, ſhall

fra——grant grow, ſhall fragrant, fra--grant grow, and

make a true *E——li——zium*, and make a true *E*-——

——*li——zium* heer be-—low.

CHORUS.

Groves with E——ter--nal ſweets ſhall fra--grant grow, ſhall fragrant,

Groves with E——ter——nal ſweets ſhall fra——grant gro——w,

Groves with E——ter--nal ſweets ſhall fra--grant grow, ſhall fragrant,

fra--grant grow; and make a true E—li———

and make a true E--li———zium, *and make a true* E--li———

fra—grant grow, and make a true E—li———zium, *and*

———zium, *and make a true* E--li———zium *here be*—

———zium, *a true* E——li--——zium, *here be*—

make a true E---li———zium *here be*—

———*low.* Ritornello.

———*low.*

———*low.*

Mellissa.

I can give Beauty, make the aged young, and Love's dear momentary rapture

long; Love's dear momentary rapture long.

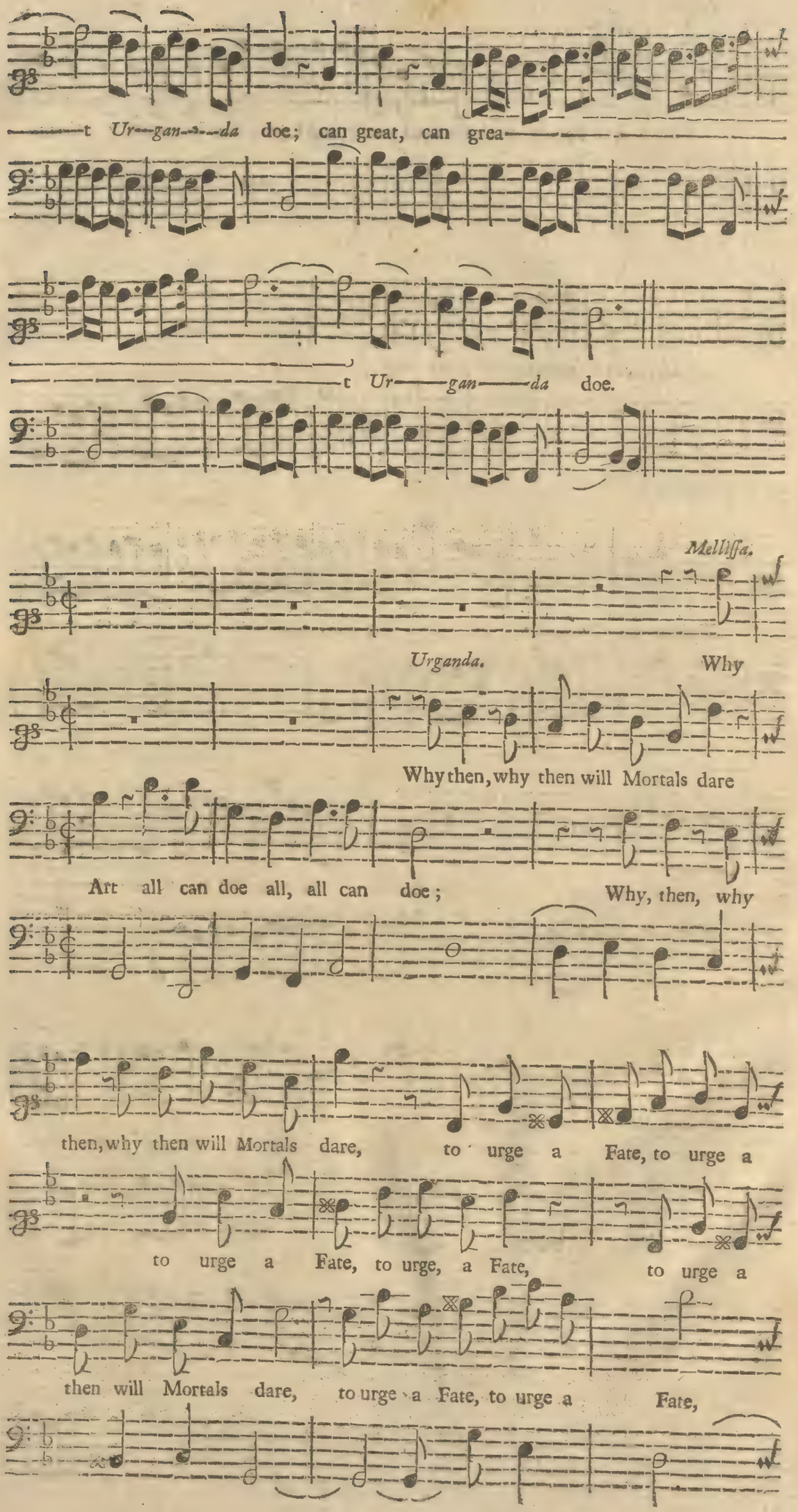
Urganda.

Nature re—ſtore, and life, and life when ſpen——

——t re—new; Nature re—ſtore, and life, and life when ſpen——

——t re—new: all this, all this by Art, all this by

Art can great, can grea——


t Ur—gan—da doe; can great, can grea—
t Ur—gan—da doe.
Mellissa.
Urganda.
Why
Why then, why then will Mortals dare
Art all can doe all, all can doe;
Why, then, why
then, why then will Mortals dare, to urge a Fate, to urge a
to urge a Fate, to urge, a Fate, to urge a
then will Mortals dare, to urge a Fate, to urge a Fate,

Fate: why then, why then will Mortals dare, to urge a

Fate, to urge a Fate; why then, why then will Mortals dare,

to urge a Fate, to urge a Fate why then, why then will Mortals

Fate, to urge a Fate, to urge a Fate, to urge a

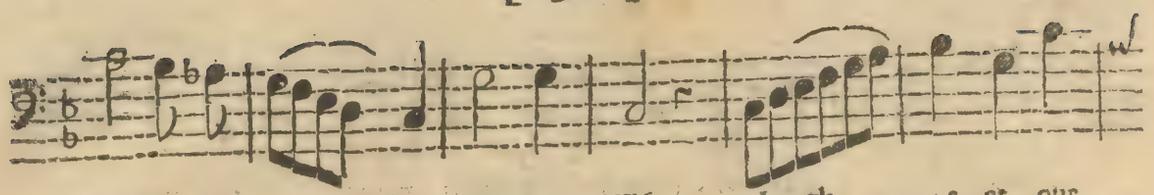
to urge a Fate, to urge a Fate, to urge a Fate, to urge a Fa——

dare to urge a Fate, to urge a Fate, to urge a

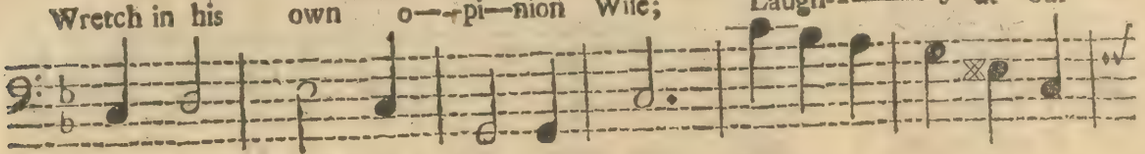
Fate, and Juſ——tice ſo ſe——vere?

——te, and Juſ-——tice ſo ſe——vere?

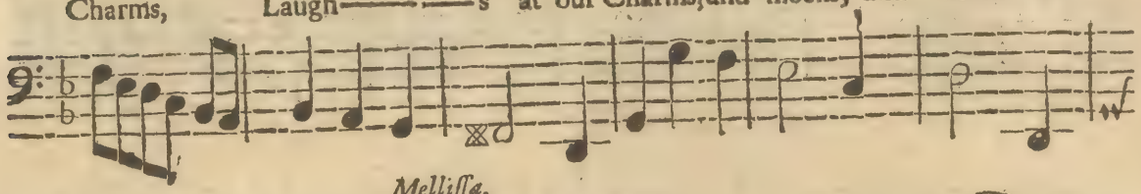
Fate, to urge a Fate, and Juſtice ſo ſe——vere? See, ſee there a



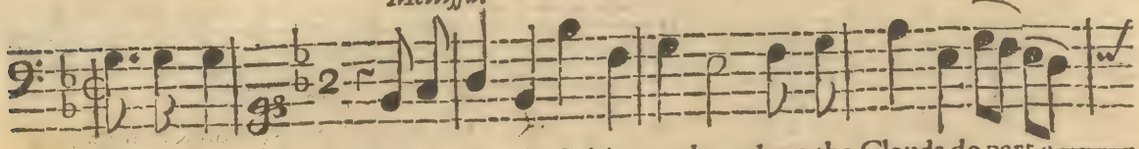
Wretch in his own o--pi--nion Wiſe; Laugh-----s at our



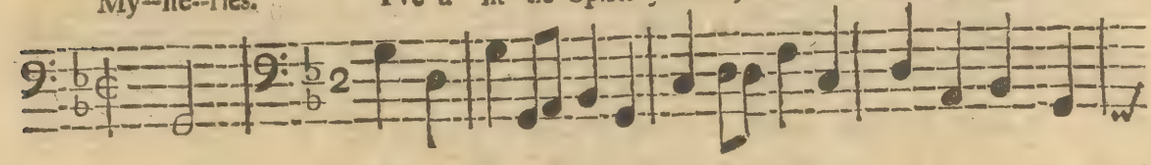
Charms, Laugh-----s at our Charms, and mocks, and mocks our



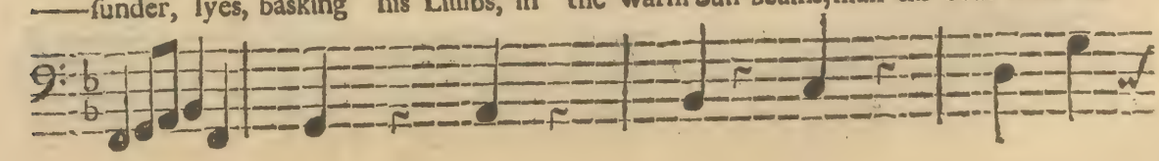
Melliſſa.

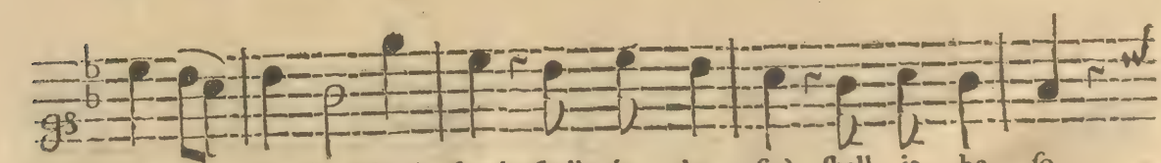


My--ſte--ries. I've a lit--tle Spirit yonder, where the Clouds do part a----

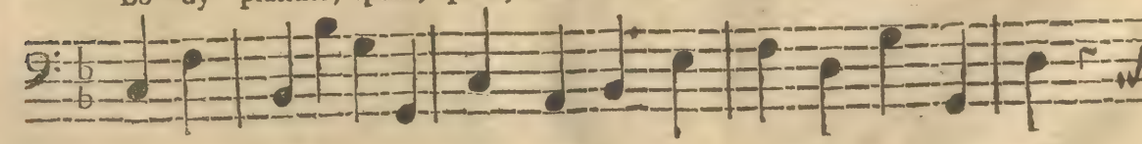


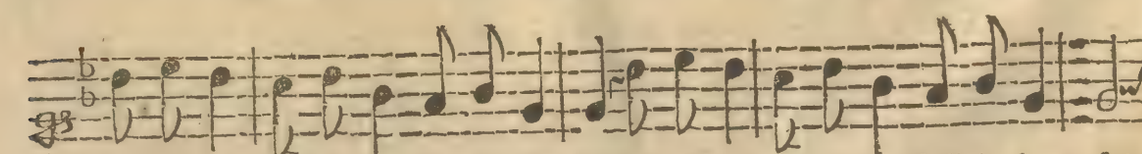
----ſunder, lyes, basking his Limbs, in the warm Sun-beams, ſhall his Soul from his



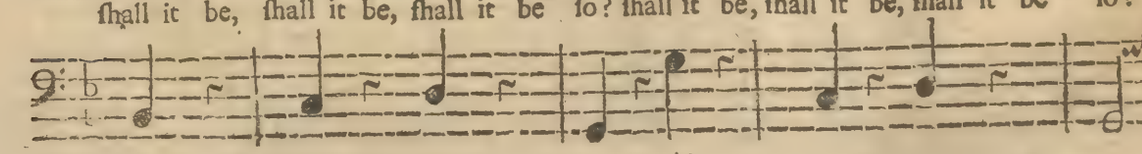


Bo--dy plunder, ſpeak, ſpeak, ſhall it be ſo? ſhall it be ſo,





ſhall it be, ſhall it be, ſhall it be ſo? ſhall it be, ſhall it be, ſhall it be ſo?



Urganda.

No, no, no, no, no, no, no, no, no, no, no,

No, no, no, no, no, no, no, no, no, no, no, no, no,

no, no, no, no, no, no, no, no, no, no, no, no, no, no, no;

no, no, no, no, no, no, no, no, no, no, no, no, no, no, no, no; that

Fate's too high, too high, that Fate's too high; I'le give him, give him

one more low, I'le give him, give him one more low.

Mellissa.

Let it be so, let it be so, let it be so;

Urganda.

Let it be so, let it be, let it be so, let it be so;

let it be, let it be, let it be so; let it be, let it be,

let it be, let it be, let it be so; let it be, let it be,

let it be so.

let it be so. Appear, appear, appear, appear ye fat Fiends that in

Limbo do groan, that were, when in flesh, the same Souls as his own; you that

always, you that always in *Lu—ci—fer's* Kitchin re—side, 'mongst Sea-cole and

Kettles, and Grease newly fry'd; that pamper'd, that pamper'd, each

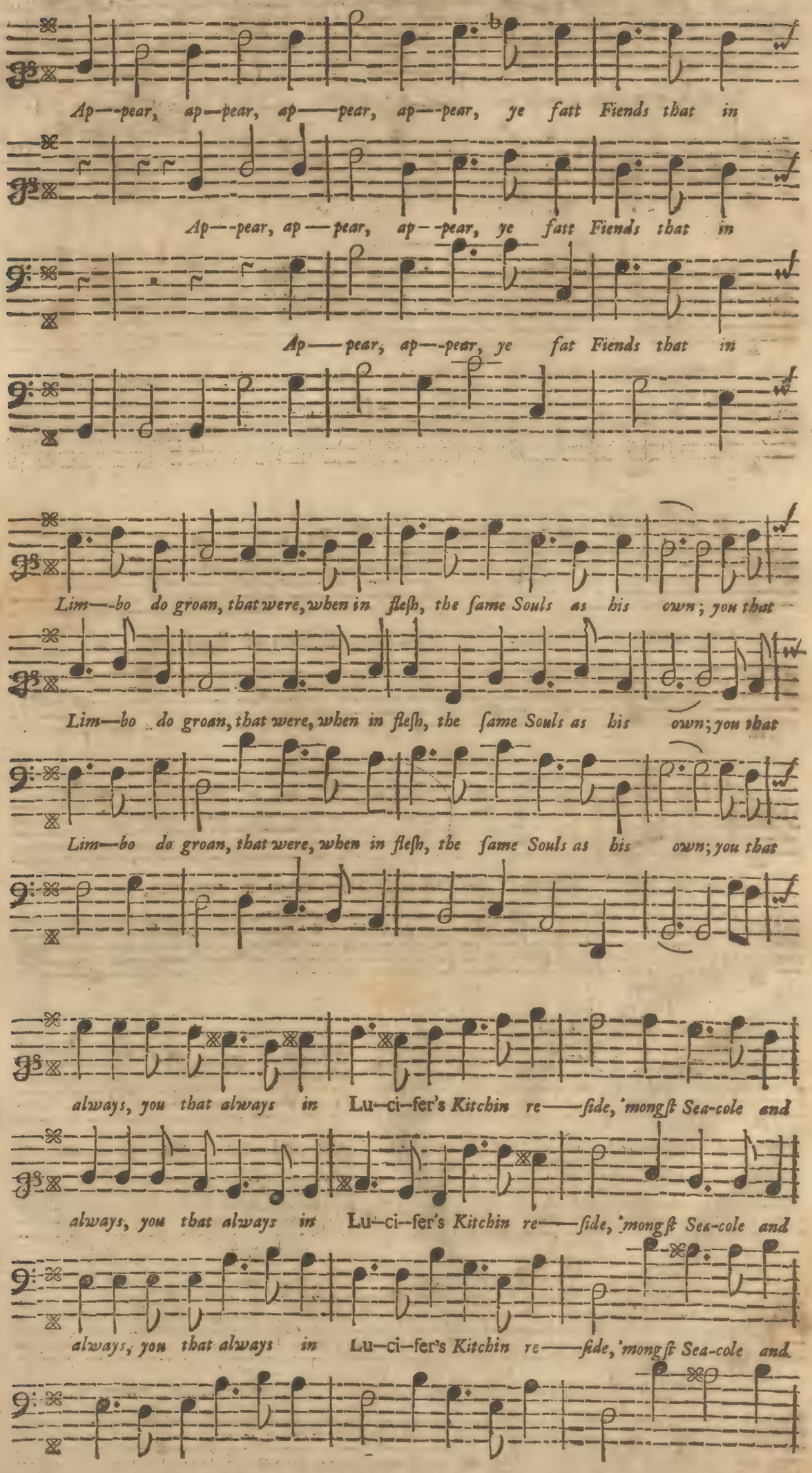
day with a Garbidge of Souls, broyl Rashers of Fools for a

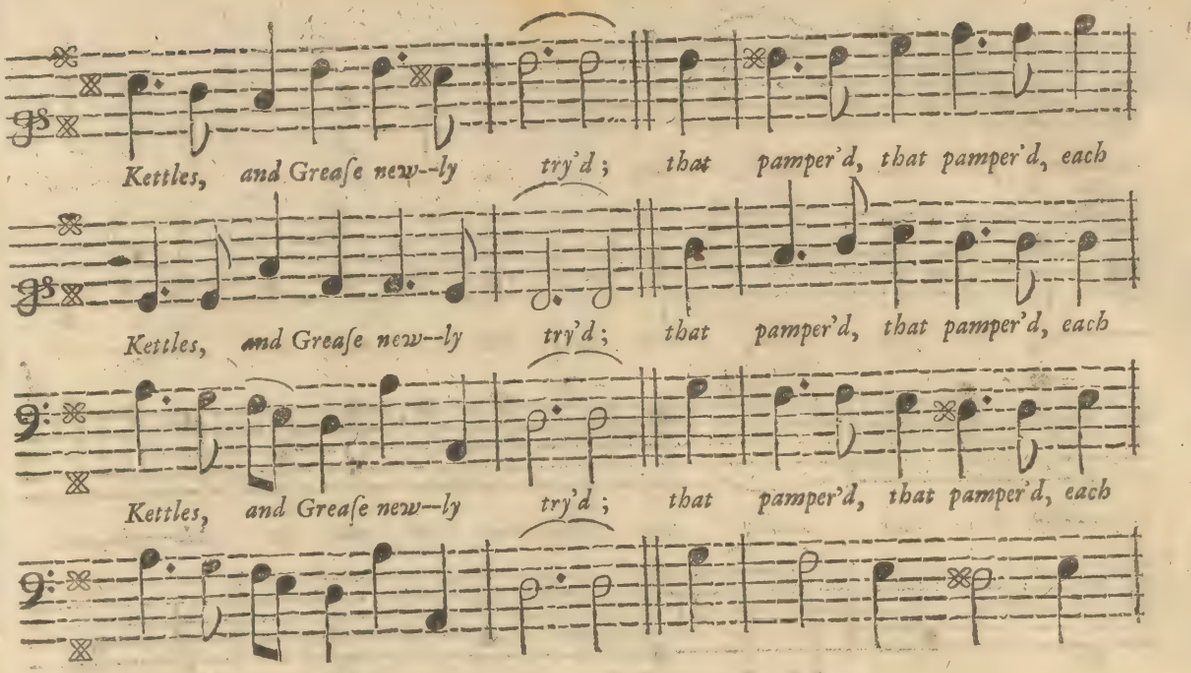
Break-fast on Coals, this Mortal from hence to con—vey, to con——

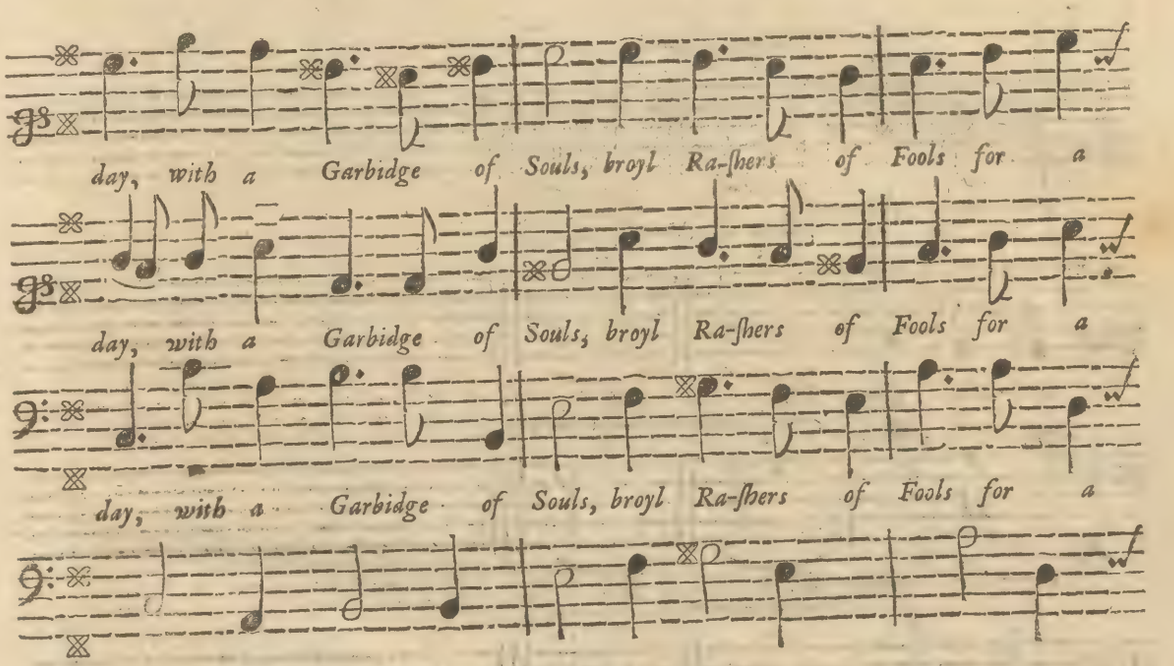
——vey try your skill; thus Fate's, thus Fate's, and our Ma—gi——cal

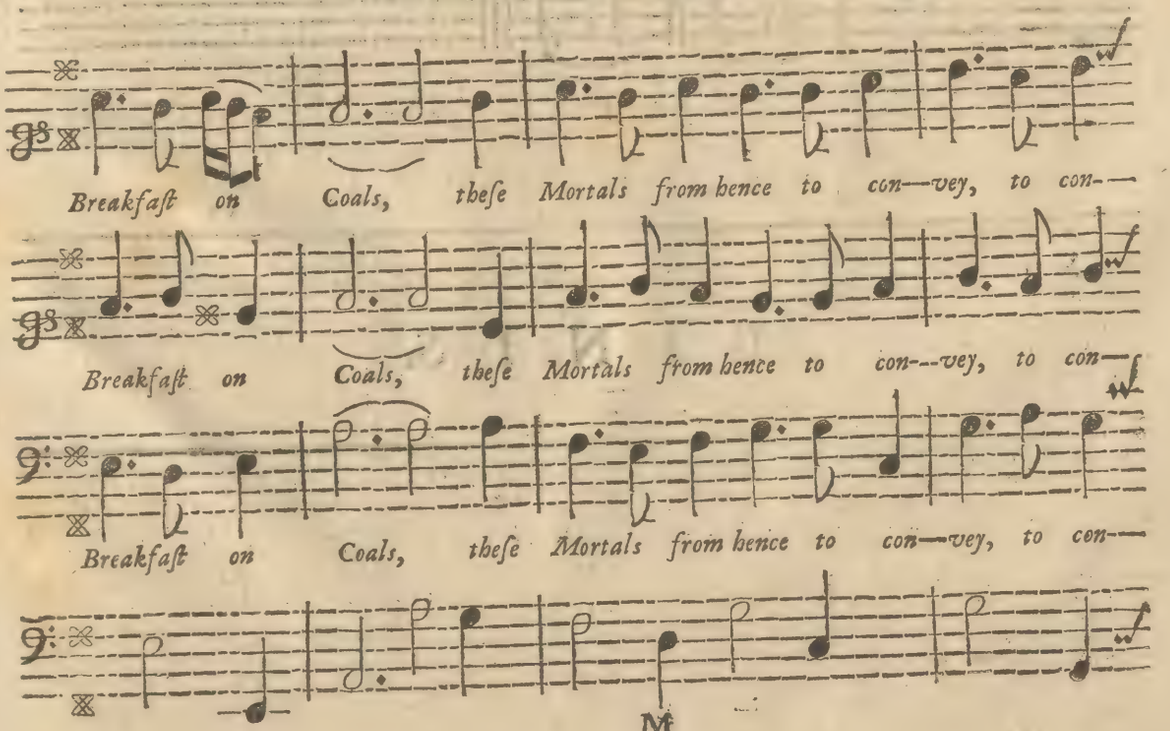
orders ful——fill, thus Fate's, thus Fate's, and our Ma—gi-cal orders ful——fill.

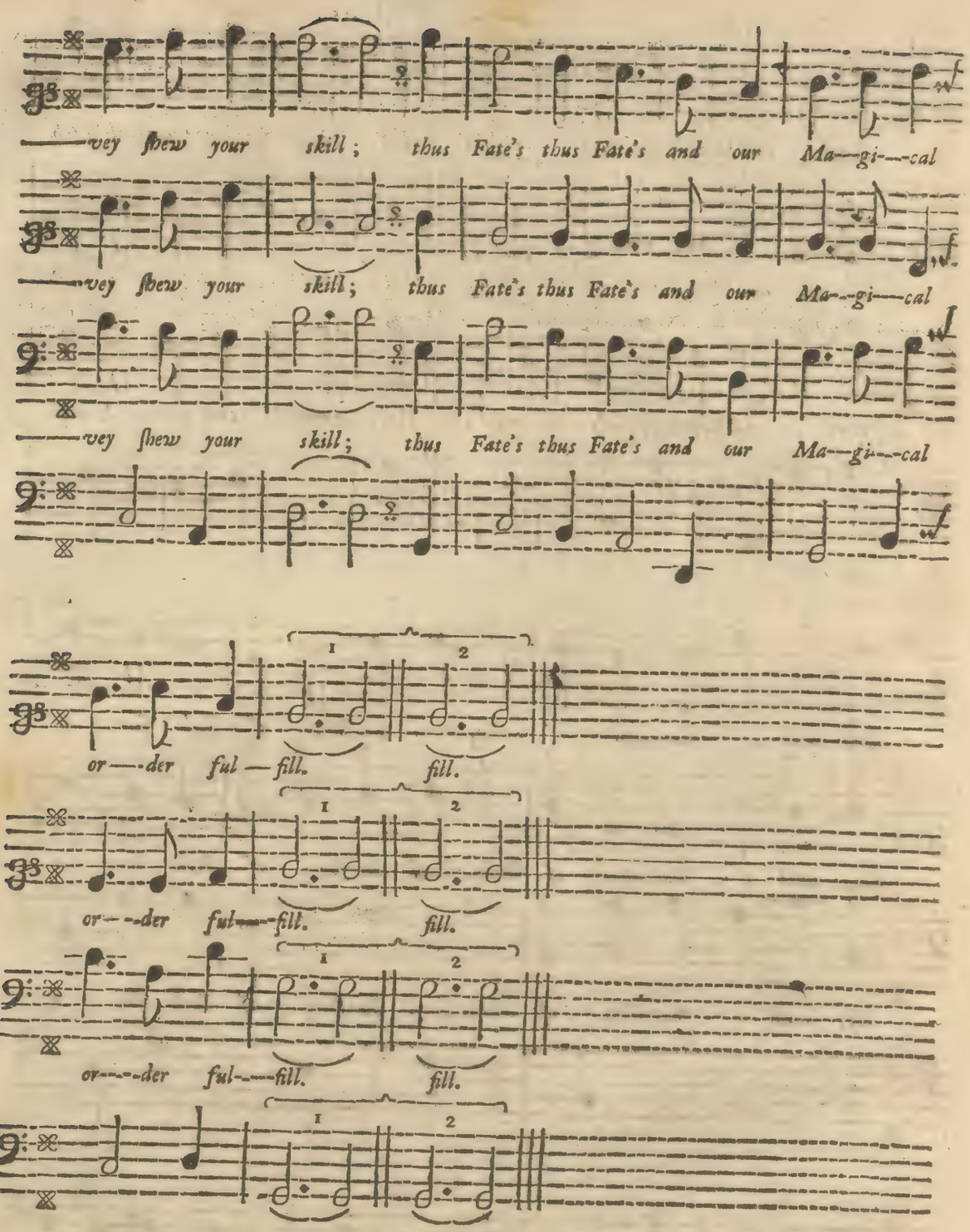
CHORUS. Violins the ſame.




Kettles, and Grease new--ly try'd; that pamper'd, that pamper'd, each
Kettles, and Grease new--ly try'd; that pamper'd, that pamper'd, each
Kettles, and Grease new--ly try'd; that pamper'd, that pamper'd, each


day, with a Garbidge of Souls, broyl Ra-shers of Fools for a
day, with a Garbidge of Souls, broyl Ra-shers of Fools for a
day, with a Garbidge of Souls, broyl Ra-shers of Fools for a


Breakfast on Coals, these Mortals from hence to con--vey, to con--
Breakfast on Coals, these Mortals from hence to con--vey, to con--
Breakfast on Coals, these Mortals from hence to con--vey, to con--

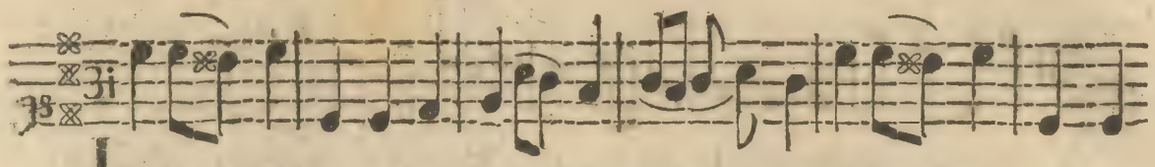

——vey ſhew your skill; thus Fate's thus Fate's and our Ma—gi—cal
——vey ſhew your skill; thus Fate's thus Fate's and our Ma—gi—cal
——vey ſhew your skill; thus Fate's thus Fate's and our Ma—gi—cal
or——der ful—fill. fill.
or——der ful——fill. fill.
or——der ful——fill. fill.

FINIS.

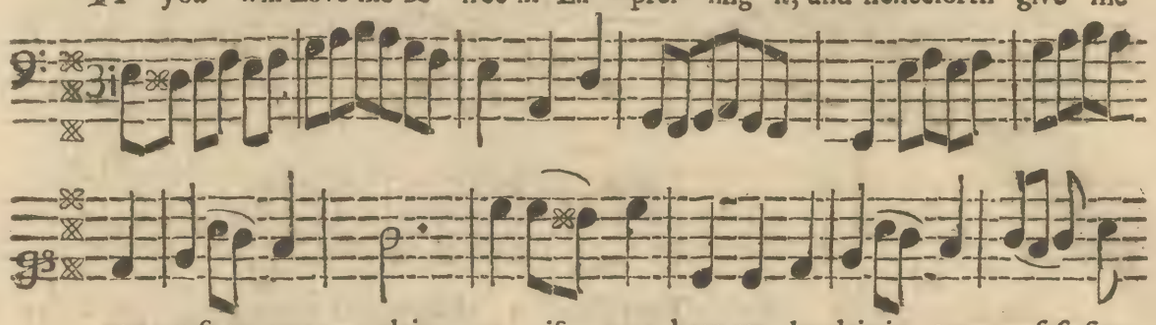
3

Don Quixote Part II
1694

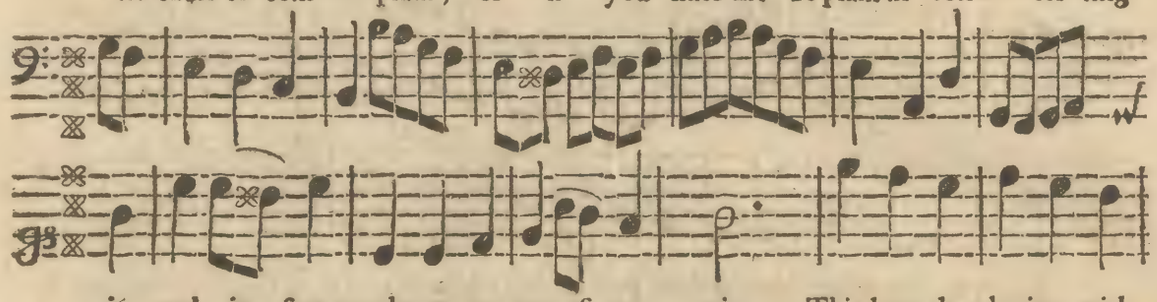
The first Song to a Minuet at the Duke's Entertainment of *Don Quixote* in the first Act.



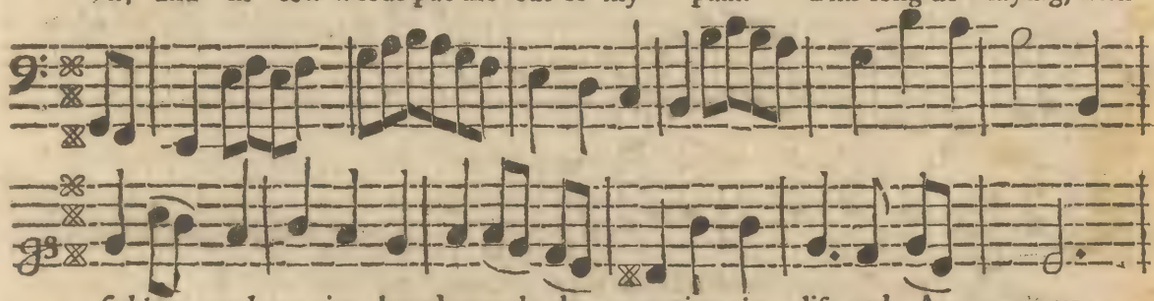
IF you will Love me be free in Ex—pref—ſing it, and henceforth give me



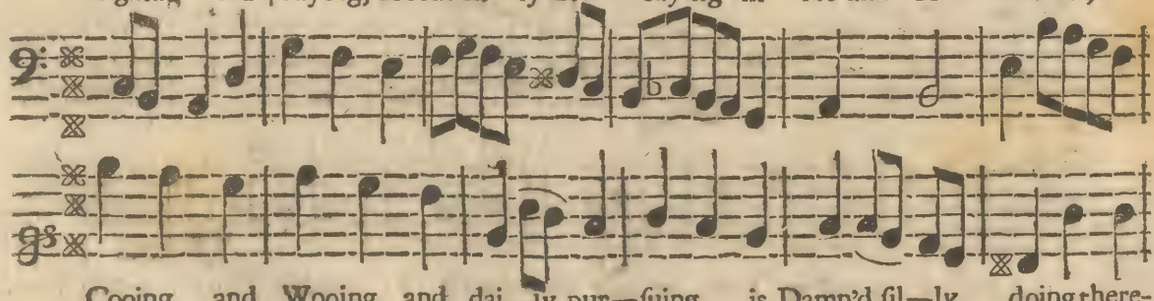
no cauſe to com——plain; or if you hate me be plain in con——feſ—ſing



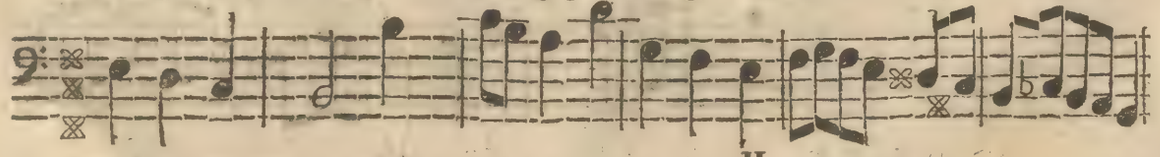
it, and in few words put me out of my pain. This long de—laying, with

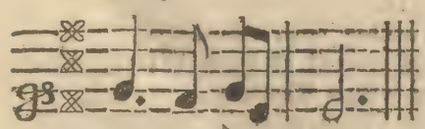


ſighing and praying, breedsonly de——caying in life and A——mour,

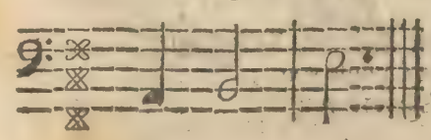


Cooing and Wooing, and dai—ly pur—ſuing, is Damn'd ſil—ly doing there-





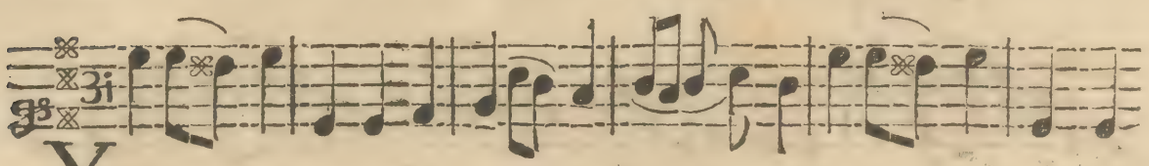
——fore I'le give o're.



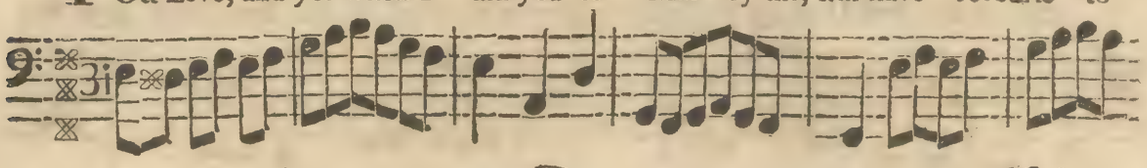
II.

If you'l propoſe a kind method of Ruling me,
I may return to my Duty again;
But If you ſtick to your old way of Fooling me,
I, muſt be plain I am none of your Men;
Paſſion for paſſion on each kind occaſion,
With free inclination does kindle Loves Fire,
But Tedious prating,
Coy folly debating,
And new doubts creating ſtill makes it expire.

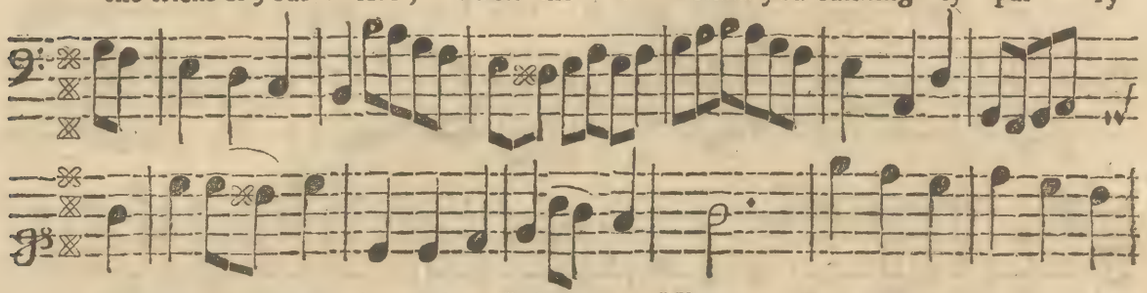
The Ladys Anſwer. The 2*d*. Song to a Minuet at the Duke's Entertainmet of *Don Quixote* in the firſt Act.



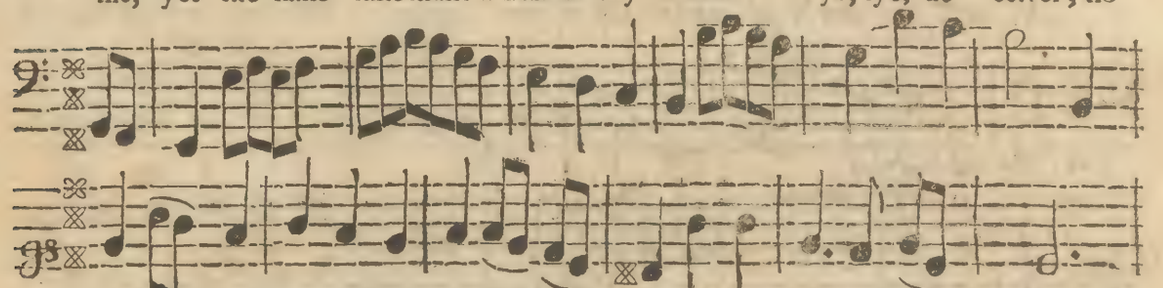
YOU Love, and yet when I ask you to Mar—ry me, ſtill have recourſe to



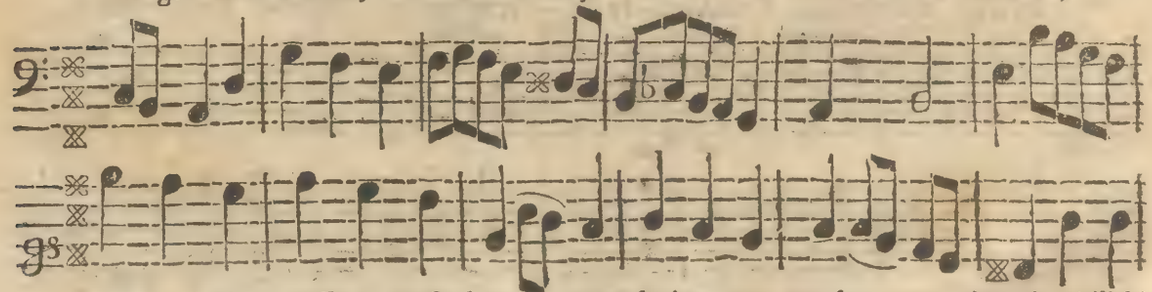
the tricks of your Art; Then like a Fencer you cunning—ly par——ry



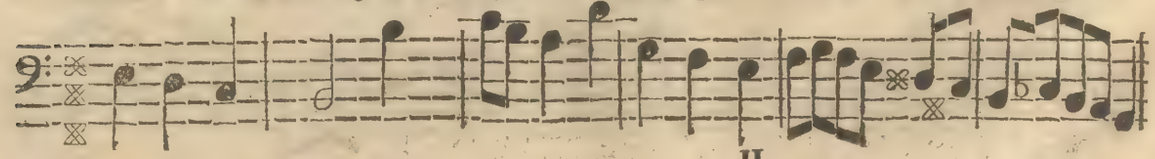
me, yet the ſame time make a Paſs at my Hheart. Fye, fye, de—-ceiver, no

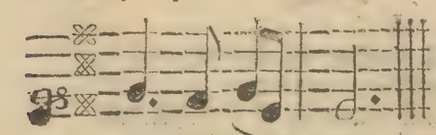


lon-ger en--dea-ver, or think this way e--ver the Fort will be won;

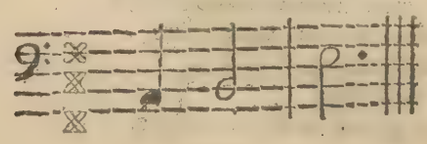


no fond Ca—-reſſing muſt be, nor un—-lacing or tender em—bra-cing 'tillth'





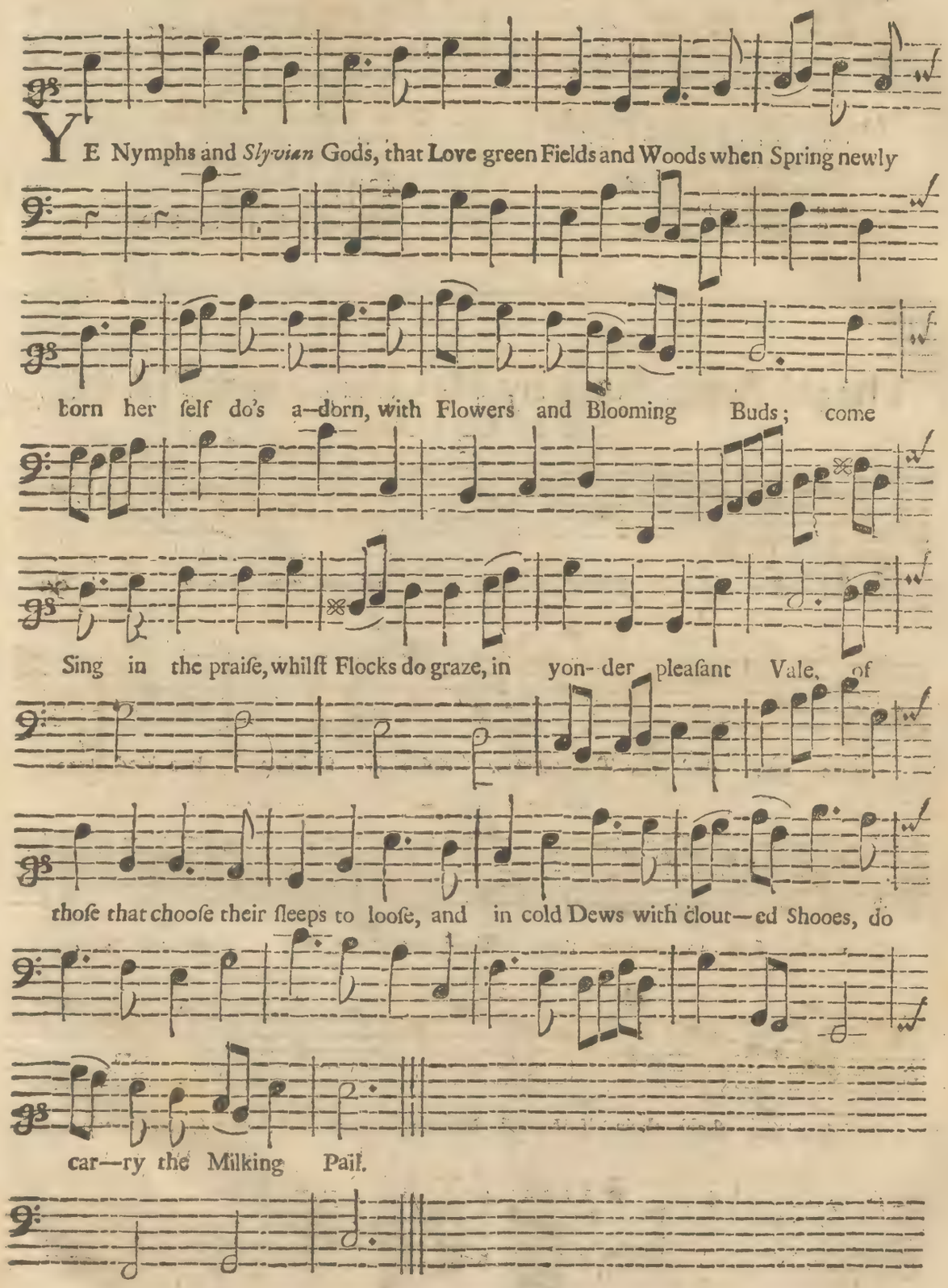
Parſon has done.



II.

Some ſay that Marriage a Dog with a Bottle is,
Pleaſing their humours to rail at their Wives;
Others declare it an Ape with a Rattle is,
Comforts deſtroyer and Plague of their lives:
Some are affirming,
A Trap 'tis for Vermin,
And yet with the Bait tho' not Priſon agree,
Ventring that Chouſe you,
Muſt let me Eſpouſe you
If e're my dear Mouſe you will Nibble at me.

The 3*d*. Song in the 2*d*. Act. Sung by Mrs. *Ayliff*, dressed like a Milk-maid. Set by Mr. *John. Eccles.*



II.

The Goddess of the Morn,
With blushes they adorn,
And take the fresh Air;
Whilst Linnets prepare
A Consort on each green Thorn,
The Ousle and Thrush,
On every Bush;
And the Charming Nightingale
In merry Vain,
Their Throats do strain,
Go entertain
The Jolly train
That carry the Milking Pail.

III.

When cold bleak Winds do Roar,
And Flow'rs can spring no more,
The Fields that were seen,
So pleasant and green,
By Winter all Candid o're,
Oh! how the Town Lass,
Looks with her white Face,
And her Lips of deadly Pale:
But it is not so,
With those that go,
Through Frost and Snow,
With Cheeks that glow,
And carry the Milking Pail.

IV.

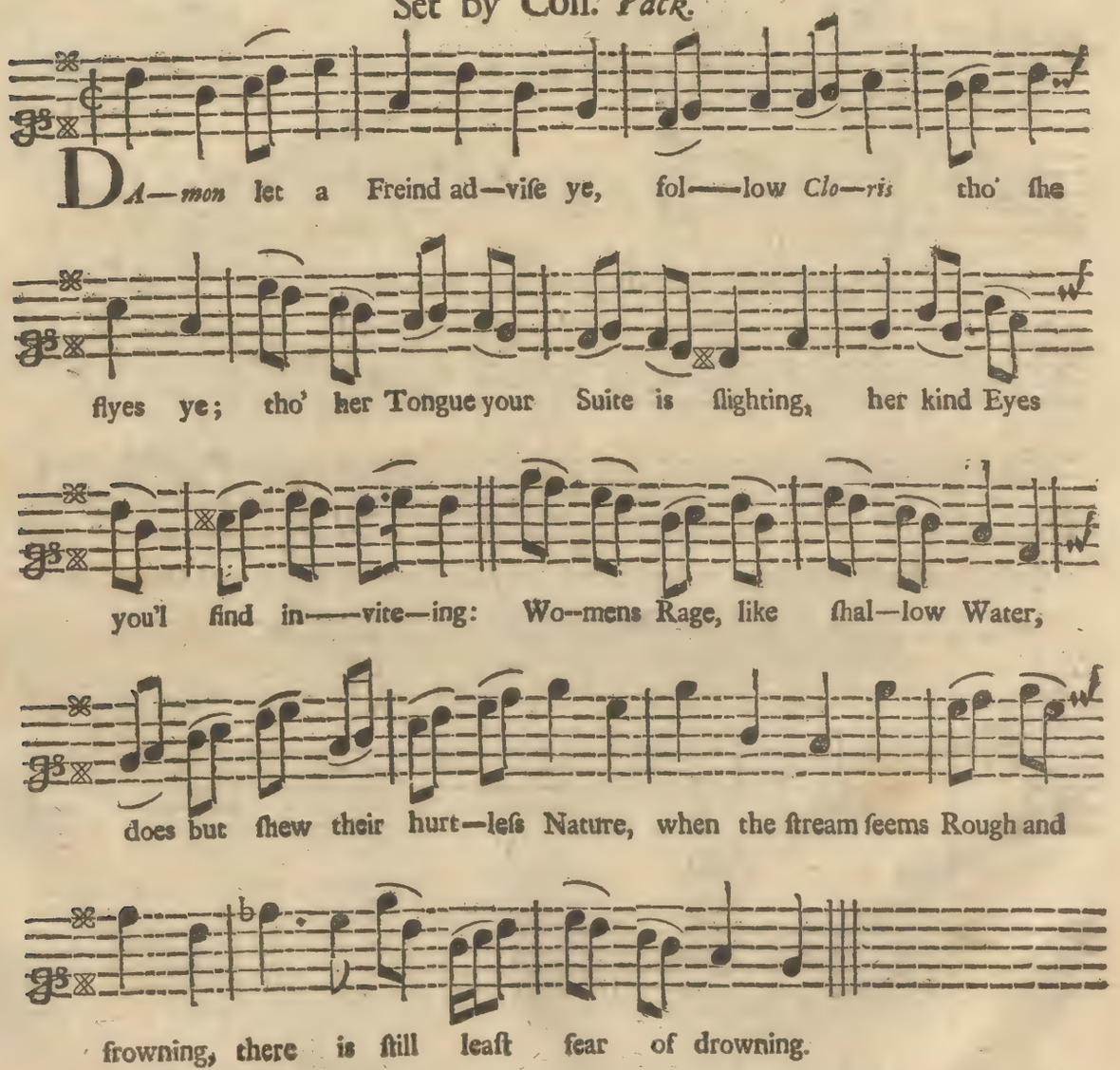
The Miſs of Courtly mould,
Adorn'd with Pearl and Gold,
With waſhes and Paint,
Her Skin does ſo Taint,
She's wither'd before She's old,
Whilſt She in Commode,
Put's on a Cart-load;
And with Cuſhions plumps her Tayle;
What Joys are found,
In Ruſſet Gown,
Young, Plump and Round,
And ſweet and ſound,
That carry the Milking Paile.

V.

The Girles of *Venus* game,
That venture Health and Fame,
In practiſing Feats,
With Colds and with Heats,
Make Lovers grow Blind and Lame,
If Men were ſo Wiſe,
To value the price,
Of the Wares moſt fit for ſale,
What ſtore of Beaus,
Wou'd dawb their Cloaths,
To ſave a Noſe,
By following thoſe,
That carry the Milking Paile.

The 4*th*. Song, Sung by Mrs. *Hudſon* in the 3*d*. Act.

Set by Coll. *Pack*.



II.

Let me tell the advent'rous Stranger,
In our calmneſs lyes our danger;
Like a River's ſilent Running,
Stillneſs ſhews our depth and Cunning:
She that Railes ye into Trembling,
Only ſhews her fine diſſembling;
But the Fawner to abuſe ye,
Thinks ye fools, and Sot will uſe ye.

A Dialogue in the 4*th*. Act of the 2*d*. Part of *Don Quixote*, for a Clown and his Wife. Sung by Mr. *Reading* and *He.* Mrs. *Ayliff*. Set by Mr. *Henry Purcell*.

SINCE Times are ſo bad, I muſt tell you ſweet Heart, I'me thinking to

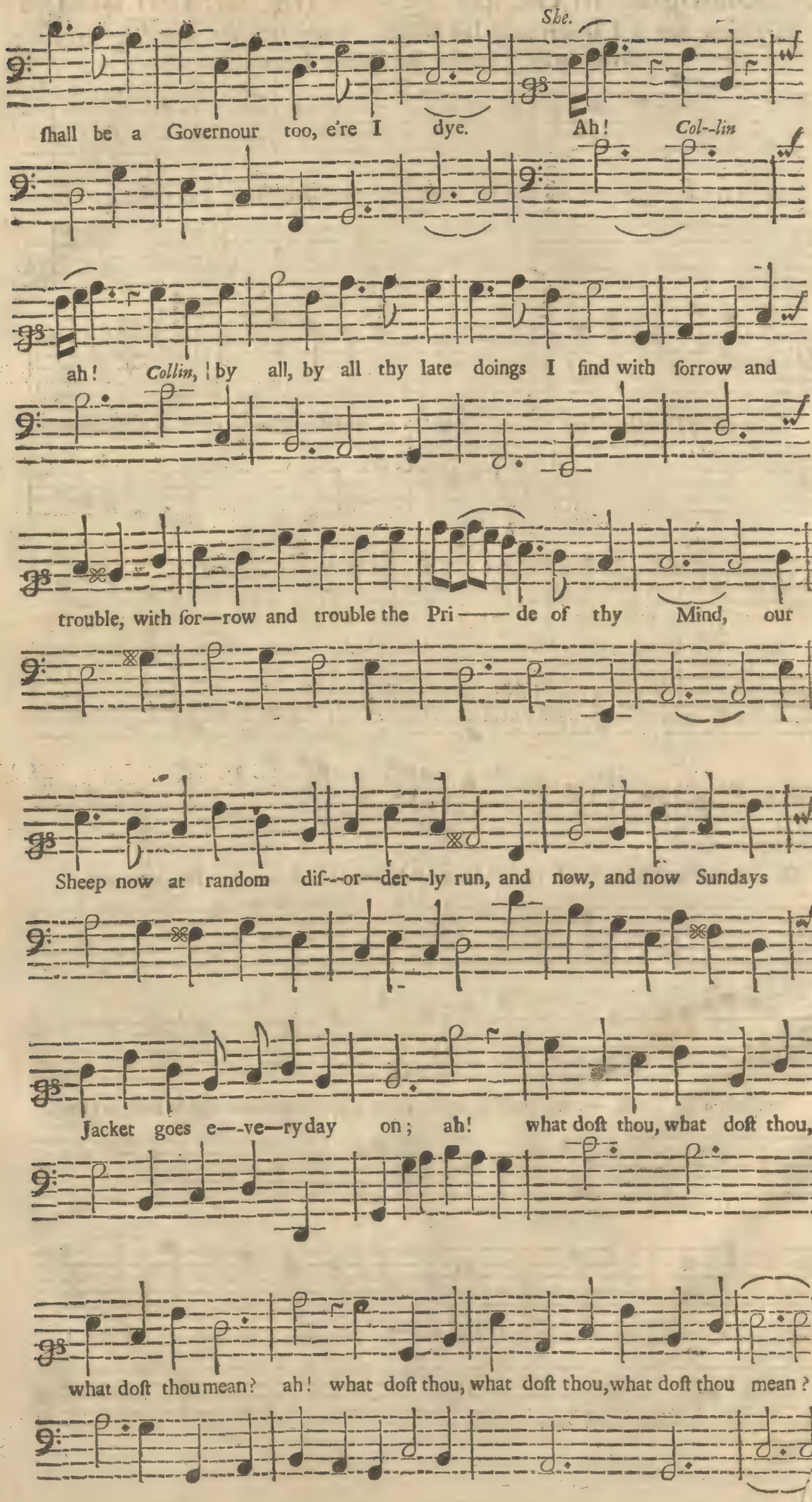
leave off my Plough and my Cart, and to the fair Cit——ty a Journey will

goe, to better my Fortune as other folk doe; Since ſome have from

Ditches and courſe Leather Breeches, been rais'd, been rais'd to be Ru--lers and

wallow'd in Ri—-ches, prithee come, come, come, come from thy Wheel, prithee

come, come, come, come from thy Wheel, for if Gypſies don't lye I ſhall, I


She.
ſhall be a Governour too, e're I dye. Ah! Col--lin
ah! Collin, by all, by all thy late doings I find with ſorrow and
trouble, with ſor—row and trouble the Pri —— de of thy Mind, our
Sheep now at random diſ--or--der—ly run, and now, and now Sundays
Jacket goes e—-ve—ry day on; ah! what doſt thou, what doſt thou,
what doſt thou mean? ah! what doſt thou, what doſt thou, what doſt thou mean?

He.

To make my Shoos clean and foot it, and foot it to the Court, the King and the

She.

Queen, where ſhewing my parts I preferment ſhall win; Fye, fye, fye, fye,

fye, fye, fye, fye, fye, fye, 'tis better, 'tis better for us to Plough and to

Spin; for as to the Court when thou happen'ſt to try, thoul't find nothing

got there unleſs thou can'ſt buy; For Money the Devil, the De--vil and

all's to be found, but no good Parts minded, no, no, no, no good Parts

He.

minded without the good Pound. Why then I'le take Arms, why

then I'le take Arms, I'le take Arms, and follow, and follow Allarms, hunt

She.

Honour that now a--dayes plaugeil— ly charms: And so lose a Limb by a

Shot or a Blow, and curse thy self af--ter, for lea—ving, for lea—ving the

He. *She.*

Plough. Suppose I turn Gamester? So Cheat and be bang'd:

He. *She.* *He.*

What think'st of the Road then? The High-way to be Hang'd; Nice Pimping how—

e—ver yields profit for Life, I'le help ſome fine Lord to a——nother's fine

She.

Wife: That's dan--ge--rous too, amongſt the Town Crew, for

ſome of 'em will doe the ſame thing by you; and then I to

Cuckold ye may be drawn in, faith *Col—lin* 'tis better I ſit here and Spin,

He.

faith *Collin* 'tis bet--ter I ſit here and Spin. Will nothing prefer me, what

She. *He.*

think'ſt of the Law? Oh! while you live *Collin* keep out of that Paw: I'le

She.

Cant and I'le Pray. Ah! there's nought got, ah! there's nought got that way, there's

no one mind snow what those black Cattle say; let all our whole care be our

He.

Farming af—fair, To make our Corn grow and our Ap—ple Trees bear.

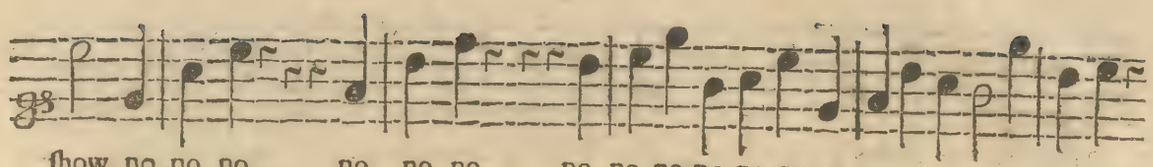
2 Voice.

Ambition's, Ambition's a Trade, a Trade no Contentment can show, so I'le to my

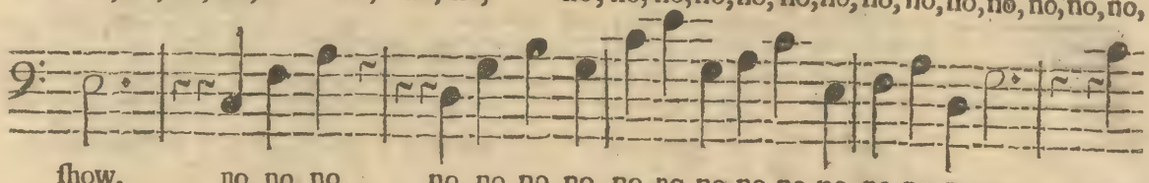
Ambition's Ambition's a Trade no Contentment can show,

Distaff; Ambition's, Ambition's a Trade, a Trade no Contentment can

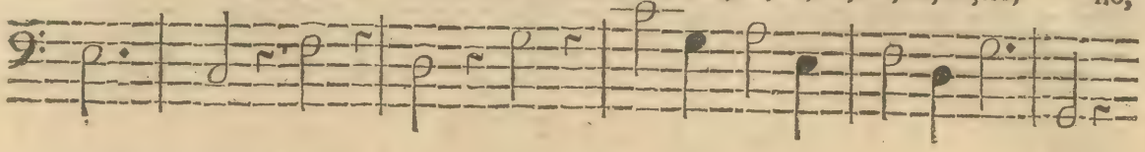
and I to my Plough; Ambition's, Ambition's a Trade no Contentment can

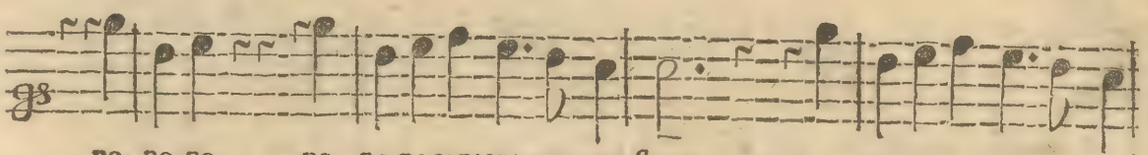


ſhow, no, no, no, no, no, no, no, no, no, no, no, no, no, no, no, no, no, no, no, no, no,

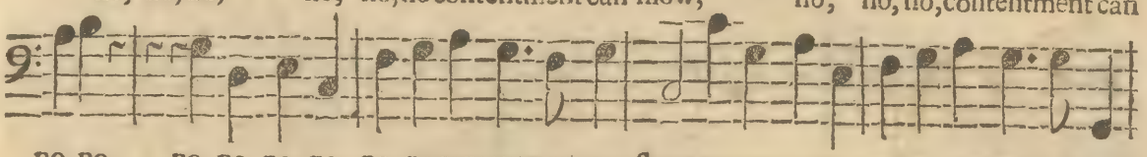


ſhow, no, no, no, no, no, no, no, no, no, no, no, no, no, no, no, no, no, no, no, no, no,

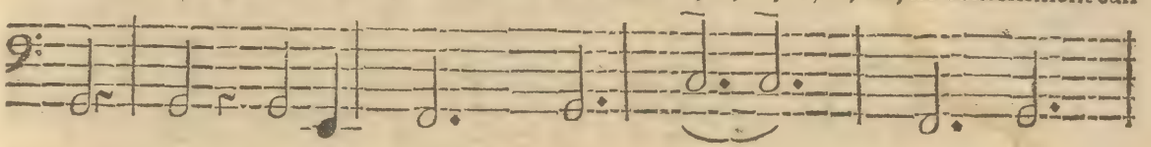




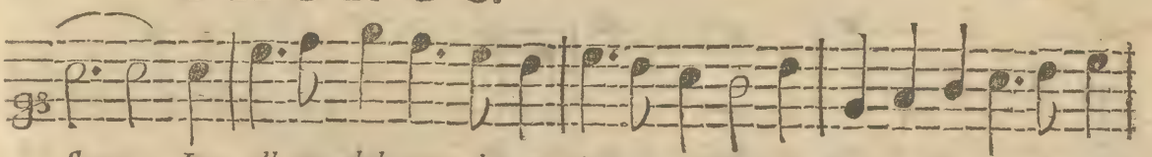
no, no, no, no, no, no contentment can ſhow, no, no, no, contentment can



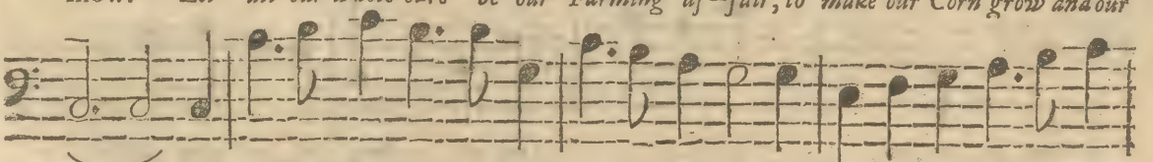
no, no, no, no, no, no, no, no contentment can ſhow, no, no, no, no, no, no contentment can



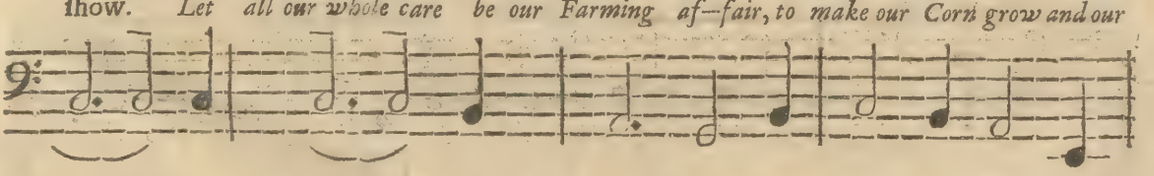
CHORUS.

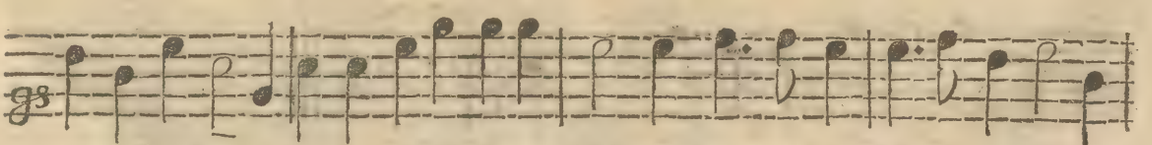


ſhow. *Let all our whole care be our Farming af--fair, to make our Corn grow and our*

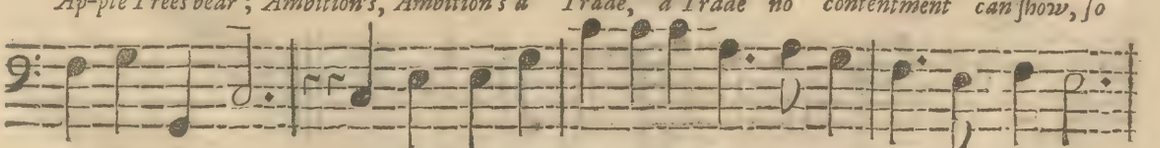


ſhow. *Let all our whole care be our Farming af--fair, to make our Corn grow and our*

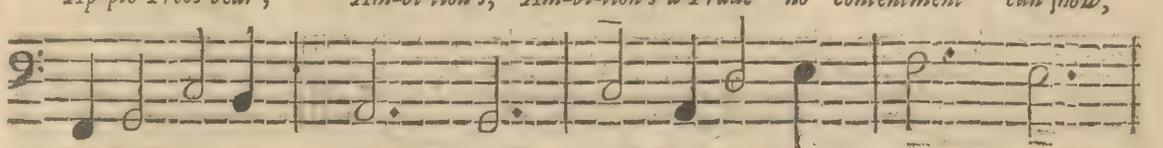


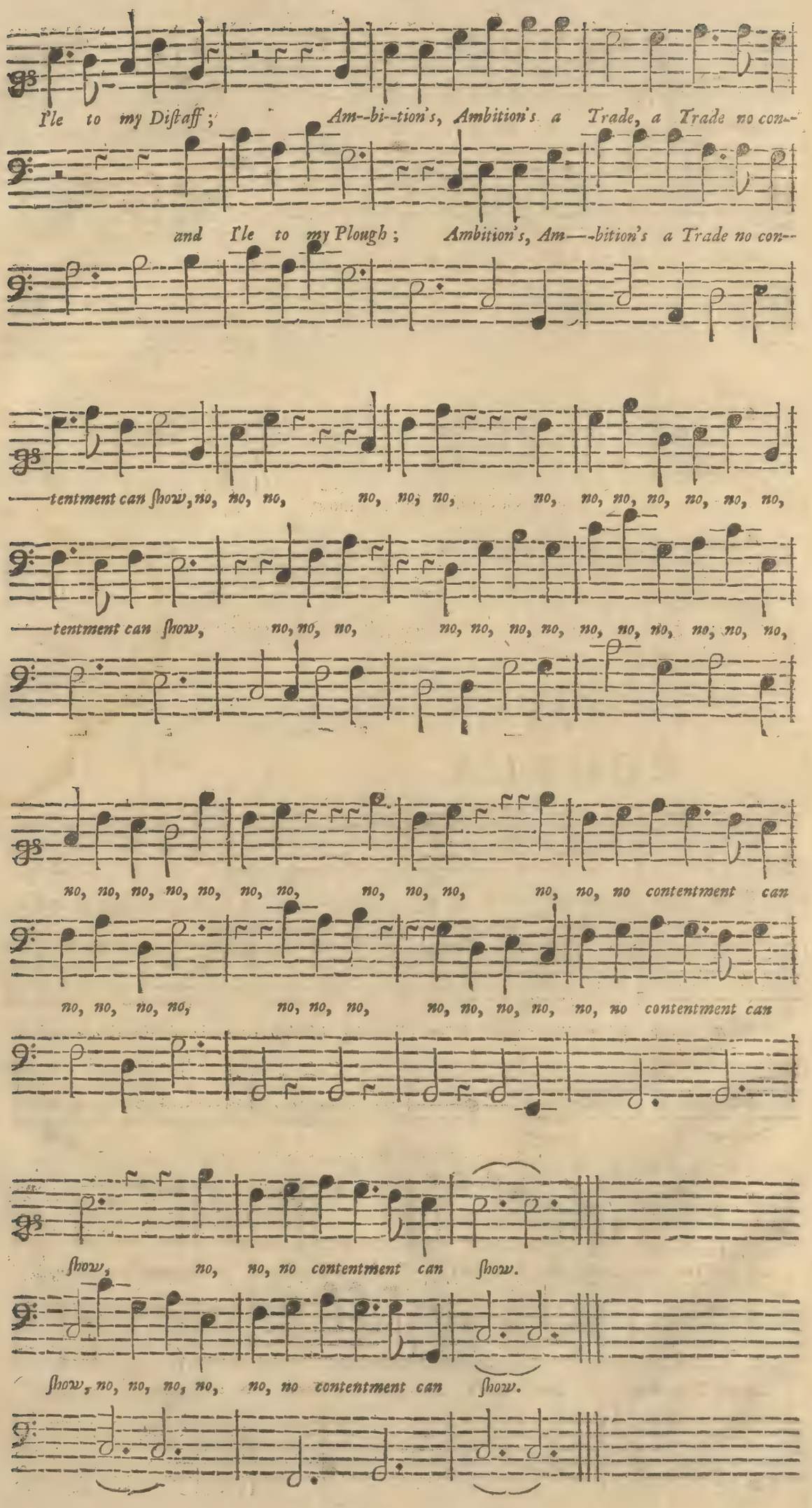


Ap-ple Trees bear; Ambition's, Ambition's a Trade, a Trade no contentment can ſhow, ſo



Ap-ple Trees bear; Am-bi-tion's, Am-bi-tion's a Trade no contentment can ſhow,




I'le to my Distaff; Am--bi--tion's, Ambition's a Trade, a Trade no con--
and I'le to my Plough; Ambition's, Am---bition's a Trade no con--
---tentment can show, no, no, no, no, no, no, no, no, no, no, no, no, no,
---tentment can show, no, no, no, no, no, no, no, no, no, no, no, no, no,
no, no, no, no, no, no, no, no, no, no, no, no, no contentment can
no, no, no, no, no, no, no, no, no, no, no, no, no contentment can
show, no, no, no contentment can show.
show, no, no, no, no, no, no contentment can show.

The *6th.* Song in the laſt Act of the *2d.* Part of *Don Quixote*, Sung by Mr. *Freeman* and Mrs. *Cibber.* Set by Mr. *Purcell.*

Trumpet.

Mr. *Freeman.*

GEniüs of *England* from thy pleaſant

Bow'r of bliſs a—ri——ſe and ſprea——

——d thy ſa—cred Wings; Guard, guard from Foes the

Britiſh State, thou on whoſe ſmile does wait th'——uncertain

hap——py Fate of Monarchies and Kings.

Trumpet.

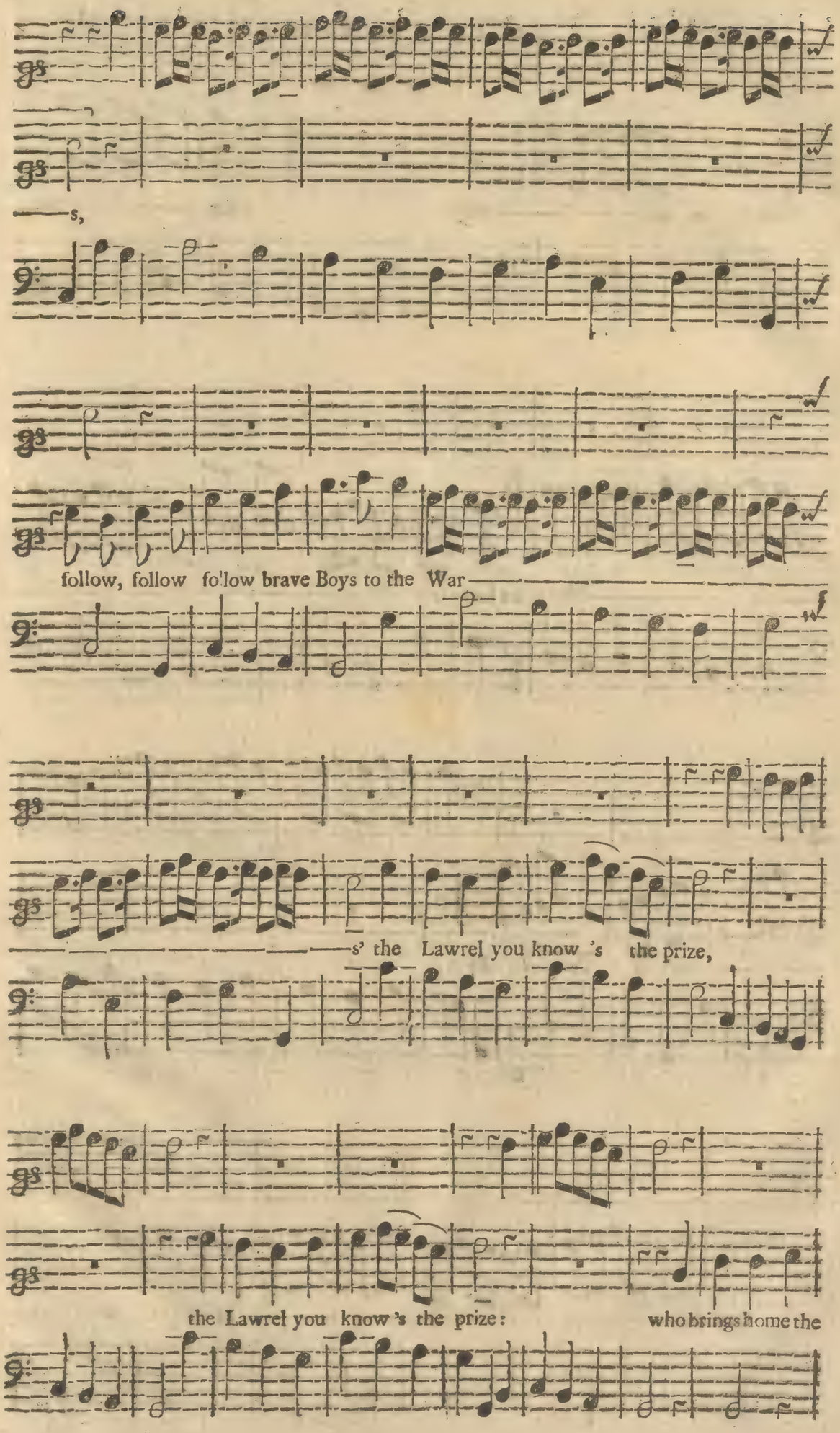
Mrs. *Cibber.*

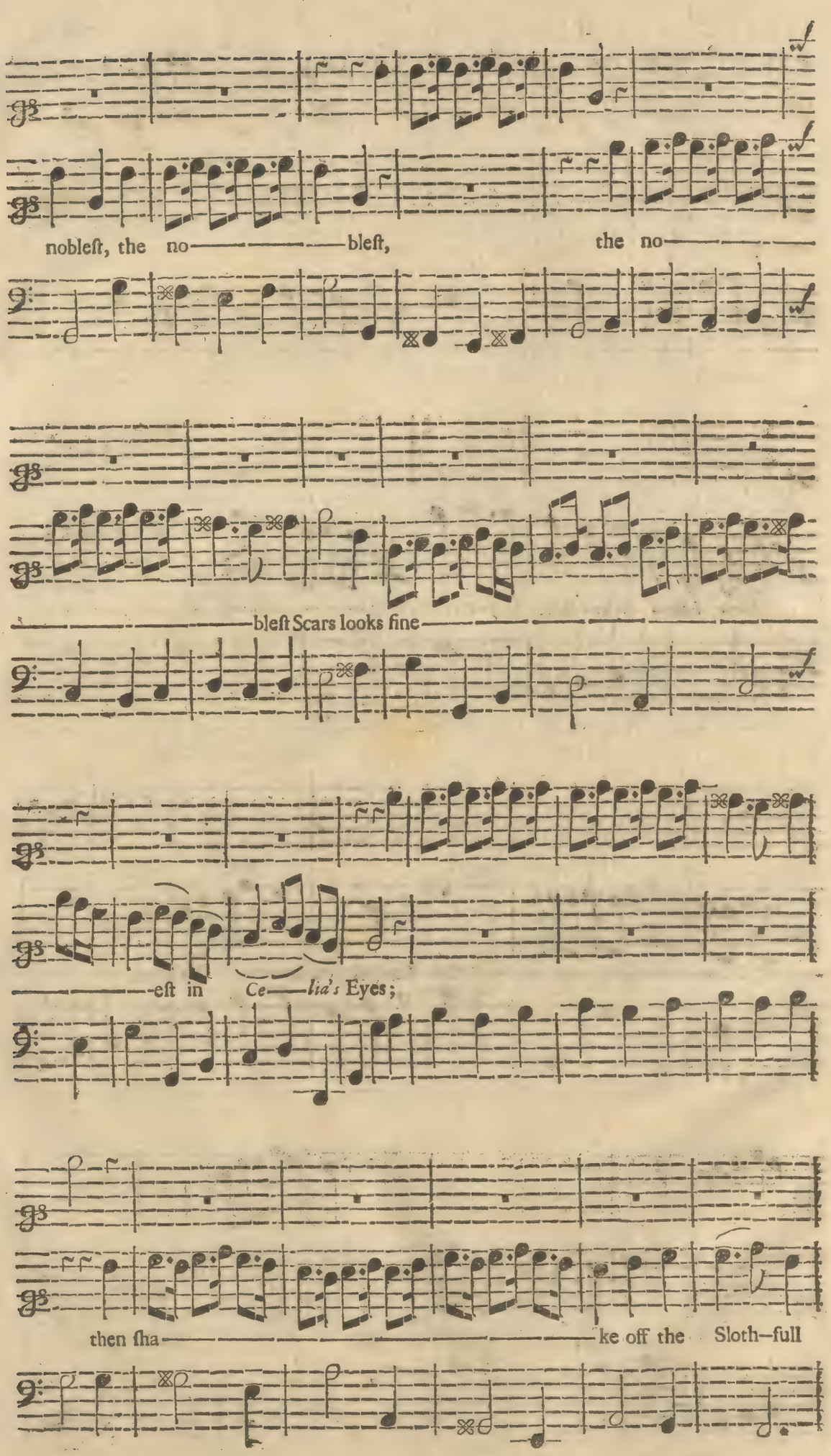
Then follow brave

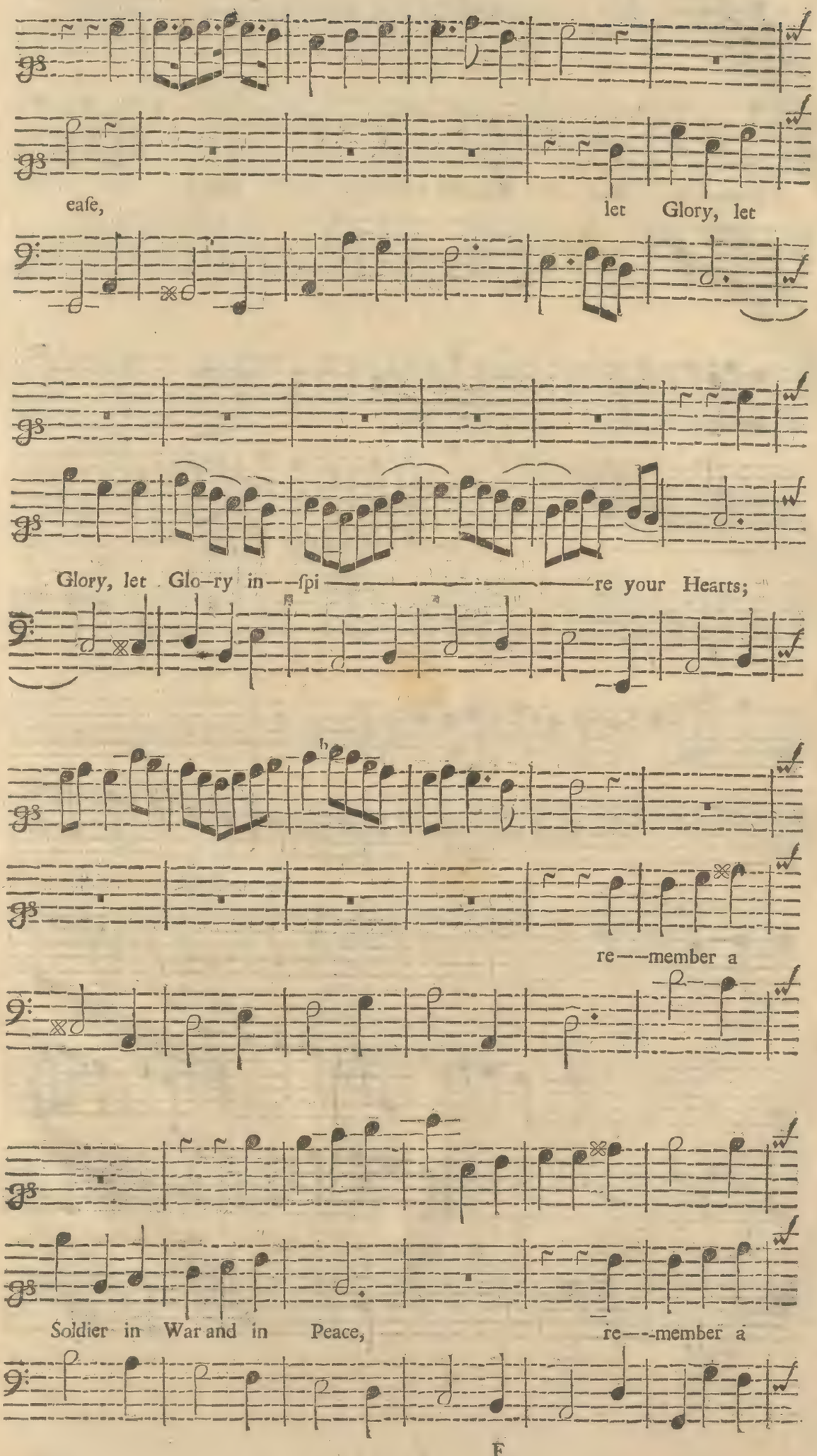
Boys, then follow brave Boys to the Wars,

follow, follow, follow, follow, follow, follow, follow, follow, follow brave

Boys to the War


s,
follow, follow follow brave Boys to the War
s' the Lawrel you know 's the prize,
the Lawrel you know 's the prize: who brings home the


noblest, the no——bleſt, the no——
——bleſt Scars looks fine——
——eſt in Ce——lia's Eyes;
then ſha——ke off the Sloth—full

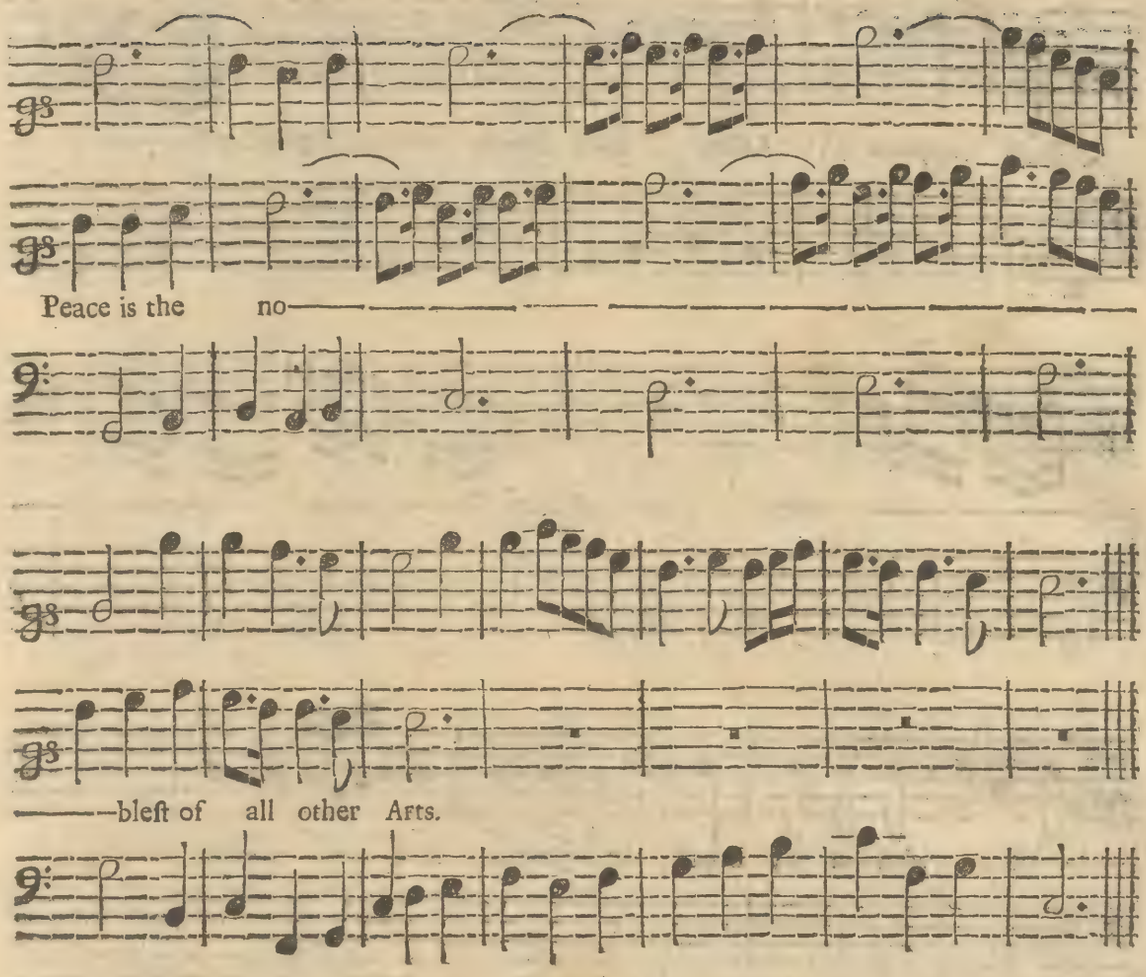

eaſe,
let Glory, let
Glory, let Glo–ry in––ſpi––re your Hearts;
re––member a
Soldier in War and in Peace,
re––member a

Soldier in War, in War and in Peace is the no——

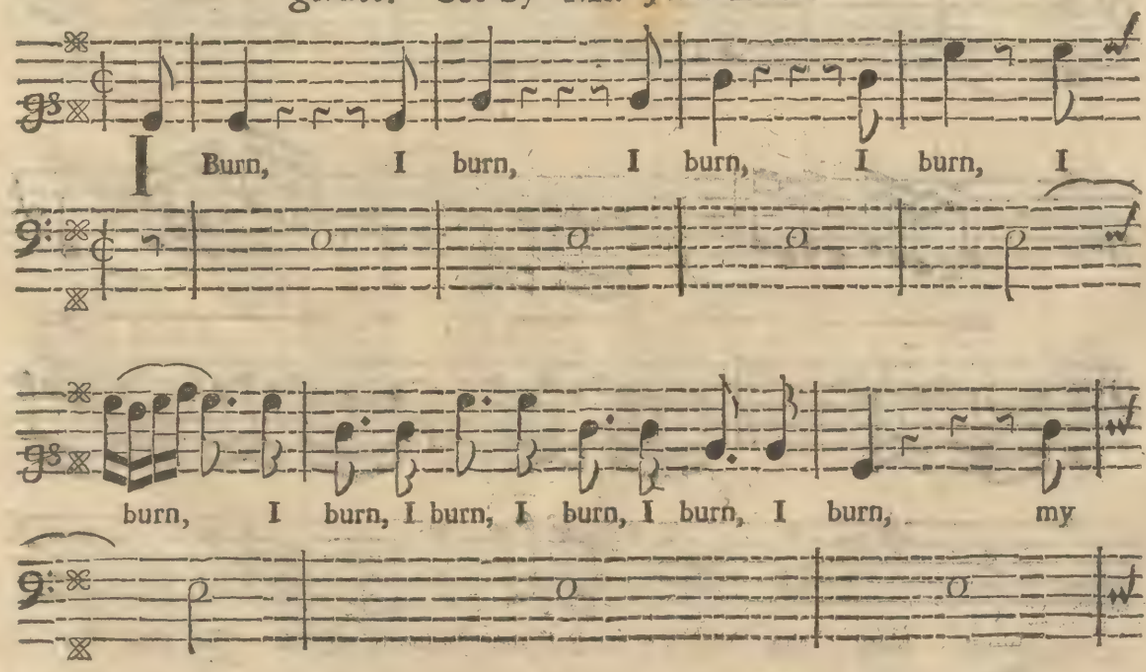
——bleft of all other Arts:

Re-mem-ber a Soldier in

War and in Peace, re-member a Soldier in War, in War and in



The *7th.* Song in the laſt Act. Sung by Mrs. *Braſegirdle.* Set by Mr. *John Eccles.*



Brain conſumes to Aſhes, each Eye-ball too, like Lightning Fla——

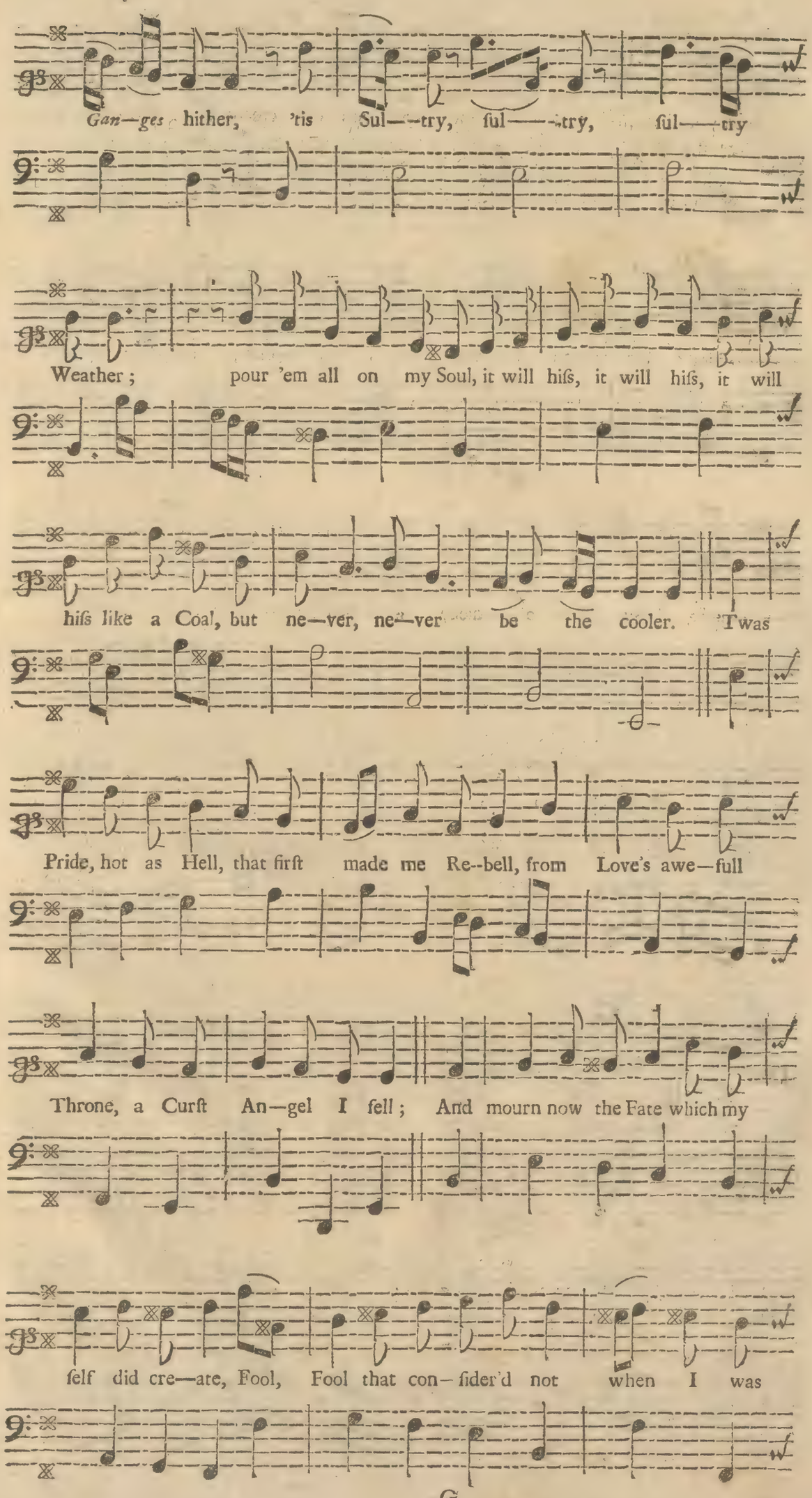
——ſhes, like Lightning Fla——

——ſhes with--in my Breaſt; there glows a ſo——lid Fire,

which in a Thouſand, Thouſand A—ges can't ex—pire:

Blo——w, blo——w, blo——w,

blow, blow the Winds great Ru—ler blow, bring the *Po* and the


Gan—ges hither, 'tis Sul——try, ſul——try, ſul——try
Weather; pour 'em all on my Soul, it will hiſs, it will hiſs, it will
hiſs like a Coal, but ne—ver, ne—ver be the cooler. 'Twas
Pride, hot as Hell, that firſt made me Re--bell, from Love's awe—full
Throne, a Curſt An—gel I fell; And mourn now the Fate which my
ſelf did cre—ate, Fool, Fool that con—ſider'd not when I was

well; And mourn now the Fate which my ſelf did create, Fool, Fool that con—

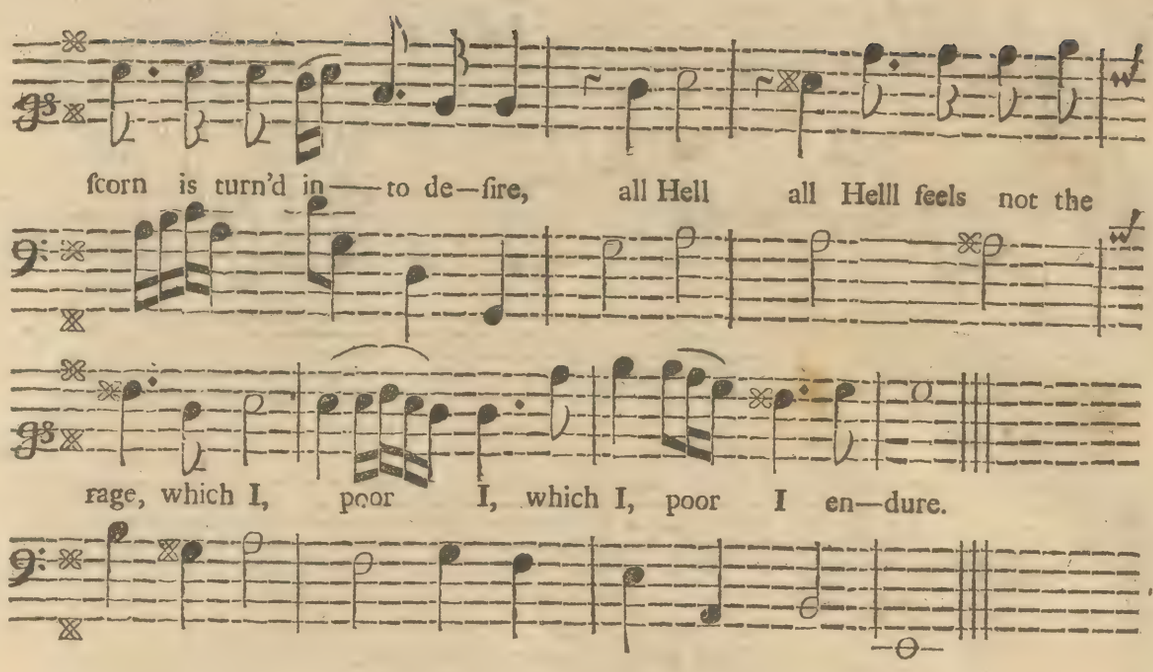
—ſider'd not when I was well. A—dieu, a—dieu trans—

—port—ing Joys a—dieu, a—dieu tranſ—port—ing joys;

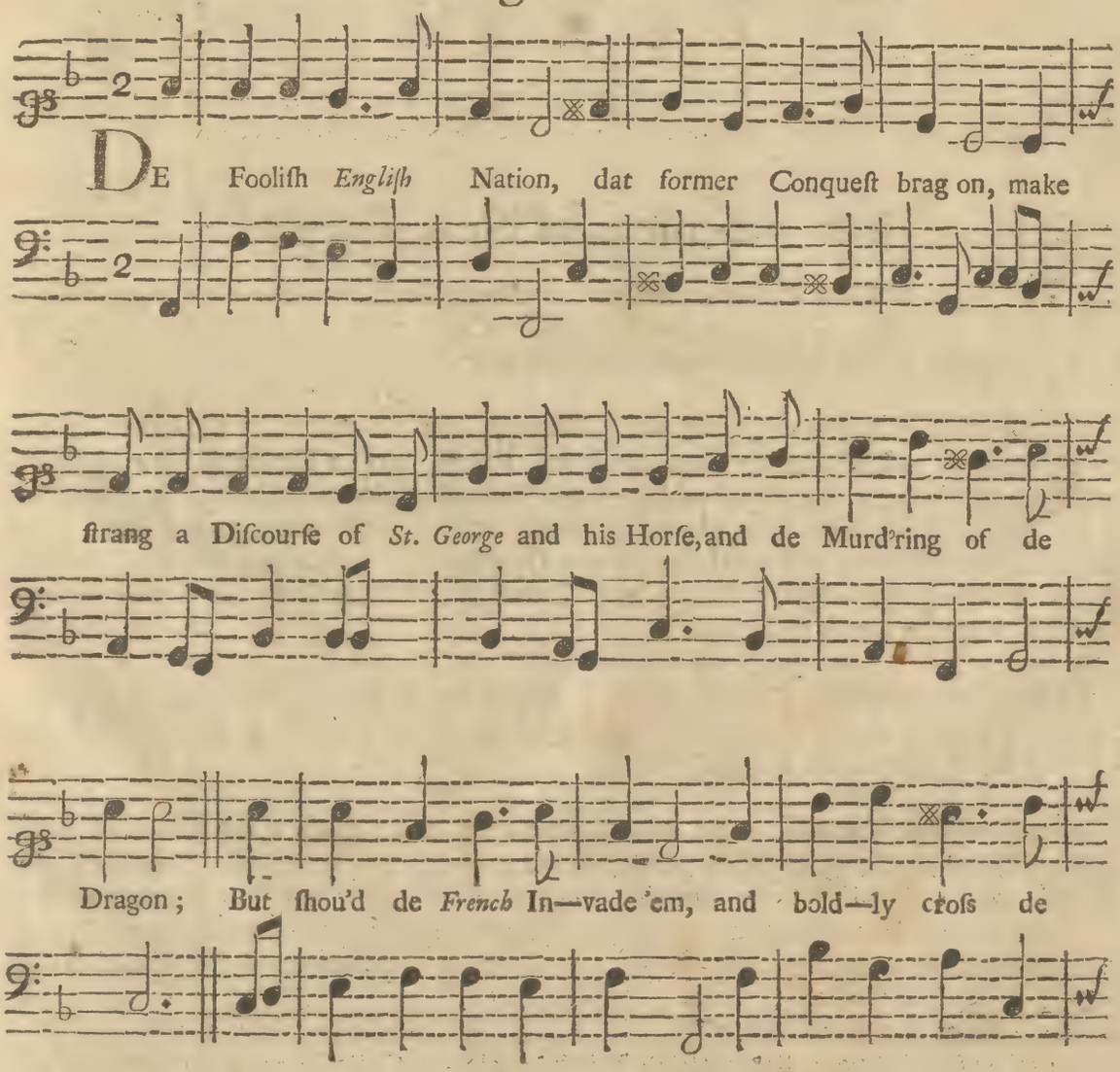
off, off, off ye vain Fan—taſ—tick Toyes, off, off ye

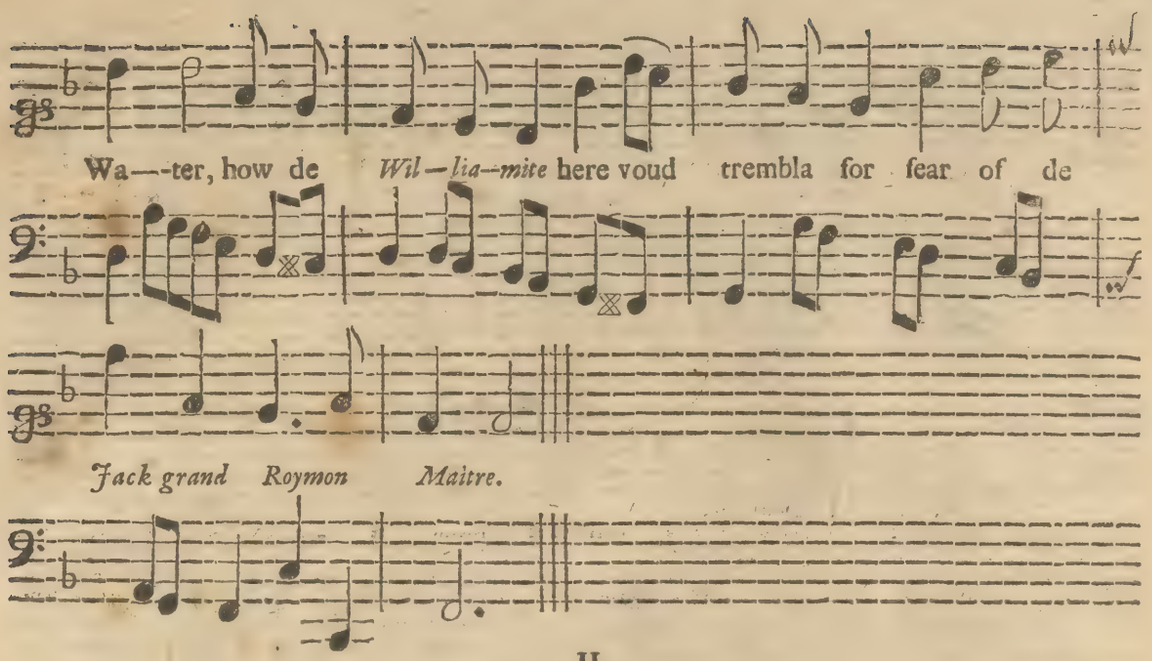
vain fan—taſ-tick toyes, that drep'd this Face and Bo—dy to al-lure,

bring, bring me Daggers, Poyſon, Fire, Fire, Daggers, Poy—ſon, Fire, for



The 8*th*. Song, in the Fifth Act.





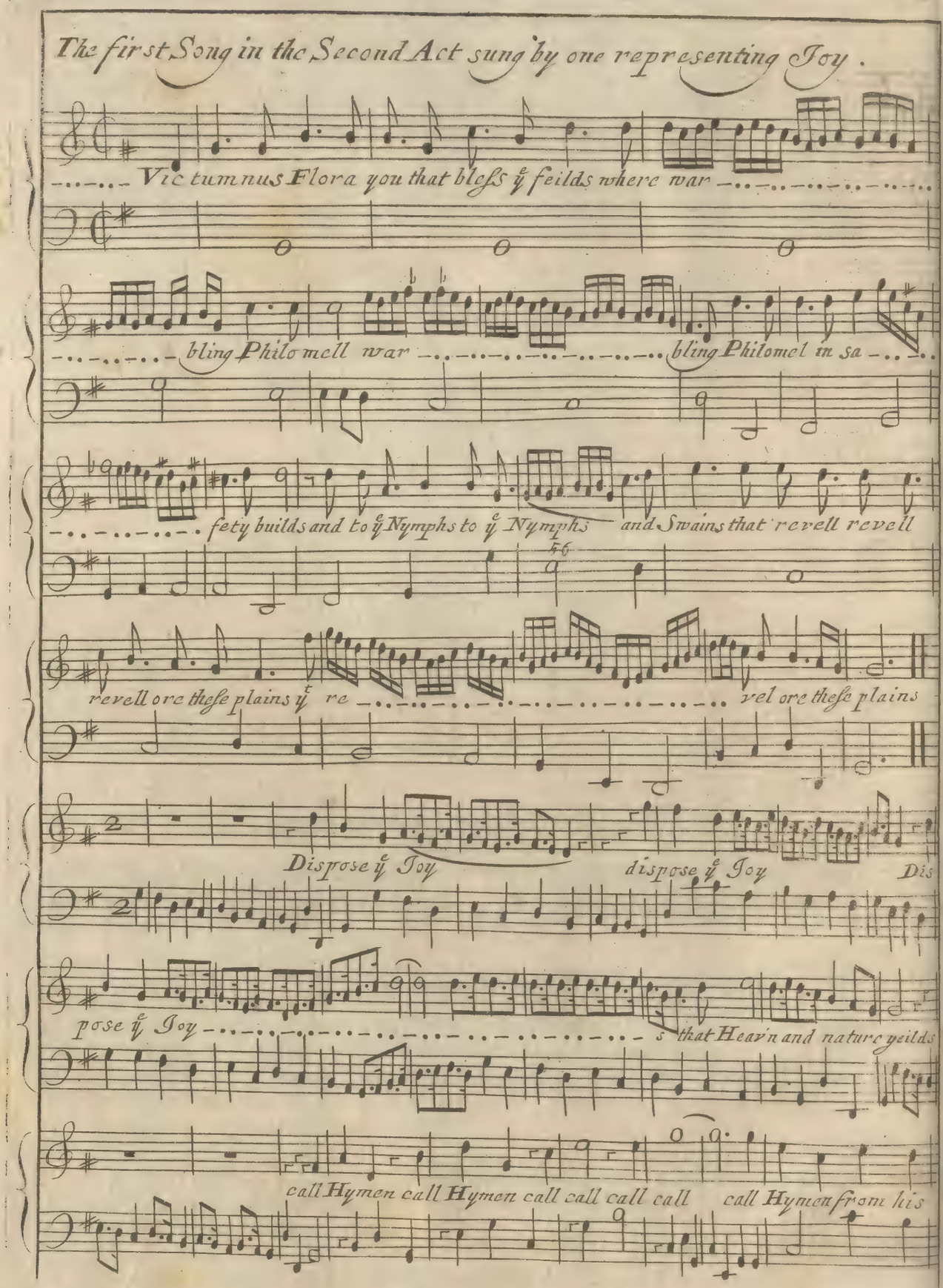
II.

Yaw boaſt of your Fifth *Henry*,
Dat once in *France* did Forrage;
But to anſwer dat ſame
Doe but read *Noſtredame*,
Garzoon will cool your Courage;
Our Gold will take your City,
Tho' Fighting ne're can get one,
Veel on *Salsburg*-Plain
Bring on Millions of Men,
D'en—Wheiw—vere is *Great-Brittain.*

F I N I S.

Don Quixote Part III
1696

A



All Printed for S. Briscoe, at the corner of Charles-street, in Russel-street, Covent-Garden.

merry merry merry merry merry merry home from his merry merry merry merry

home from his merry merry merry merry home call Hymen call call Hymen

from his merry me ... merry home bid him prepare prepare bid him prepare prepare

bid him prepare prepare prepare his Torch & come to sing and drink to sing and drink to

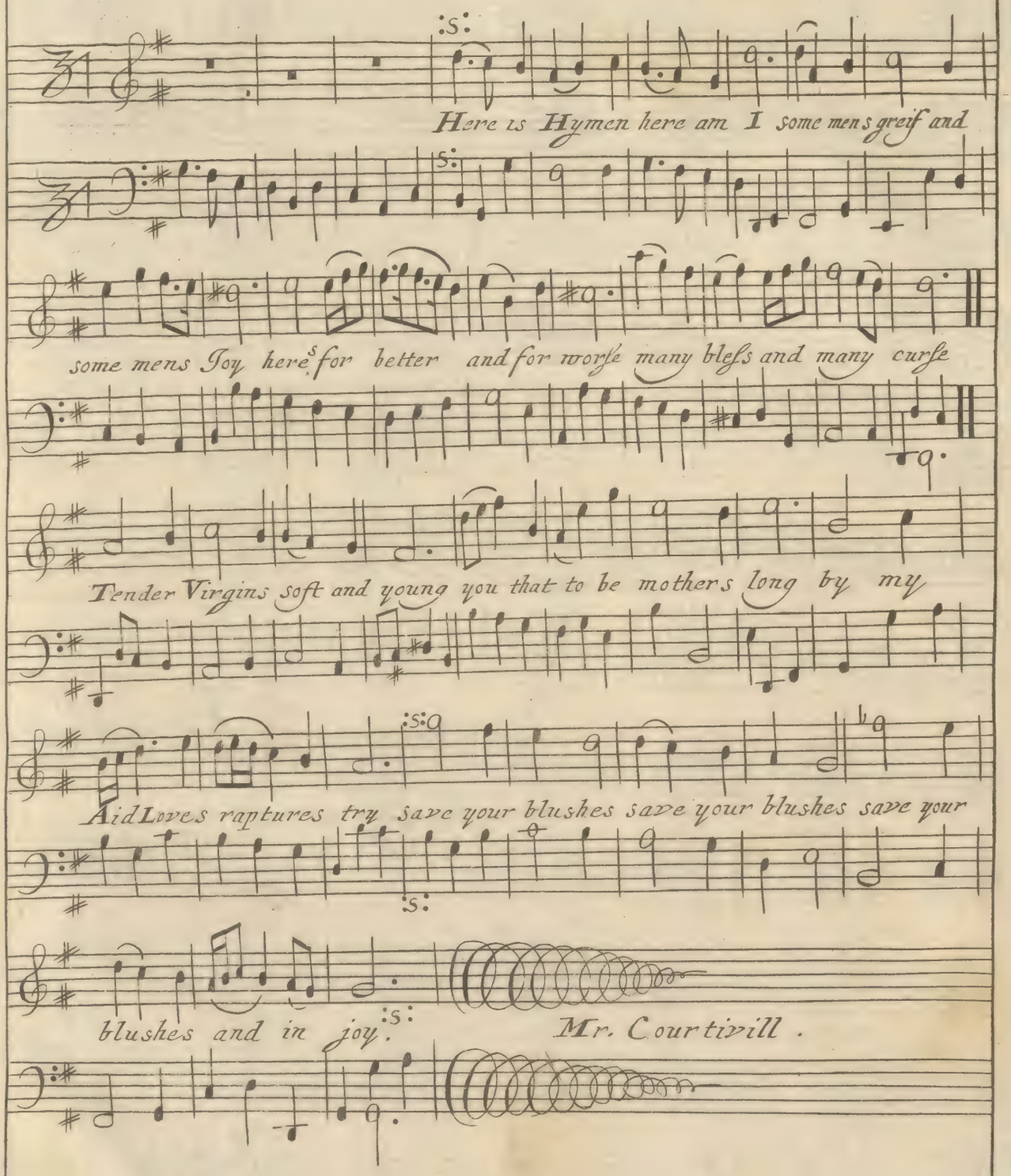
sing & drink full Bowles call call call Loud call call call loud loud call loud and

say tis beauty's feast tis beauty's feast tis beauty's feast Qui teras weding day tis

beauty's feast Qui teras weding day Qui teras weding day. Mr. Courtivill.

All Printed for S. *Briscoe*, at the corner of *Charles-street*, in *Russel-street*, *Covent-Garden*.

The Second Song in the Second Act Sung by one representing Hymen.



The last Song in the 2d Act, set by Mr. Courtivill.

Cease Hymen cease, Cease Hymen cease

thy brow thy brow, lett dis cord awe lett discord

dis cord awe thow heavy, heavy yoake, where fools where fools, wth

trouble trou ble draw

I'me Sworn foe to all I'me Sworn foe to

all I'me Sworn foe to all to all I'me

Sworn foe to all too all I'me Sworn foe to all to

all to all thy law does bind, to all to all, to all

thy law does bind marrage from first Marrage from first

creation was design'd, a Curse, a Curse, a Curse, a Curse, Intaild

an wretched, wretched, wretch ed wretched human

kind; I'me Sworn foe to all I'me

Sworn foe to all I'me Sworn foe to all I'me Sworn

foe to all to all, to all thy law does bind, to all, to

all, to all thy law does bind, cease Hymen, cease

cease Hymen, cease, cease thy brow, let dis

cord awe; tis noble, noble, discord, tis noble,

tis no ble discord, genrous

Strife, that gives the truest tast, the truest tast, the truest truest tast, of

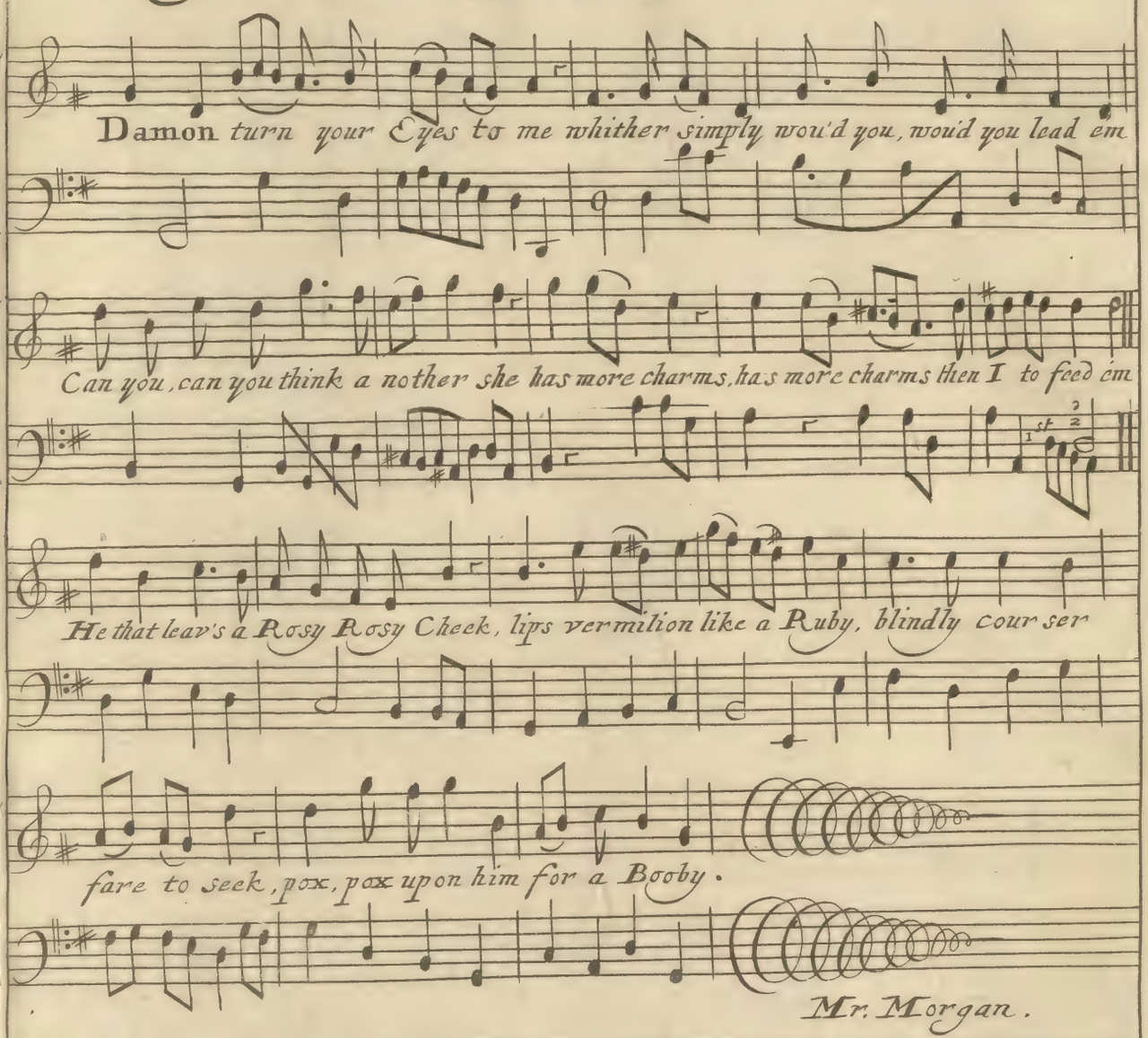
life; Marrage first, first made man fall, fall, fall, fall,

Marrage, marrage, marrage, first made man fall, had I bin in y^e

garden plas't, the Woman nere had made him, made him tast, twas foolish Loveing

twas fooli sh Loveing damn'd us all, twas fool ish Loveing damn'd us all.

The 1st Song in the 3d Act sung by Altisidora to Don Quixote.



II

If a smile the Lover's Joy
Can allure, I'l do't divinly,
Or dee love a sleepy Eye,
Here is one can Oagle finely;
Charms wou'd make another man
Gaze an age, I'l shew to win ye,
And when I've shewn all I can,
If you goe? the Devil's in ye.

A Song Sung by 5 Country Men.

at Mary the Buxoms Wedding.

1st Country Man — 2d Country Man

Come all, Great, Small, Short, Tall, away to Stool ball. Down in a Vale on a Summers

day, all the Ladds, and Lasses mett to be Merry, 3d Co. Man a Match for Kisses att Stool ball

play, & for Cakes and Ale and Sider and Perry. Will, & Tom, Hall, Dick, & Hugh Kate

Doll, Sue, Bess, & Moll, with Hodge and Bridget, & James, and Nanny, But when plump Criss 4th Co. Man

gott the ball in her Mutton fist. Once fretted, she'd hitt it further than any. Running,

Hareing, Gapeing, 5th Co. Man Stareing, Reaching, Stooping, Hollowing, Hooping, Sun a Setting, all thought fitting,

by concent to rest em. Hall gott Sue, and Doll gott Hugh, all took by turns their Lasses & Buss'd em.

2d Co. Man

Jolly Ralph was in with Pegg, thô freekt'd like a Turkey Egg, & she as right as is my Legg, still gave

3d Co. Man

him leave to towse her. Harry then to Katey Swore, her Duggs were pritty thô they were all sweaty, & 4th Co. Man

large as any Cows are. Tom mellancholly was with his Lass, for Sue do what ere he could wou'd

5th Co. Man

not note him. Some had told her being a Souldier, in a Party with Macarty, at ye Seige of Limirick,

2d Co. Man

he was wounded in the Scrotum. But the cunning Philly, was more kind to Willy, who of all

3d Co. Man

their Ally was the Ablest Ringer. He to carry on ye Jest, begins a Bumper to the best, & 4 Co. Man

winks att her of all the rest, and Squeez'd her by the fingers. Then went the Glasses round,

Then went the Lasses down, each Lad did his sweet heart owne, & on the Grass did fling

1st Co. Man

her. Com all, Great, Small, Short, Tall, away to Stool ball.

A Song in the 4th Act Intended to be Sung by 2 Poppets one representing A Captain tother a Town Miſs. and set to a Minuet.

Capt. Dear Pinkaninny if half a Guinny to Love will win ye I lay it here down we must be Thrifty twill serve to shift ye and I know fifty will doot for a Crown Dunns come so boldly Kings money so slowly that by all things ho--ly tis all I can say Yet Ime so rapt in the snare that Ime Trapt in I as Ime true Cap--tain give more then my Pay.

II

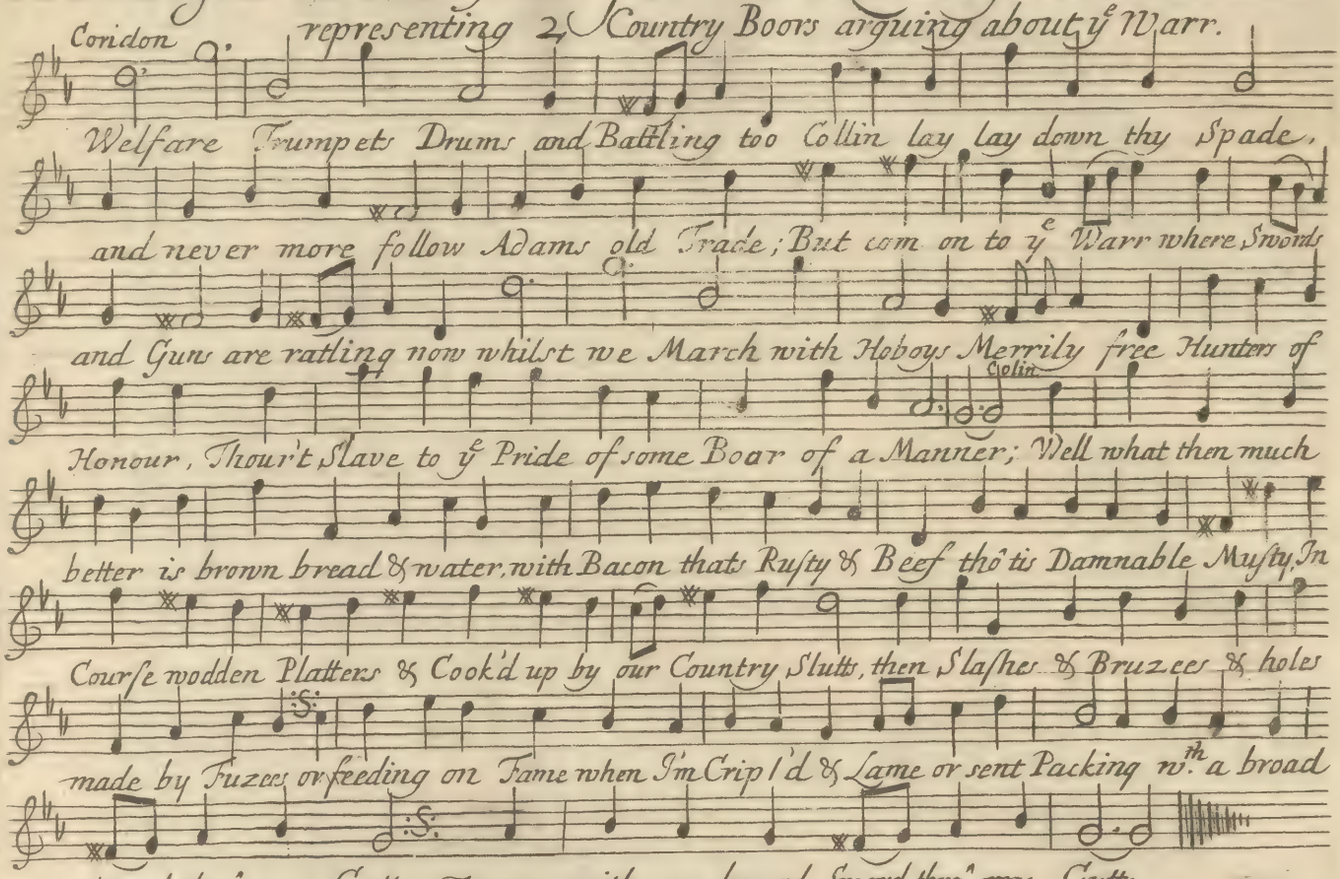
Miſs. Good Captain Thunder
Go mind your Plunder
Odzounds I wonder
You dare be so bold
Thus to be making
A Treaty so sneaking
Or dream of taking
My Fort with small Gold.

III

Other Town Miſses
May gape at Ten peices
But who me poſseſes
Full twenty shall pay
To all poor Rogues in Buff
Thus thus I strut and huff
So Captain kick and cuff
March on your way.

A Dialogue in the 5th Act for Mr Leveridge & Mr Edwards.

representing 2 Country Boors arguing about ye Warr.



Coridon

Dull fool rail no more at Caveleering,
What a Damn'd Scandal it is,
To sneak here at home,
Grow mouldy with peace,
When Loud Fame calls thee out,
Where bold Dragoons are Domaneering,
Thou'lt see fortune ready to befriend thee,
If thou art wounded,
For Honour and Valour,
Preferments propounded,

Colin

I fear my Comission,
Will prove but a Vision,
For when I am posted,
On mines, where I'm like to be rosted,
Tis forty to one but I'm puff'd from my future Comand,
Or if with much Toyling,
I chance to scape Broyling,
A Damn'd bitt of Lead,
Drills me quite thrô the Head,
How ye Devil then shall I kiss ye Kings hand,
Zoons how shall I kiss ye Kings hand.

To the 2d. part of ye Tune

Coridon

From Bullets and fire,
Tho oft we retire,
Our wishes we Crown,
When we enter a Town,
That is Rich where the Lasses are kind,
And the Plunder's refreshing and Coole,

Colin

But what if foul Weather
Won't let us som thither
The French full of Water
Then is not better
Ly safe at home & our Plowjobbers rule

Coridon

Gad zooks youre a Cowardly fool.

A Dialogue Sung by A Boy and Girl, Suppos'd a Brother & Sister, set by Mr. Akeroyd

He

Ah my dearest, my dearest, my dearest Celide, tother day, tother day, tother

day, I ask'd my mother why thy lodging chang'd must be, why thy lodging chang'd

must be, why not Still why not Still, Still, Still lye with thy Brother I, remember

She

well you did, and I know to what she Said, Sis is is a great Boy great Boy grown,

Cho:

therefore now must lye a lone, therefore now must lye a lone. To part us the

To part us the

He

custome of modesty votes. Or you had long Coats,

custome of modesty votes, Unless you had Britches. Unless you had

Or you had long coat's, to part us the custome of Modesty botes,

britches, to part us the custom of modesty botes, unless you had

She

Or you had long Coat's,

He

britches I wonder what's In my little tinny britches, Sure, ther Some

she

whichcraft in the Stiches. Or what Divell here resid's, that my pettycoat's thus hid's, for

He she He she He she

I long for a kiss, So do I, So do I, for I long for a kiss, So doe I, So do I, Mother laugh's an hour or

two when I Sometim's ask to know why, a he and a She, why a he and a She, may not bed

at our Size as well as two girls, Or as well as two boys, as well as two girls, or as well as

He slow

two boys, I will, Since I am kept from you, gett a wife, gett a wife as Soon, as may be,

she

and Ile gett a Husband too, three times bigger, three times bigger, three times

Cho

bigger, three times bigger, then my baby. Letts laugh then and follow our

Lells laugh then and follow our

innocent play, And kiss when Mamma is gon out of the way. For I feare

innocent play, And kiss when Mamma is gone out of the way,

for I fear wee shall cry, when wee know tis all that a Brother, tis all that a

S.

for I fear wee shall cry, when wee know tis all that a Brother, tis all that a

S.

Brother, and Sister may do.

Brother, and Sister may do.

A Song Sung by Altisidora in the 5.th Act of Don Quixote, Sett by Mr. Purcell.

From Rosie Bowrs where Sleeps ye God of Love, hither, hither, yee little waiting Cupi

fly, fly ---- fly ----- hither yee little waiting Cupids fly, teach me teach me in Soft

lodious Strains to move wt. tender tender passion my hearts my hearts Darling Joy, ah let

Soul of Musick tune my Voice, to win dear Strephon, ah, ah Let ye Soul of Musick tune my Voice, to win

Strephon, Dear, Dear, Dear Strephon who my Soul enjoys; Or if more Influencing is to be brisk & a

with a Step & a bound & a frisk from ye Ground I will trip like any Fairy as once an Ida Dancing where thr

Ccelestiall Bodies wth an air & face & a Shape & a Grace let me Charme like beauty's Goddess with an air &

face & a Shape & a Grace let me Charm like Beauty's Goddess; Ah, Ah tis in Vain, tis all, tis all,

Vain, Death & Dispair must end ye fatall pain, Cold dispair cold, cold dispair, disguis'd like Snow & Ra

falls, falls, falls on my Brest, bleak winds in Tempests Blow - - - - in Tempest Blow - - - - - my Vains all Shiver & my

fingers Glow, my Pulce Beats a Dead dead March, my Pulce Beats a Dead Dead March, for lost repose & to a Solid lump of

Ice my poor, poor fond Heart is froze; - - - - - - - - - - - - Or Say yee pow'rs Say, Say yee pow'rs my peace to

Crown Shall I, Shall I, Shall I, Thaw my Self or Drown, Shall I, Shall I, Shall I, Thaw my Self or Drown, a mong'st ye foaming-

Billows increasing all wth tears I Shed on Beds of Ooze & Christiall pillows lay down, - - - - - - down my Love sick head, Say, Say ye

pow'rs my peace to Crown Shall I, Shall I, Shall I, Thaw my Self or Drown; No, no, no, no, no Ile Streight run Mad, mad, mad, mad, mad that

my Soon, my heart will warm when once ye Sence is fled, is fled, Love, Love has no power, no, no, no, no Love has no pow'r; no

no, no, no, no, no, no, no, no pow'r to Charm, wild thro' the Wood's Ile fly - - - - - wile thro' ye

woods Ile fly - - - - - - Robes Locks shall thus, thus, thus, thus be tore a Thousand, Thousand Death's

Ile Dy, a 1000 - - - - Death Ile dye, ere thus, thus in vain, ere thus, thus in vain thus in

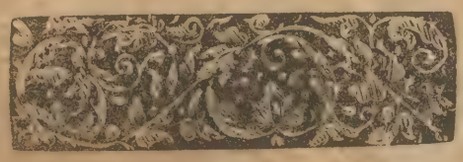
vain adore.

THE SONGS IN THE Indian QUEEN:

As it is now Compos'd into an

OPERA.

By Mr. *HENRY PURCELL*,
Compoſer in Ordinary to his Majeſty.
And one of the Organiſts of his Majeſty's Chapel-Royal.



LONDON,

Printed by *J. Heptinſtall*; and are to be Sold by *John May*, at his Shop under St. *Dunſtan*'s Church: And for *John Hudgbutt* at *Tho. Dring*'s, Bookſeller, at the *Harrow* at *Clifford's-lane-end* in *Fleetſtreet*. 1695.

The Publishers, to Mr. *Henry Purcell.*

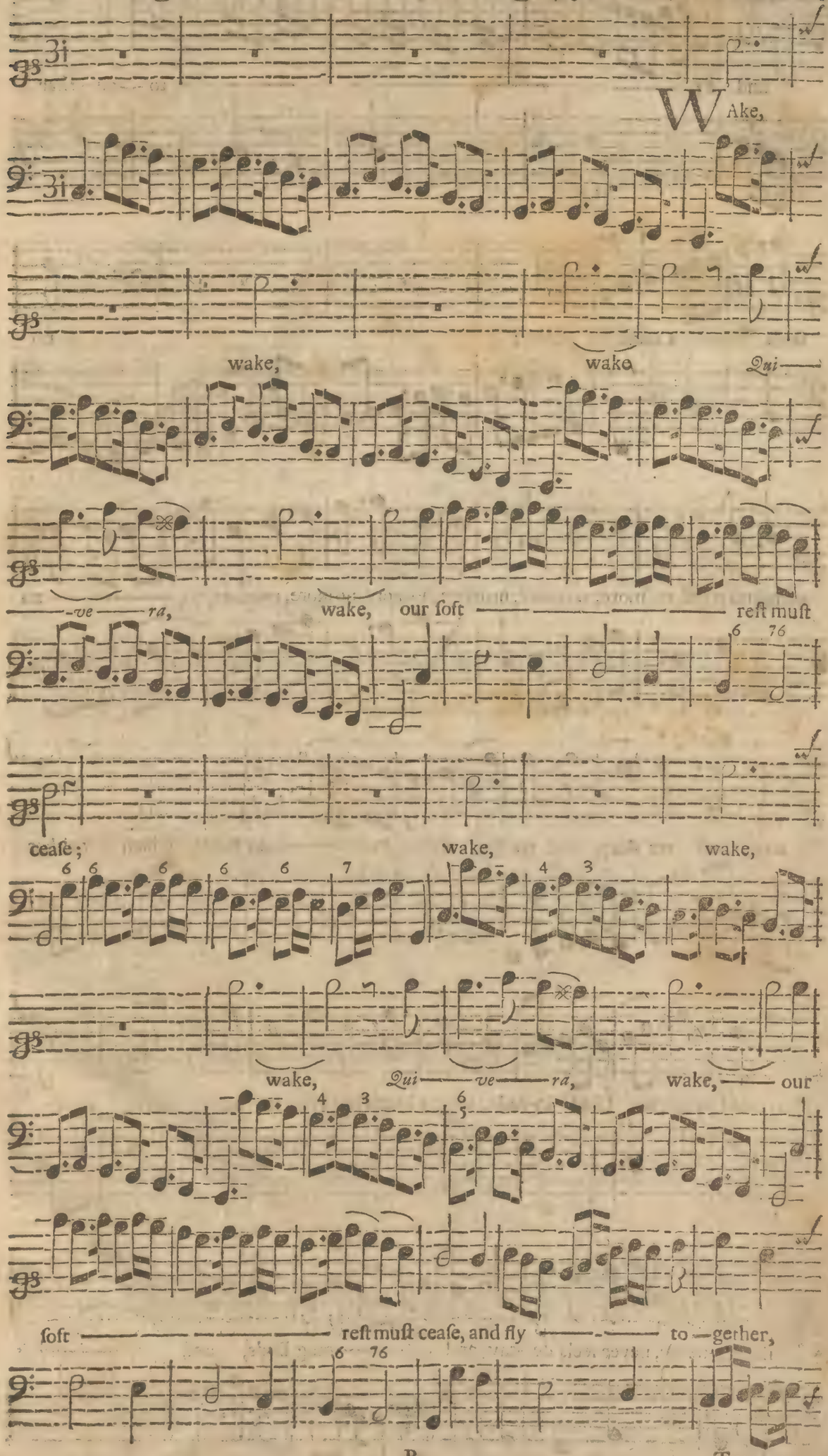
SIR,

HAving had the good Fortune to meet with the Score or Original Draught of your Incomparable Essay of Musick compos'd for the Play, call'd The Indian Queen. *It soon appear'd that we had found a Jewel of very great Value; on which account we were unwilling that so rich a Treasure should any longer lie bury'd in Oblivion; and that the Common-wealth of Musick should be deprivd of so considerable a Benefit. Indeed we well knew your innate Modesty to be such, as not to be easily prevail'd upon to set forth any thing in Print, much less to Patronize your own Works, although in some respects Inimitable. But in regard that (the Press being now open) any one might print an imperfect Copy of these admirable Songs, or publish them in the nature of a Common Ballad, We were so much the more emboldned to make this Attempt, even without acquainting you with our Design; not doubting but your accustomed Candor and Generosity will induce you to pardon this Presumption: As for our parts, if you shall think fit to condescend so far, we shall always endeavour to approve our selves,*

Your Obedient Servants,

J. May,
J. Hudgebutt.

A Song in the first Act, Sung by Mr. *Freeman.*



Turn over.

and fly —— to—ge—ther

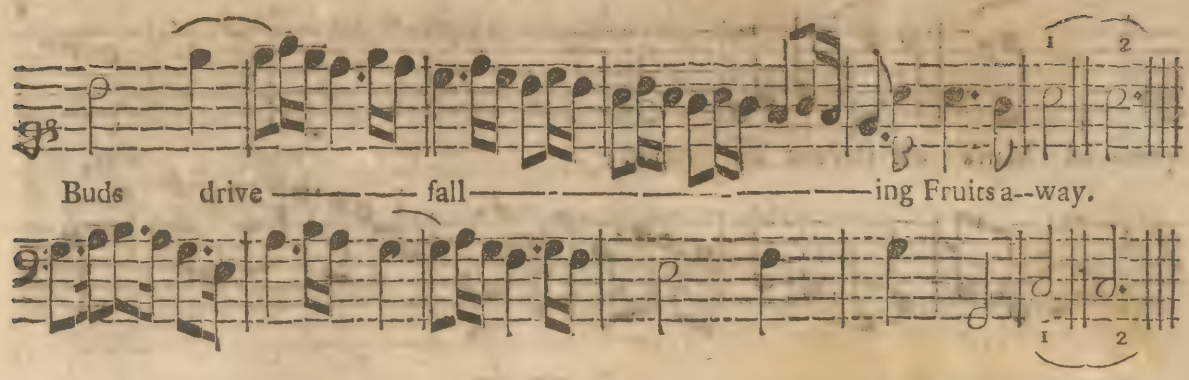
with our Country's peace; no

more, no more, no more, no more, no more, no more, no more, no more, no, —— no

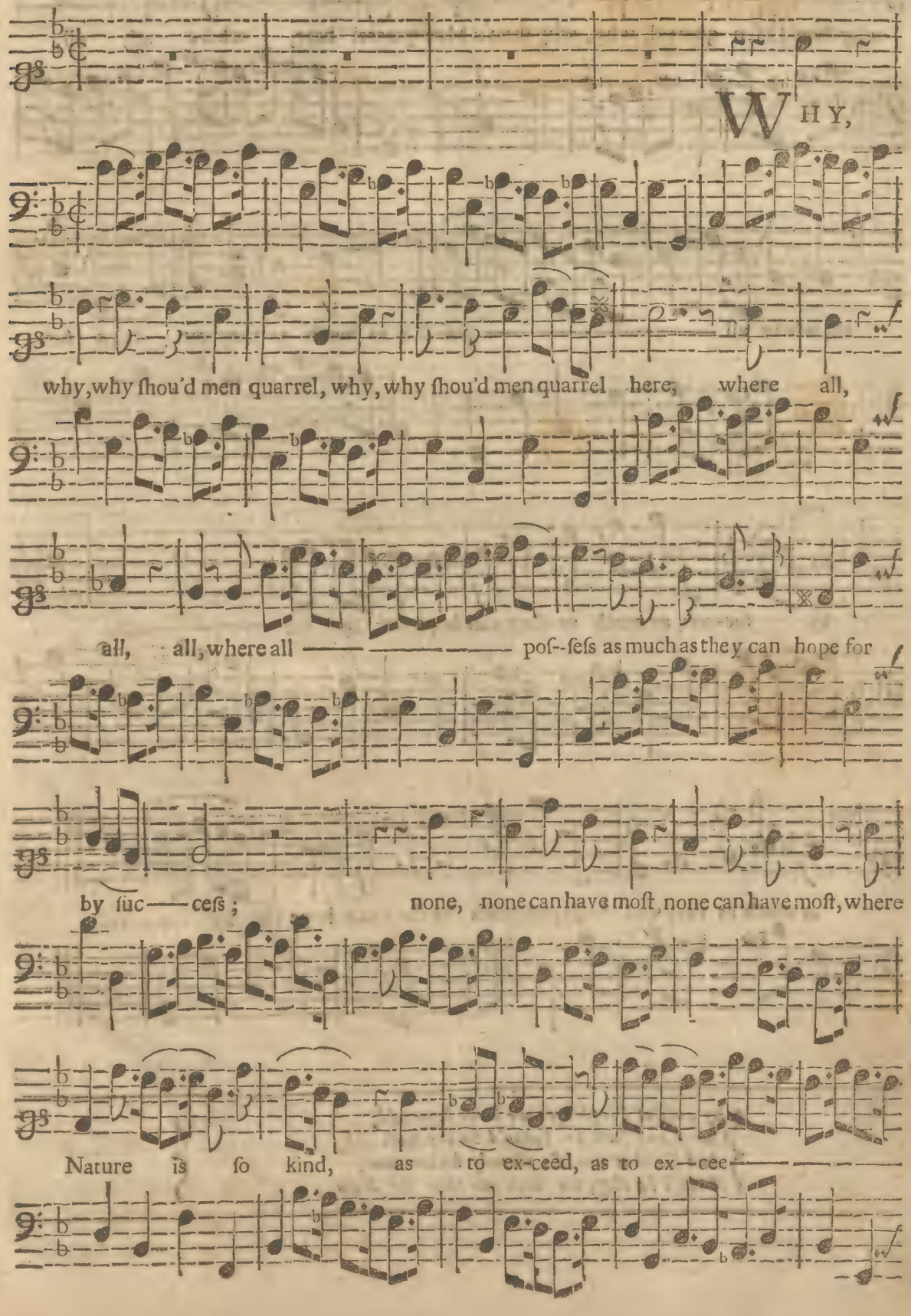
more must we sleep, must we sleep under Plan-——tain shade, which neither

Heat could peirce, nor Cold in-vade; where bount'ous Nature never, never, never,

never, never, never feels de--cay, and op'——ning Buds, and op'——ning



A Song in the first Act, Sung by the Boy with *Flutes.*



-d Man's uſe tho' not his Mind; why, why,

why ſhou'd Men quarrel, why, why ſhou'd Men quarrel here, where all, all,

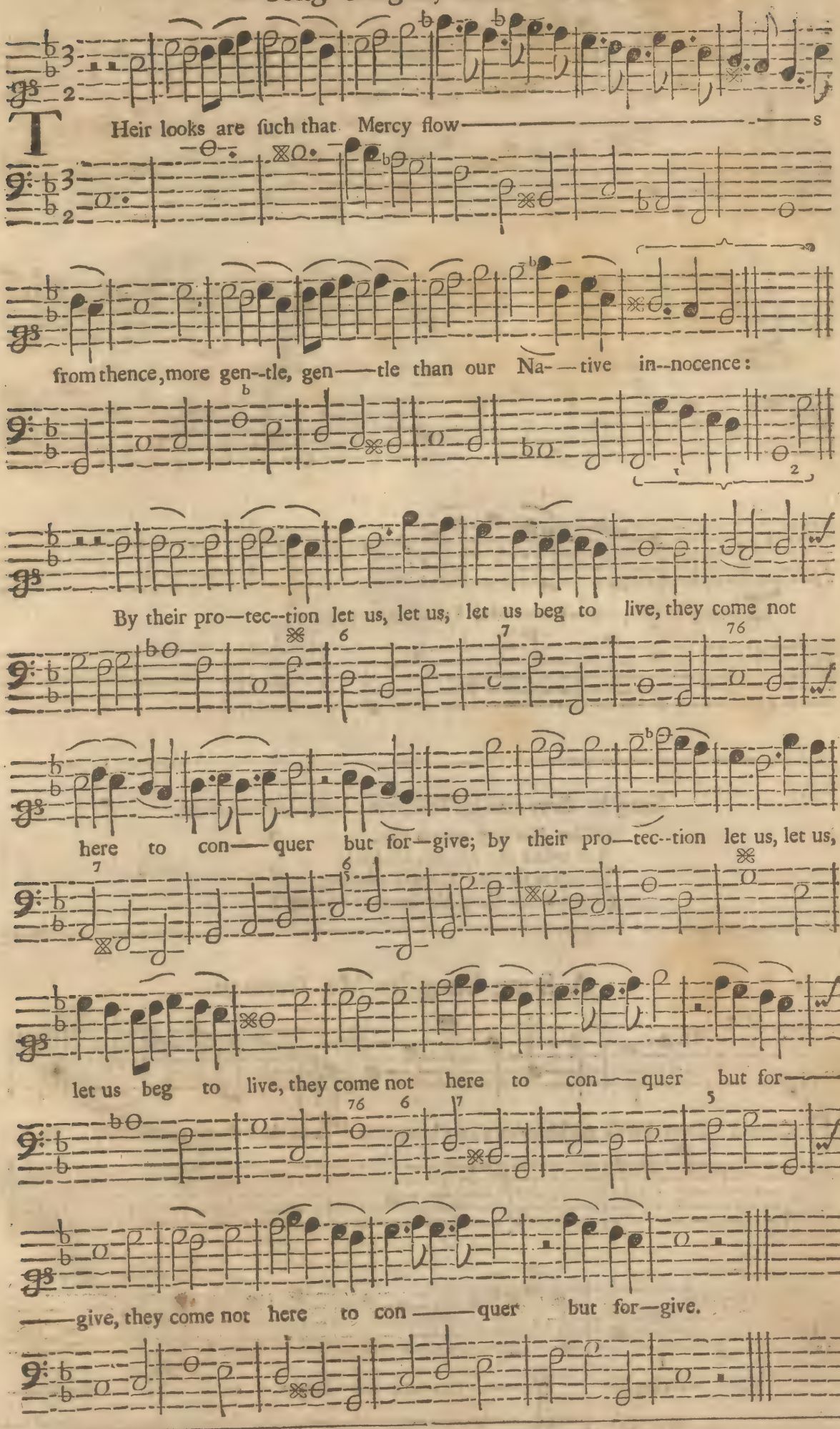
all, where all ——————— poſ--ſeſs as much as they can hope for

by ſuc-ceſs, as much as they can hope for by ſuc——————ceſs,

as much as they can hope, as much as they can hope for by ſuc—ceſs.

By antient Prophecyes we have been told,
Our Land ſhall be ſubdu'd by one more old,
And ſee that world's already hither come,
If theſe be they, we welcome then our doom.

A Song Sung by Mr. *Freeman*.



If ſo your goodneſs may your power expreſs,
And we ſhall judge both beſt by our Succeſs.

A Song in the Second Act, Sung by Mr. *Freeman.*

I Come to Sing great *Zem*——————*po—al-la's* ſto--ry, whoſe beaut'ous ſight, ſo

Charming bright, out-ſhines the Lu--ſtre of glory; whoſe beaut'ons ſight, ſo

charming bright, out—ſhines the Lu--ſtre of glo-ry.

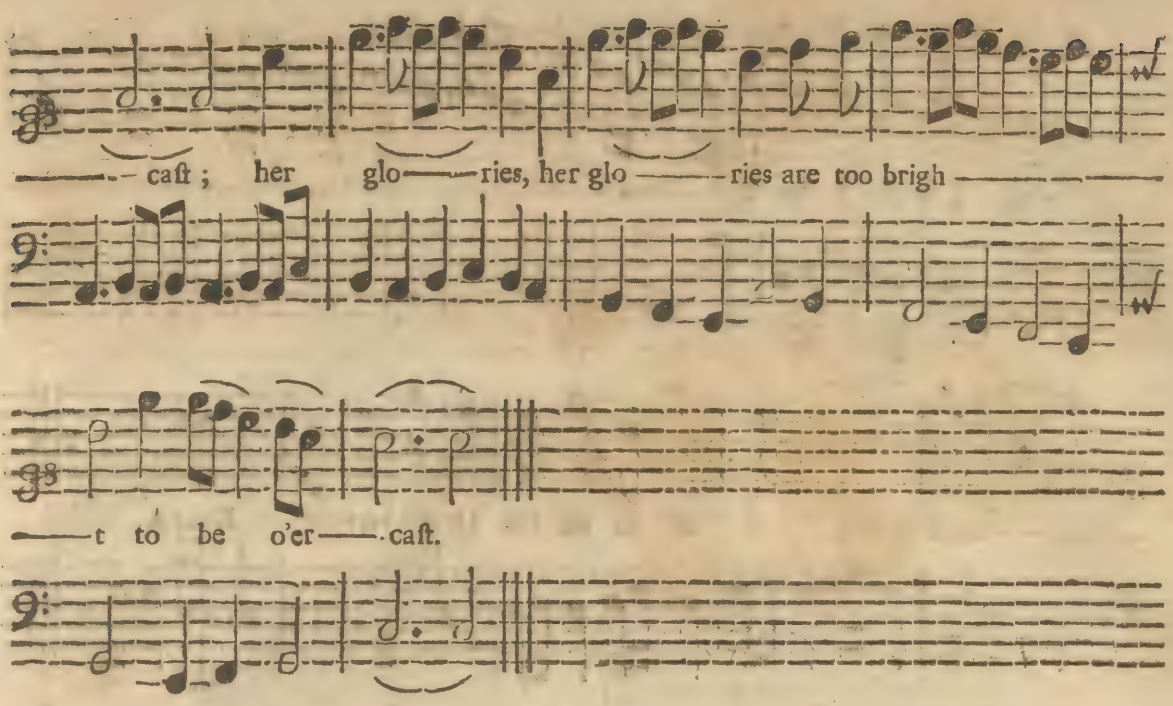
Sung by *Envy* and his followers with Inſtruments.

What Flat'ring noiſe is this,
At which my Snakes *all hiſs;*
I hate to ſee fond Tongues advance,
High as the Gods, the ſlaves of Chance.

A Song Sung by Mr. *Freeman.*

S Corn'd Envy here's nothing, here's nothing that thou, that thou canſt blaſt; Her

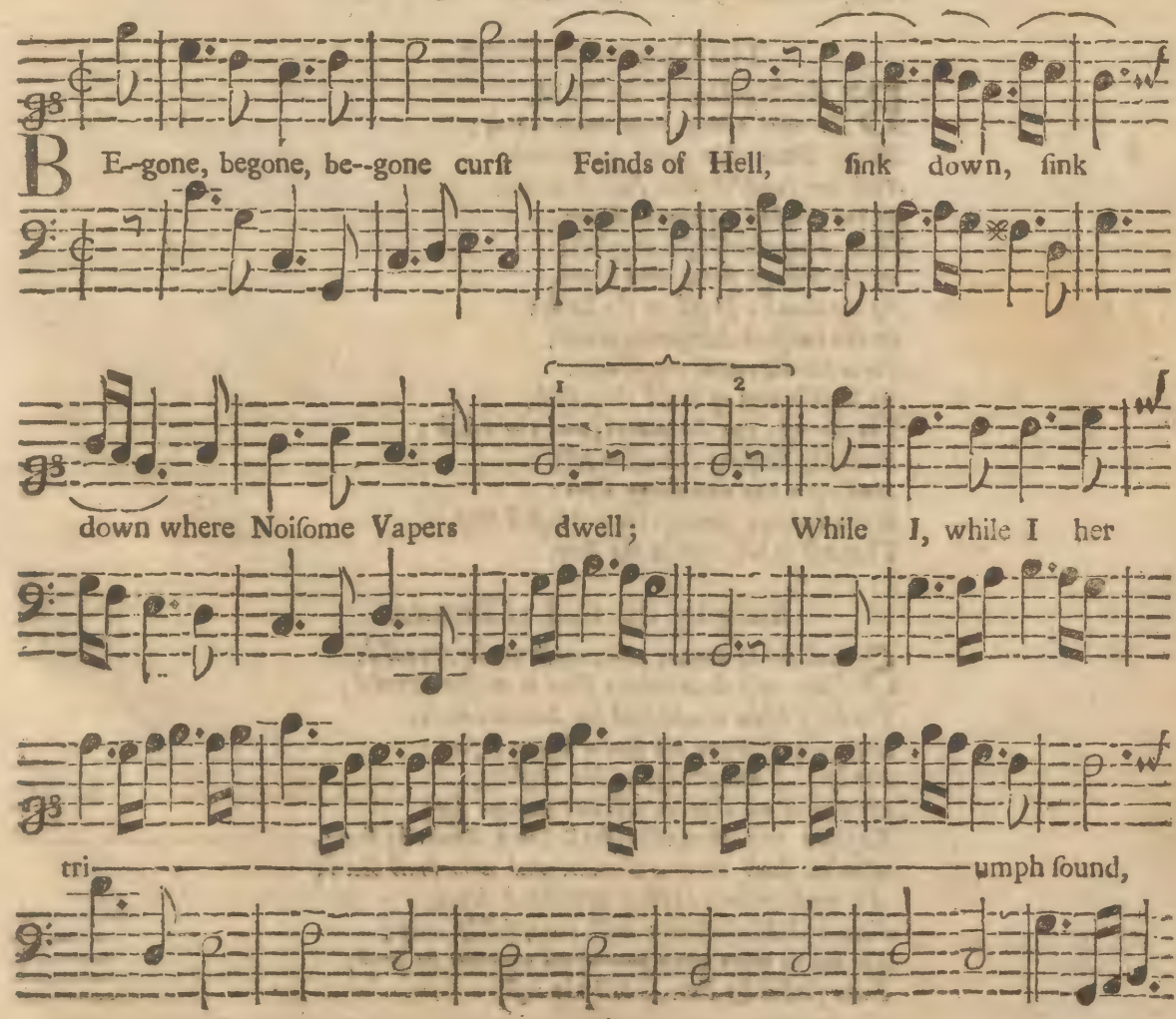
glo——ries, her glo——ries are too bright, to be o'er-——



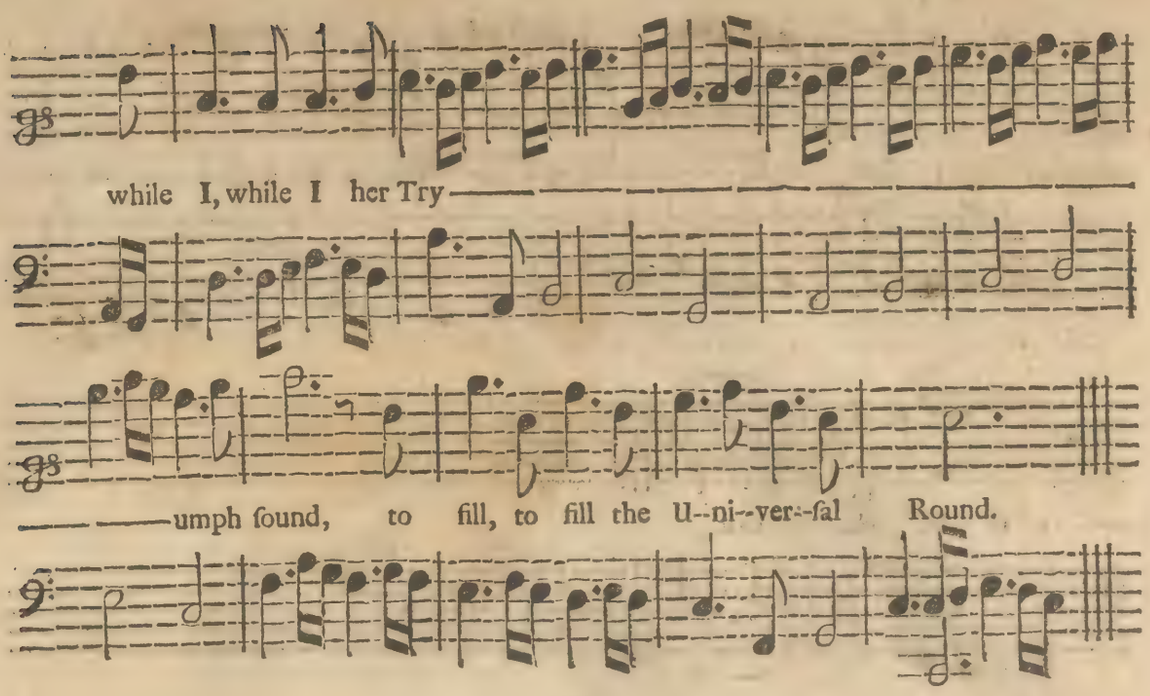
Sung by *Envy* and his followers with Inſtruments.

I fly from the place where Flaterry reigns,
See thoſe mighty things that before,
Such ſlaves like Gods did adore,
Contemn'd and unpitty'd in Chains.

A Song Sung by Mr. *Freeman.*



Turn over.



Sung by a Conjurer.

YOu twice ten hundred Deities,
To whom we daily Sacrifice;
Ye Powr's that dwell with Fates below,
And ſee what Men are doom'd to doe;
Where Elements in Diſcord dwell,
Thou God of Sleep, ariſe, and tell,
Great Zempoalla *what ſtrange Fate,*
Muſt on her *diſmall Viſion wait.*

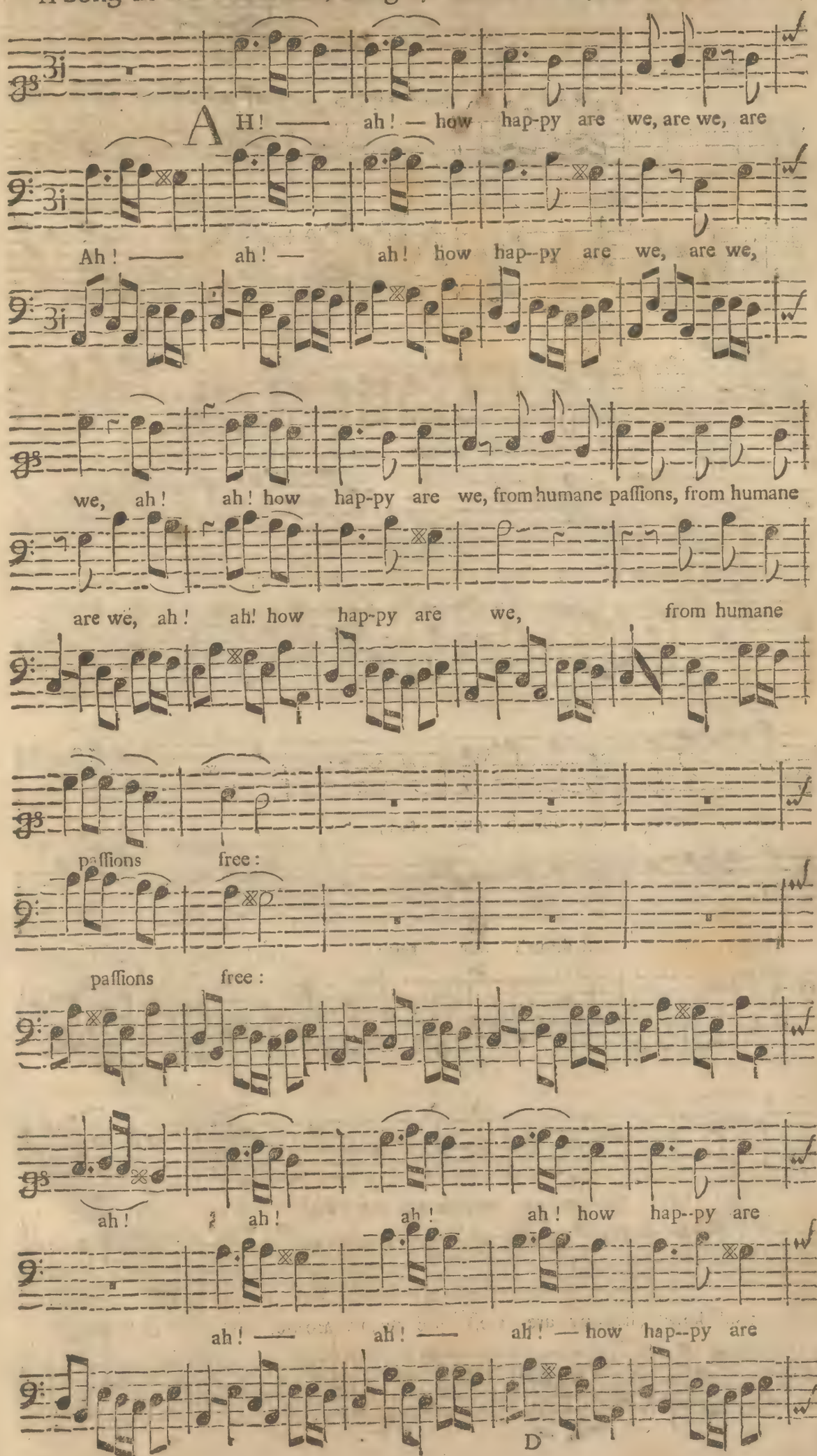
The Conjurer's Charm.

BY the Croaking of the Toad,
In their Caves that make abode;
Earthy Dun *that pants for breath,*
With her ſwell'd ſides full of death;
By the Creſted Adder's *Pride,*
That along the Cliffs do glide;
By the Viſage fierce and black,
By the death's Head on thy back;
By the twiſted Serpents *plac'd,*
For a Girdle round thy Waſte;
By the Hearts *of Gold that deck,*
Thy Breaſt, thy Shoulders, and thy Neck;
From thy ſleeping Manſion riſe,
And open thy unwilling Eyes;
While bubling Springs their Muſick keep,
That uſe to lull thee in thy ſleep.

Sung by the God of Dreams.

SEek not to know, what muſt not be reveal'd,
Joys only flow where Fate is moſt conceal'd;
Too buſy Man would find his Sorrows more,
If future Fortune He ſhou'd know before;
For by that knowledge of his Deſtiny,
He wou'd not live at all, but always dye;
Enquire not then who ſhall from Bonds be freed,
Who 'tis ſhall wear a Crown, and who ſhall bleed;
All muſt ſubmit to their appointed doom,
Fate and Misfortunes will too quickly come;
Let me no more with powerfull Charms be preſt,
I am forbid by Fate to tell the reſt.

A Song in the Third Act, Sung by Mr. *Freeman*, and Mr. *Church*.



we, thoſe wil——

we, thoſe wil——

——d Tenants of the Breaſt; no never, never, no never, never, no never,

——d Tenants of the Breaſt; no never, never, no never,

never, never can diſturb our reſt; ah! ——

never, never can diſturb our reſt; ah! —— ah! ——

ah! how hap--py are we, are we, are we, ah! ah! how

ah! how hap--py are we, are we, are we, ah! ah! how

happy are we: Yet we pit—ty, we pit—ty, we

happy are we: Yet we pit—ty, we

pitty, tender Souls whom the Tyrant Love, whom the Tyrant Love, whom the Tyrant

pitty, tender Souls whom the Tyrant Love, whom the Tyrant Love, whom the

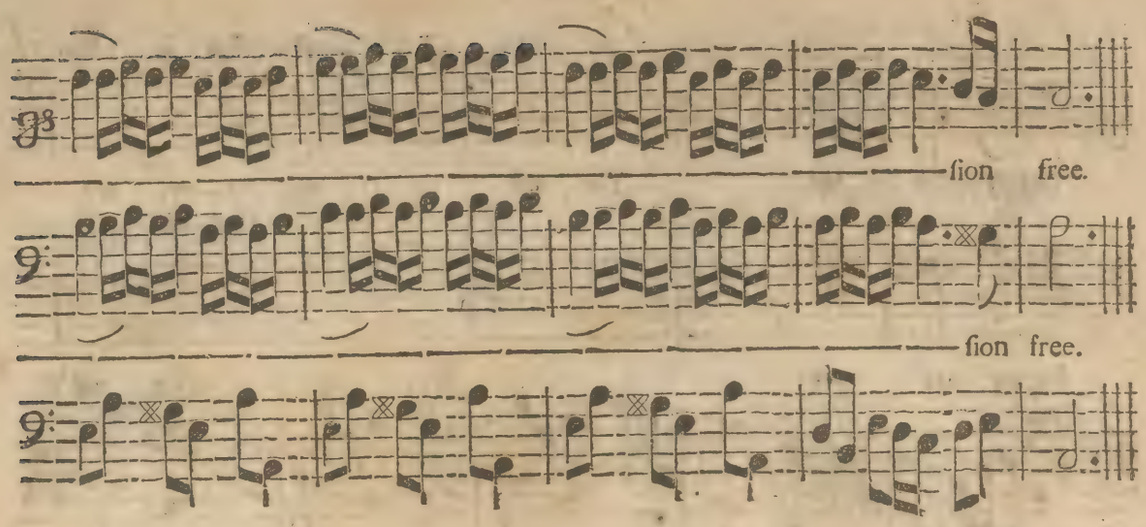
Love con——trouls; ah! ah! how

Tyrant Love con——trouls; ah! ah! ah! how

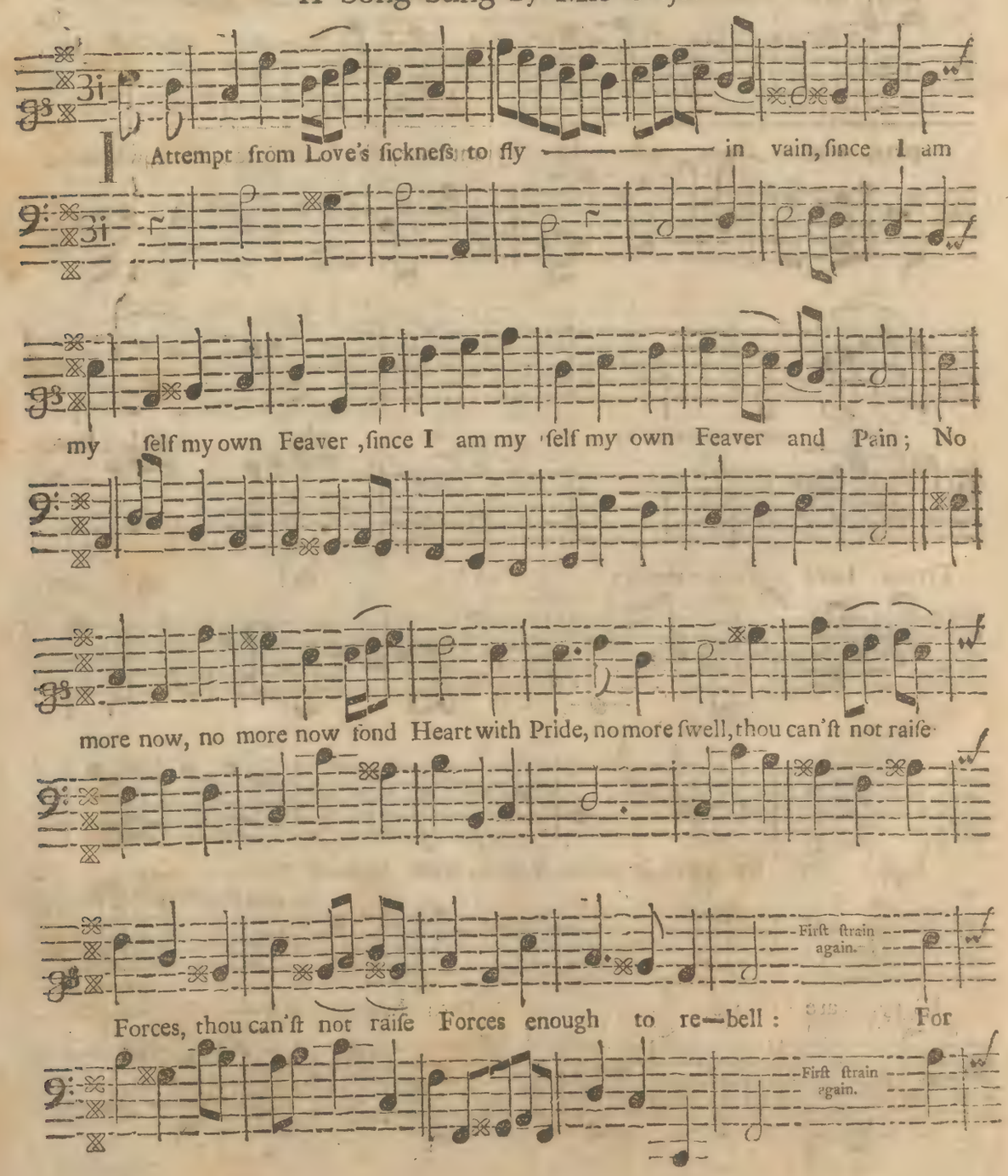
happy are we from humane Paſſion, from humane Paſ——

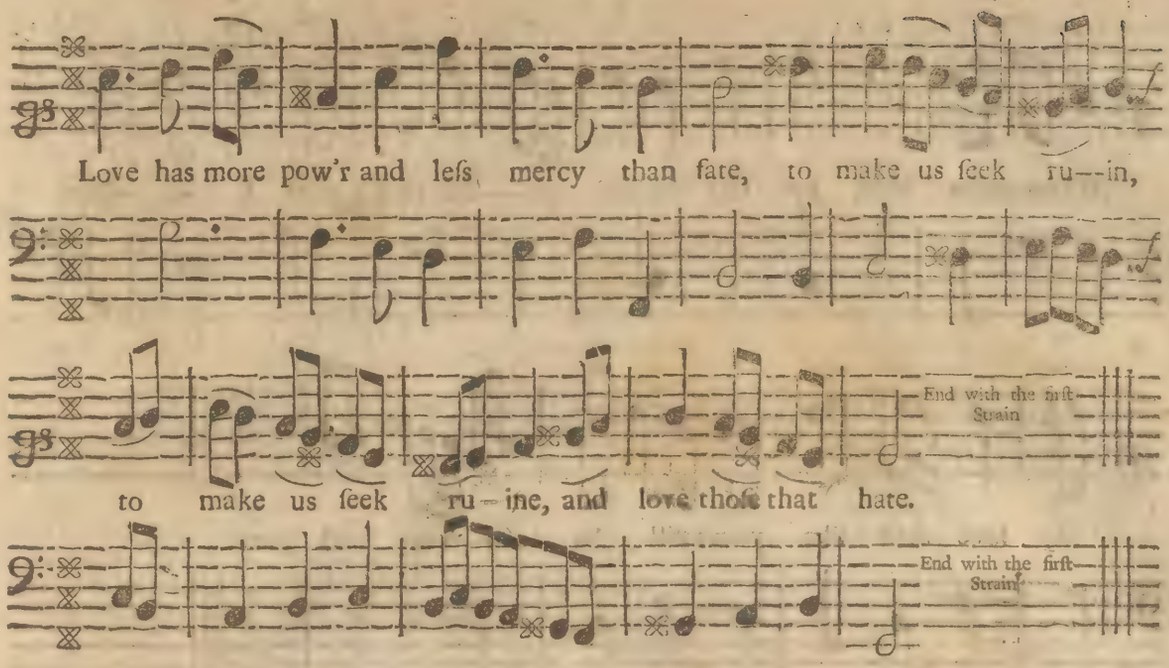
happy are we, from humane Paſ——

Turn over.



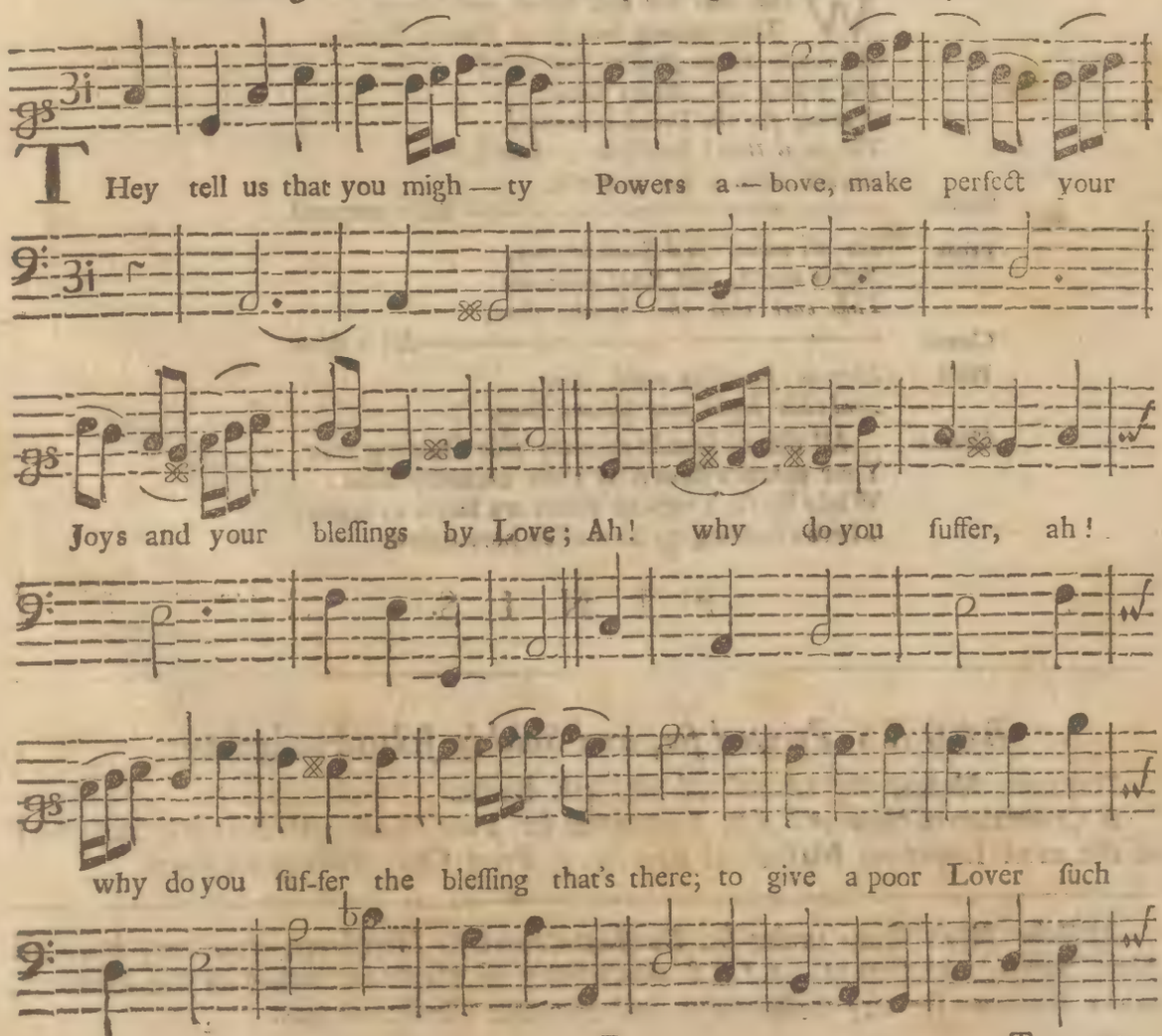
A Song Sung by Mrs. *Croſs.*



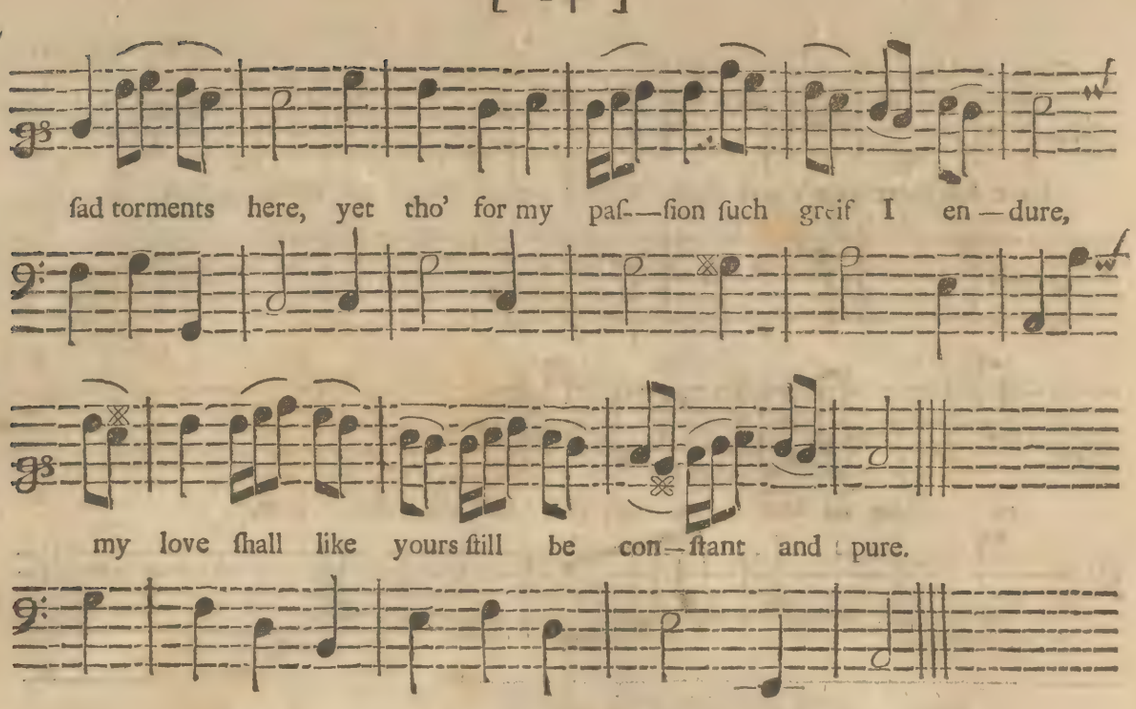


Vers. *We the Spirits of the Air,*
Then Cho. *That of Humane Things take Care,*
Out of Pity now descend,
To forewarn what Woes attend;
Vers. *Greatness clogg'd with Scorn decays,*
With the Slave no Empire stay's,
Cho. We the Spirits *&c.*
Vers. *Cease to languish then in vain,*
Since never to be lov'd again.
Cho. We the Spirits, *&c.*

A Song in the Fourth Act, Sung by Mrs. *Cross.*



Turn over.



II.

To ſuffer for him gives an eaſe to my pains,
There's joy in my grief, and there's freedom in Chains.
If I were divine he cou'd love me no more,
And I in return my adorer adore ;
Oh ! let his dear life then (kind Gods) be your care,
For I in your bleſſings have no other ſhare.

A Sacrifice, Sung by the Chief Prieſt.

WHile thus we bow before your Shrine,
That you may hear great Powers Divine,
All living things ſhall in your Praiſes joyne ;
You who at the Altars ſtand,
Waiting for the Dread command,
The fatal Word ſhall ſoon be hear'd,
Anſwer then is all prepar'd,

Chorus. ——————————All's prepar'd.

Prieſt. *Let all unhallow'd Souls be gone,*
Before our Sacred Rites come on;
Take care that this be alſo done,

Chorus. ——————————All is done.

Prieſt. *Now in proceſſion walk along,*
And then begin your ſolemn Song.

Chorus. All diſmal ſounds thus on this Offering wait,
Your power's ſhown by their untimely Fate ;
While by ſuch various Fate's we learn to know,
There's nothing to be truſted here below.

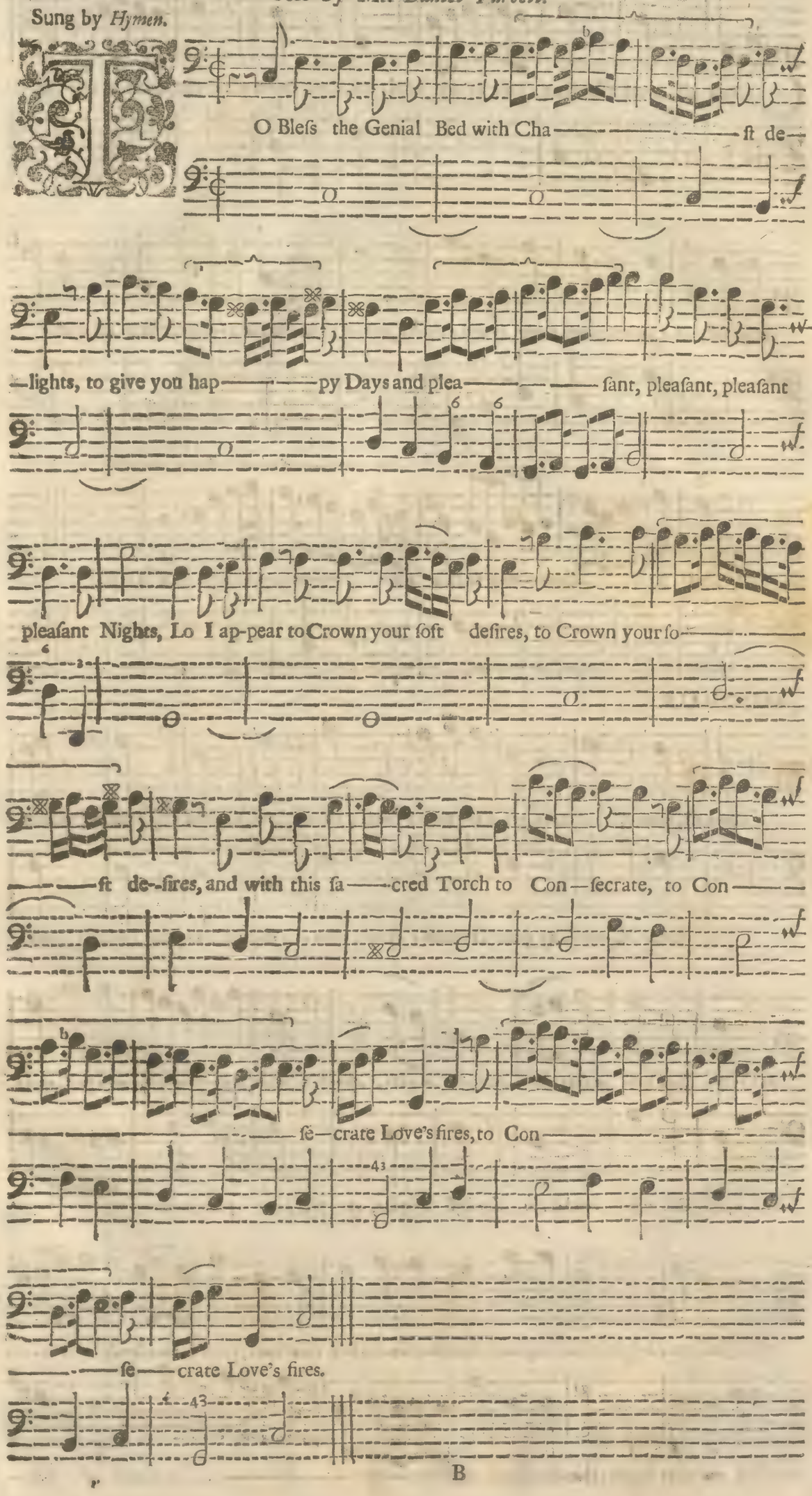
F I N I S.

Delitiæ Musicæ: / Being, a / Collection of the newest and best Songs, / with the Additional Musick to the Indian Queen, / by Mr. Daniel Purcell, as it is now Acted at His / Majesties Theatre. Most of the Songs be- / -ing within the Compass of the Flute. / with / a Thorow-Bass, / for the Theorbo-Lute, / Bass-Viol, Harpsichord, or Organ. / Composed by several of the Best Masters / The First Book of the Second Volume. / [illegible] / London, / Printed by J. Heptinstall, for Henry Playford at his Shop in the Temple- / Change, Fleetstreet, and for John Church, Sold by Daniel Dring at the Harrow and / Crown at the Corner of Clifford's-Inn-Lane in Fleetstreet. And also Sold at Oxford / by Francis Dollifie Book-binder, who Sells all other Musick- -Books. 1696. / Price One Shilling. /

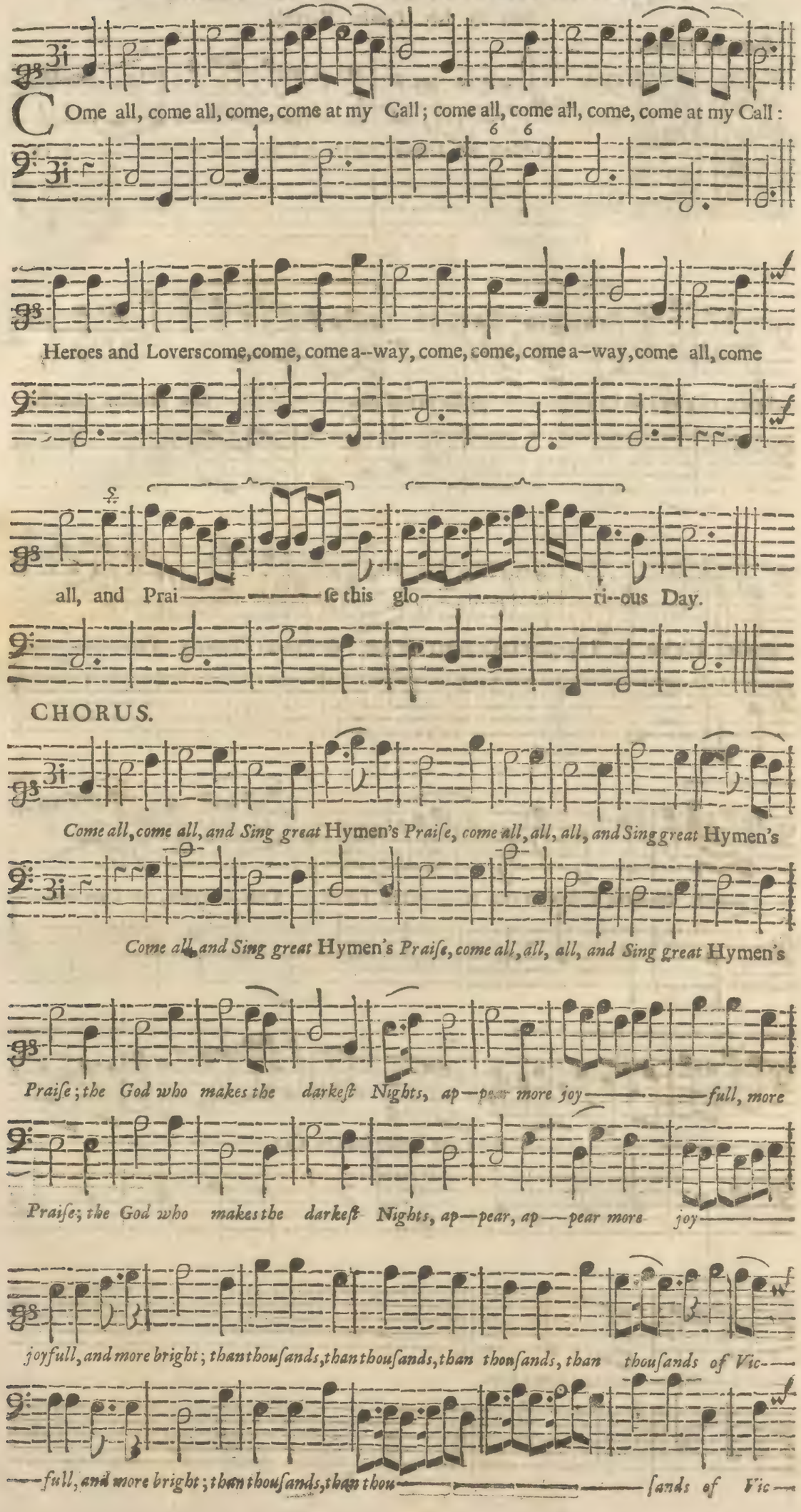
A *Masque.* in the 5*th.* Act of the *Indian Queen.*

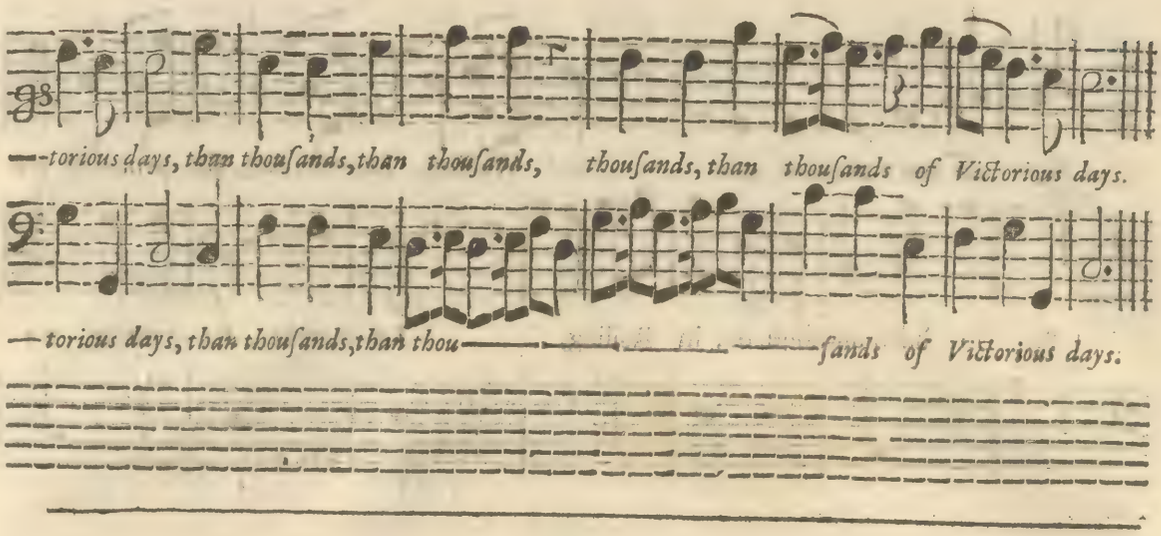
Sett by Mr. *Daniel Purcell.*

Sung by *Hymen.*

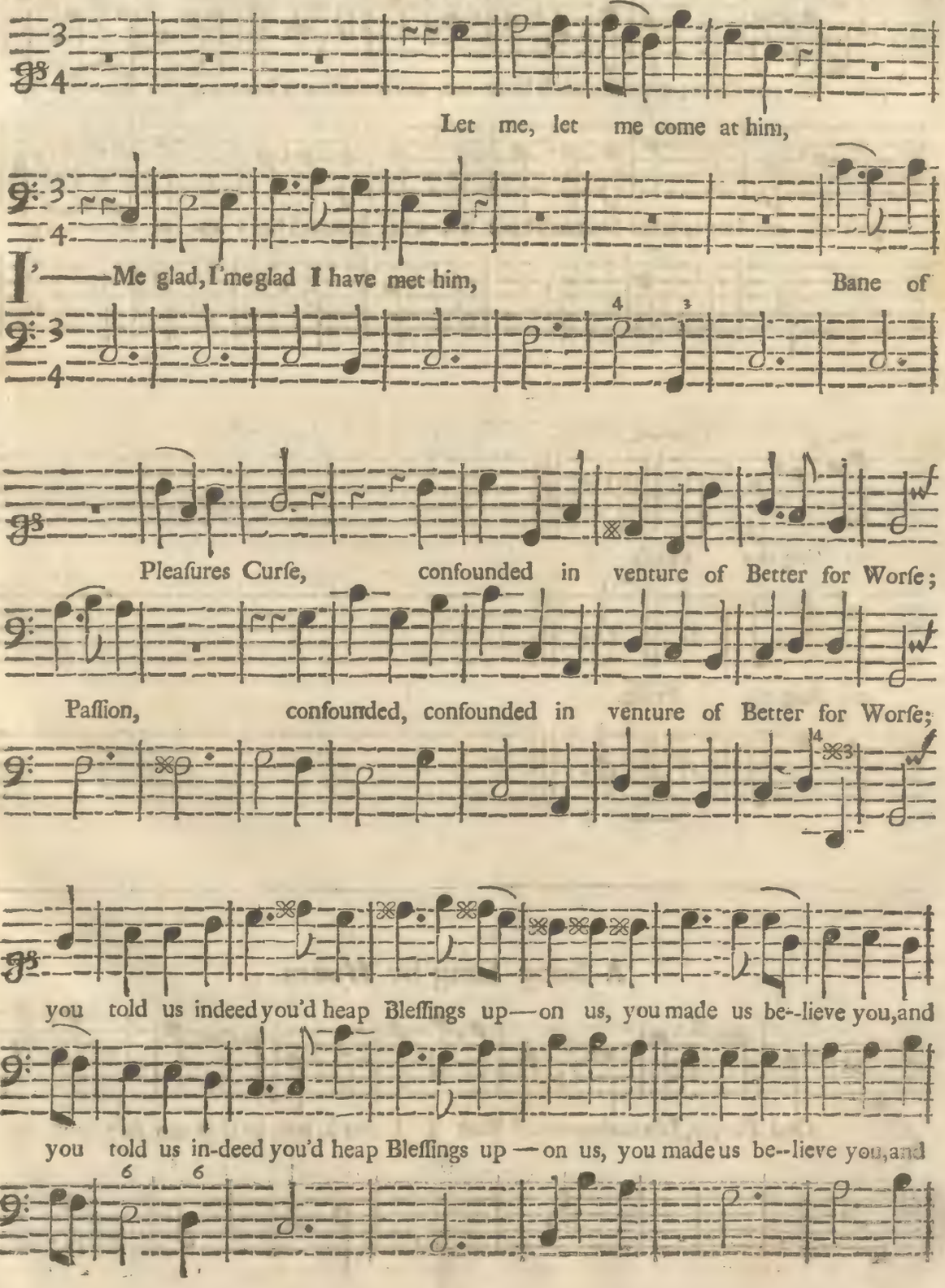


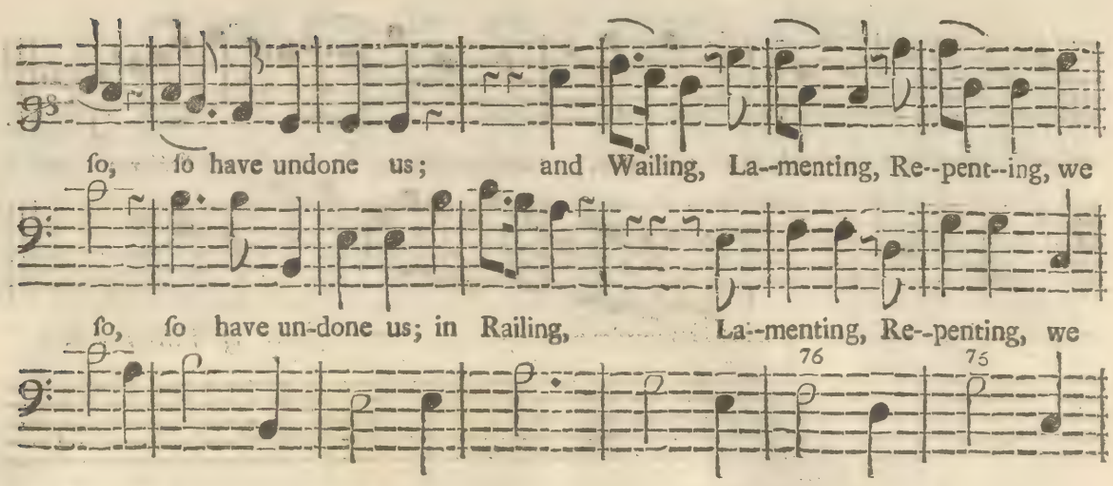
A Song Sung by one of *Hymen*'s followers.

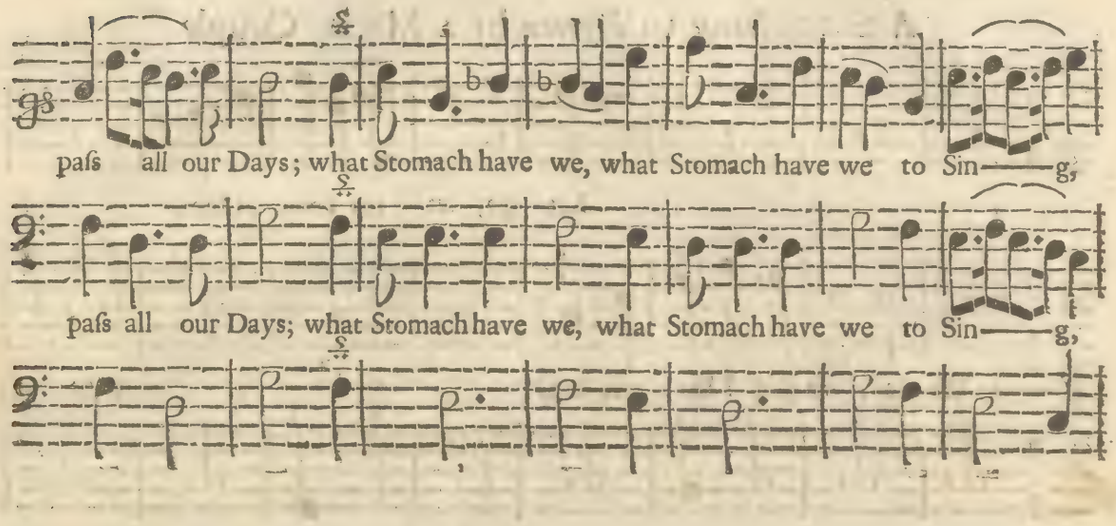


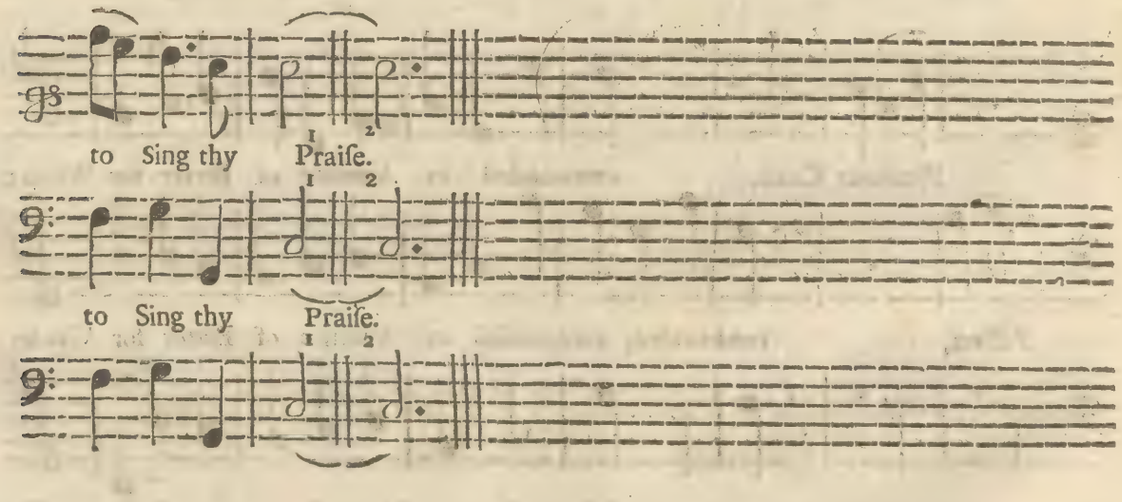


A Song, Sung to *Hymen* by a Maried Couple.

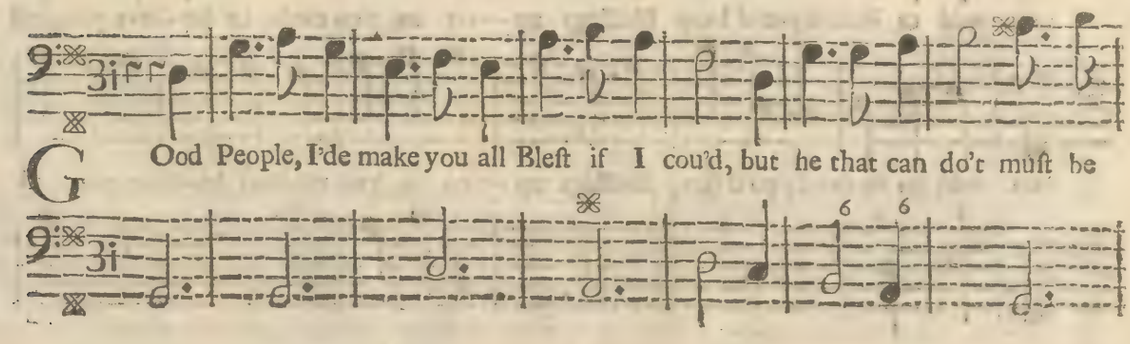








A Song Sung by *Hymen*.



more, more, more, muſt be more than a God; and though you think now perhaps you

are curſt, I'le warrant you thought, I'le warrant you thought your ſelves

hap——————— py, hap--py at firſt.

Second Song by the Maried Couple.

MY Hony, my Pugg, let's tamely jogg on, let's tamely jogg on, jogg

My Fetters, my Clogg, let's tamely jogg on, jogg

on as others have done; And ſometimes at quiet, let's tugg, let's

on as others have done; But oftner in ſtrife, let's

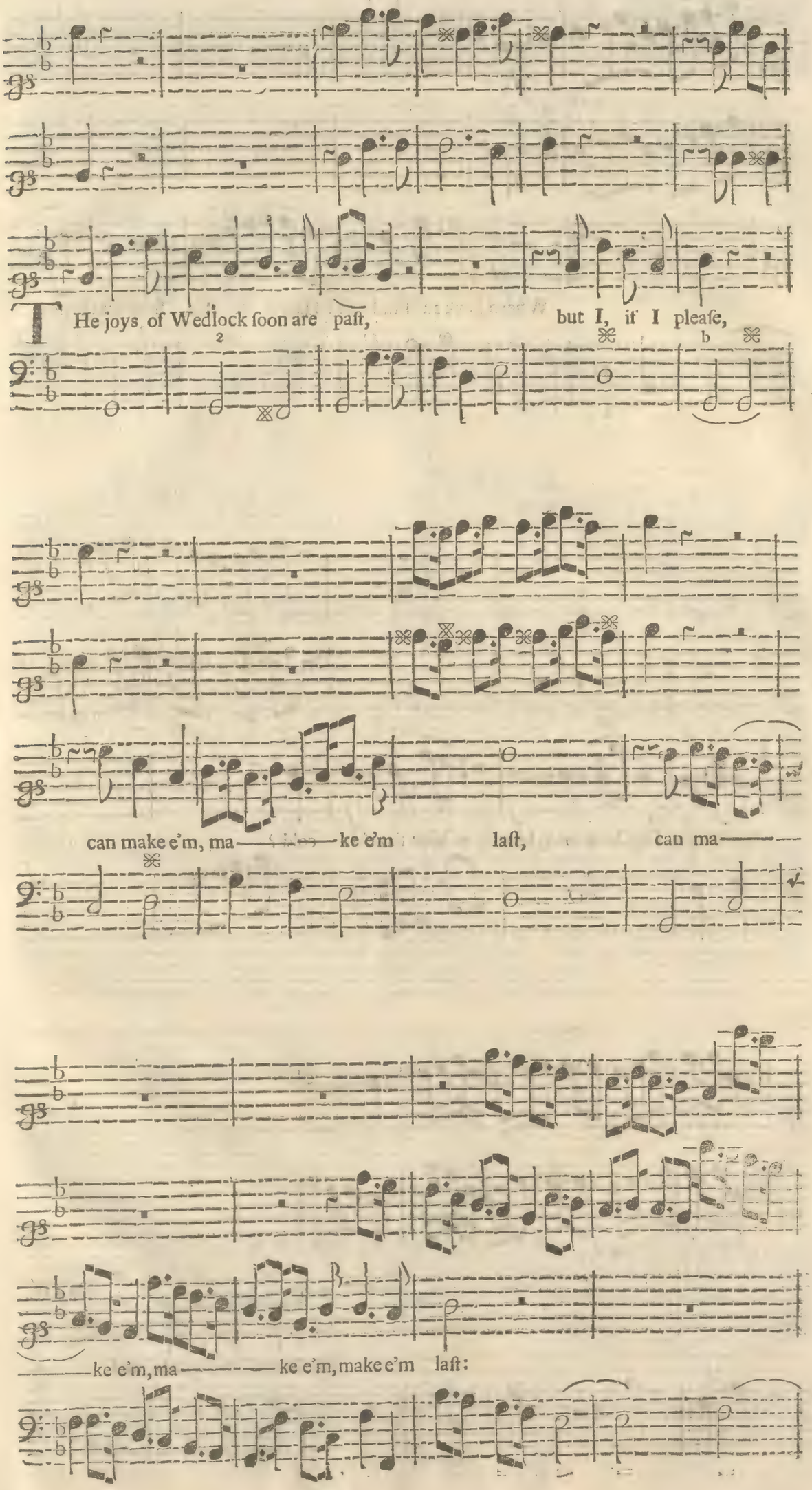
tugg the tedious Load, the tedious, tedious load of a Married life; let's tugg, let's

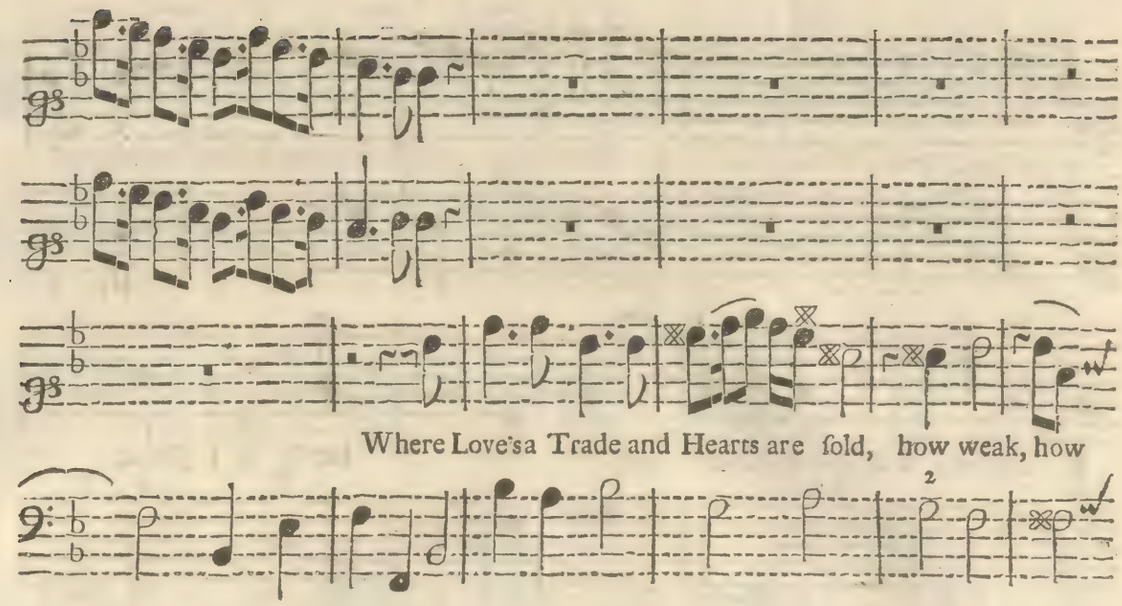
tugg the tedious Load, the tedious, tedious Load of a Married life; let's tugg, let's

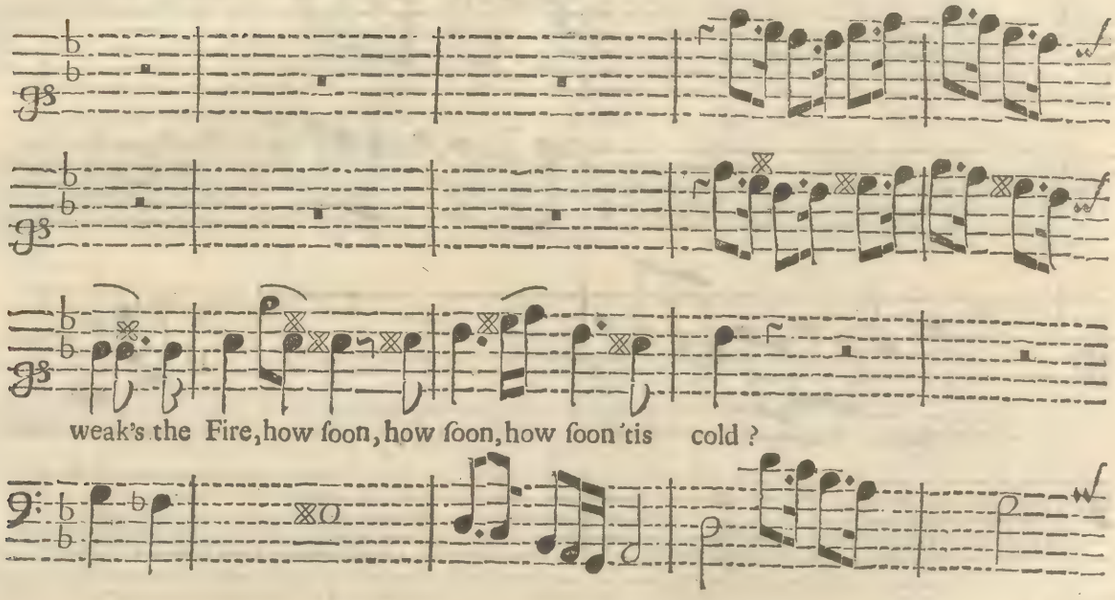
tugg the tedious Load, the tedious, tedious Load of a Married life.

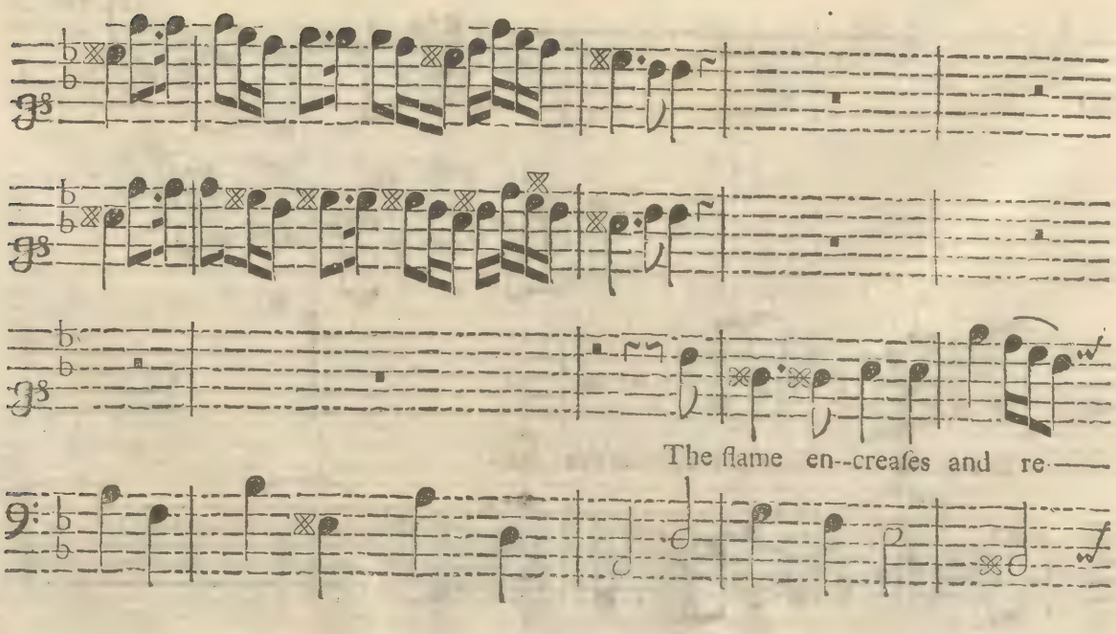
tugg the tedious Load, the tedious, tedious Load of a Mar-ried life.

Simphony for *Flutes*, with a Song Sung by *Cupid*.


THe joys of Wedlock ſoon are paſt, but I, if I pleaſe,
can make e'm, ma——ke e'm laſt, can ma——
——ke e'm, ma——ke e'm, make e'm laſt:


Where Love's a Trade and Hearts are ſold, how weak, how


weak's the Fire, how ſoon, how ſoon, how ſoon 'tis cold ?


The flame en--creaſes and re——

— fines, where Vertue, and where Merit joyns, where Ver——tue, where Vertue

and where Merit joyns, where Ver——tue, where Vertue and where Merit joyns.

A Song Sung by one of *Cupid*'s followers.

Trumpet.

S Ound, found, foun——d, foun————————d the Trumper,

Sound, ſound, ſoun——

——d the Trumpet;

Let Love's ſubjects know from Heav'ns high, Vault to *Erebus* to *E*——

——*re-bus* be——low; that from this

hour their Discords, their Dis — cords all shall cease; Love, Love that can

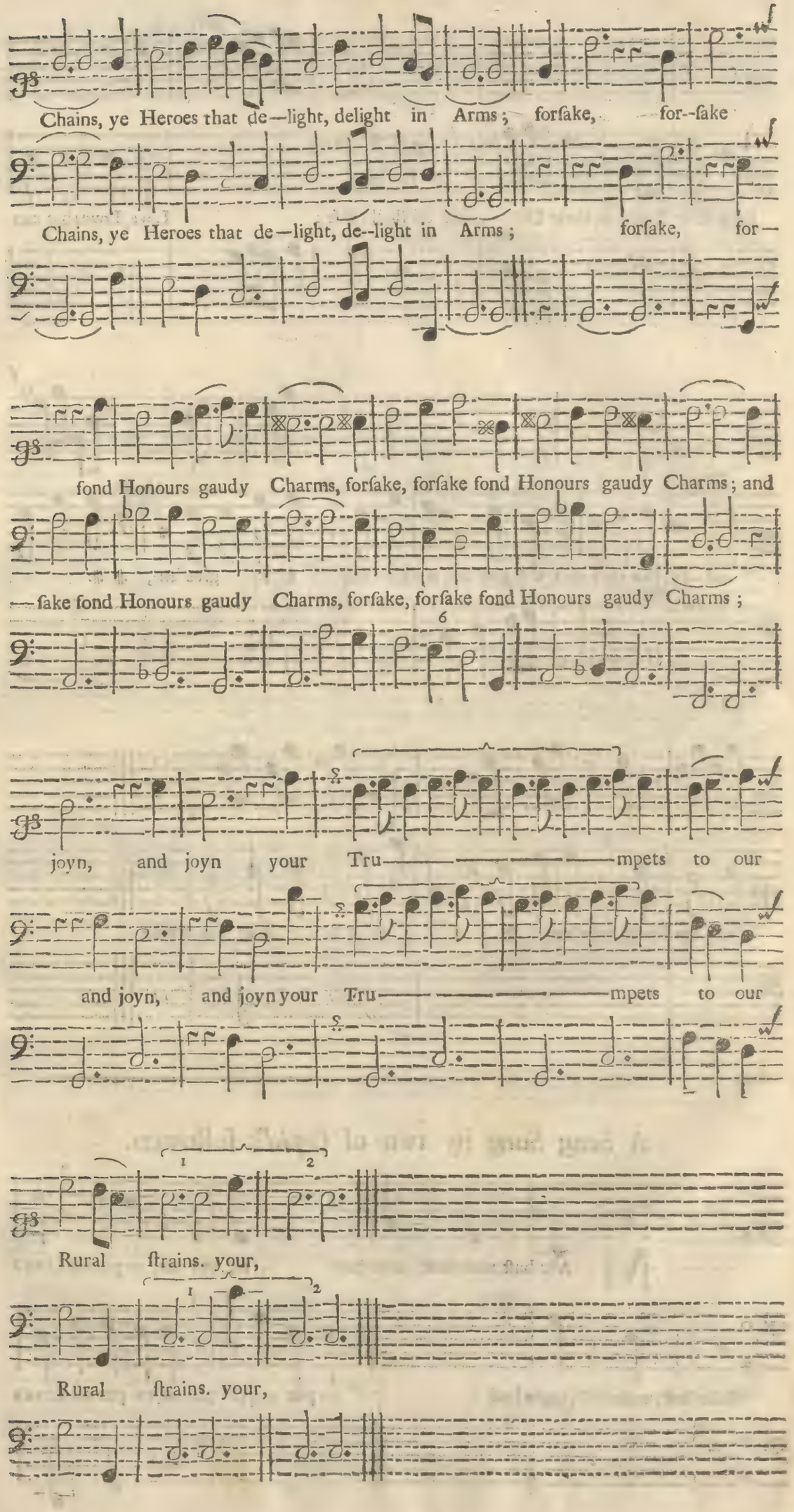
on — ly, can only do't, will give 'em, will give 'em, :|: :|: give 'em, :|: :|:

give 'em Peace, give 'em, :|: :|: :|: :|: give 'em Peace.

A Song Sung by two of *Cupid's* followers.

MAke haſt, make haſt, make haſt to put on, to put on Love's

Make haſt, make haſt, make haſt to put on, to put on, to put on Love's


Chains, ye Heroes that de—light, delight in Arms; forſake, for--ſake
Chains, ye Heroes that de—light, de--light in Arms; forſake, for—
fond Honours gaudy Charms, forſake, forſake fond Honours gaudy Charms; and
—ſake fond Honours gaudy Charms, forſake, forſake fond Honours gaudy Charms;
joyn, and joyn your Tru——mpets to our
and joyn, and joyn your Tru——mpets to our
Rural ſtrains. your,
Rural ſtrains. your,

CHORUS.

Let loud Renown with all her thousand Tongues, let loud, let loud Re--nown with

Let loud Renown with all her thousand Tongues let loud, let loud Re--nown with

all, with all her thousand Tongues, re—peat no Name, re—peat no Name, no

all, with all her thousand Tongues, re—peat no Name, re—peat no

no, no Name but his in her im--mortal Songs; repeat no Name no, no, no Name, but

Name, but his, but his in her im—mor--tal Songs; re--peat no Name, no Name but

his in her im—mor——tal, in her im——

his in her im-mortal, im——mor——tal, im——

——mor—tal Songs; no, no, no Name but his in her im——mor——

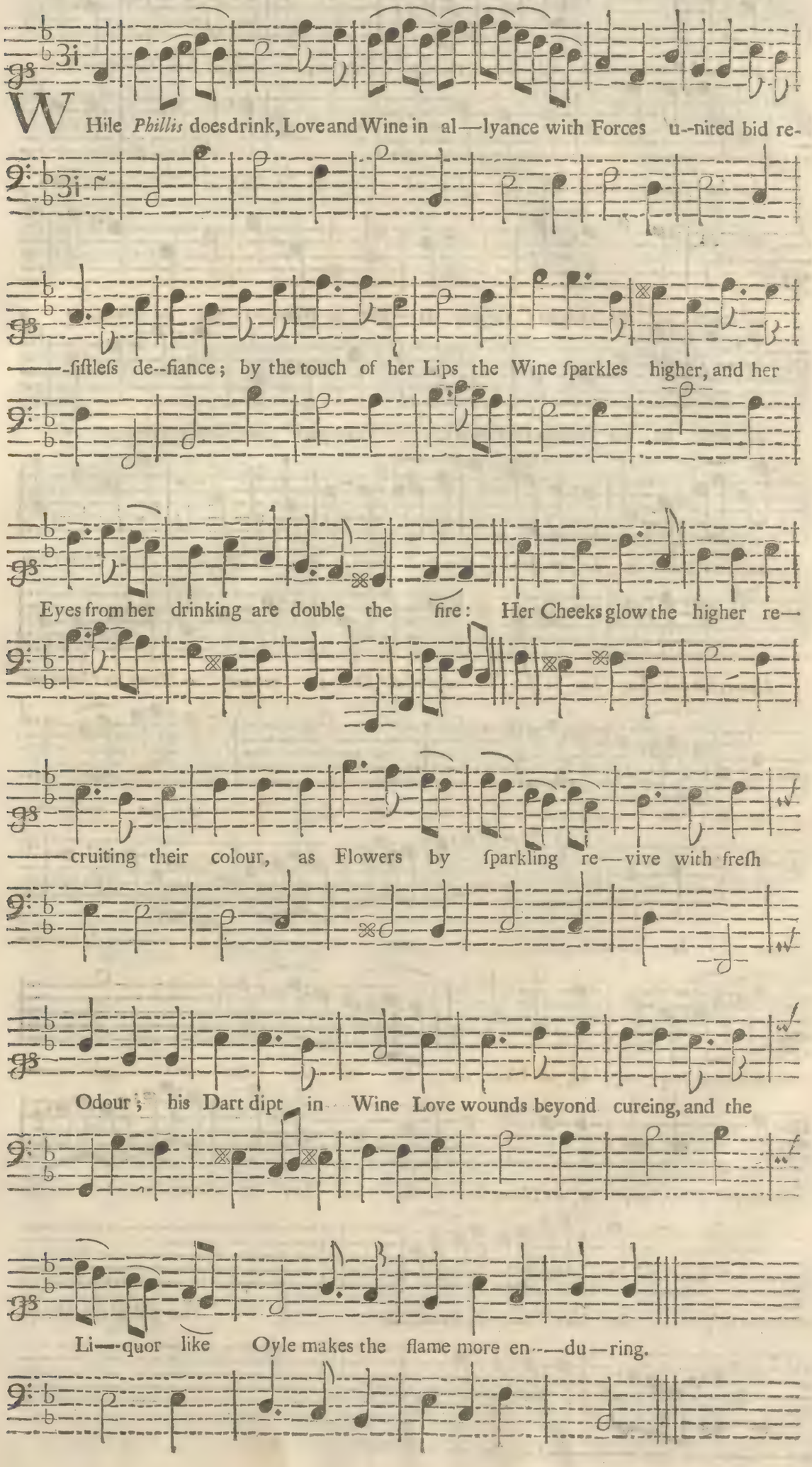
——mortal Songs; no, no, no Name but his in her im——mor——

——tal, in her im—mor--tal Songs.

The end of the Masqe.

——tal, im-mor--tal Songs.

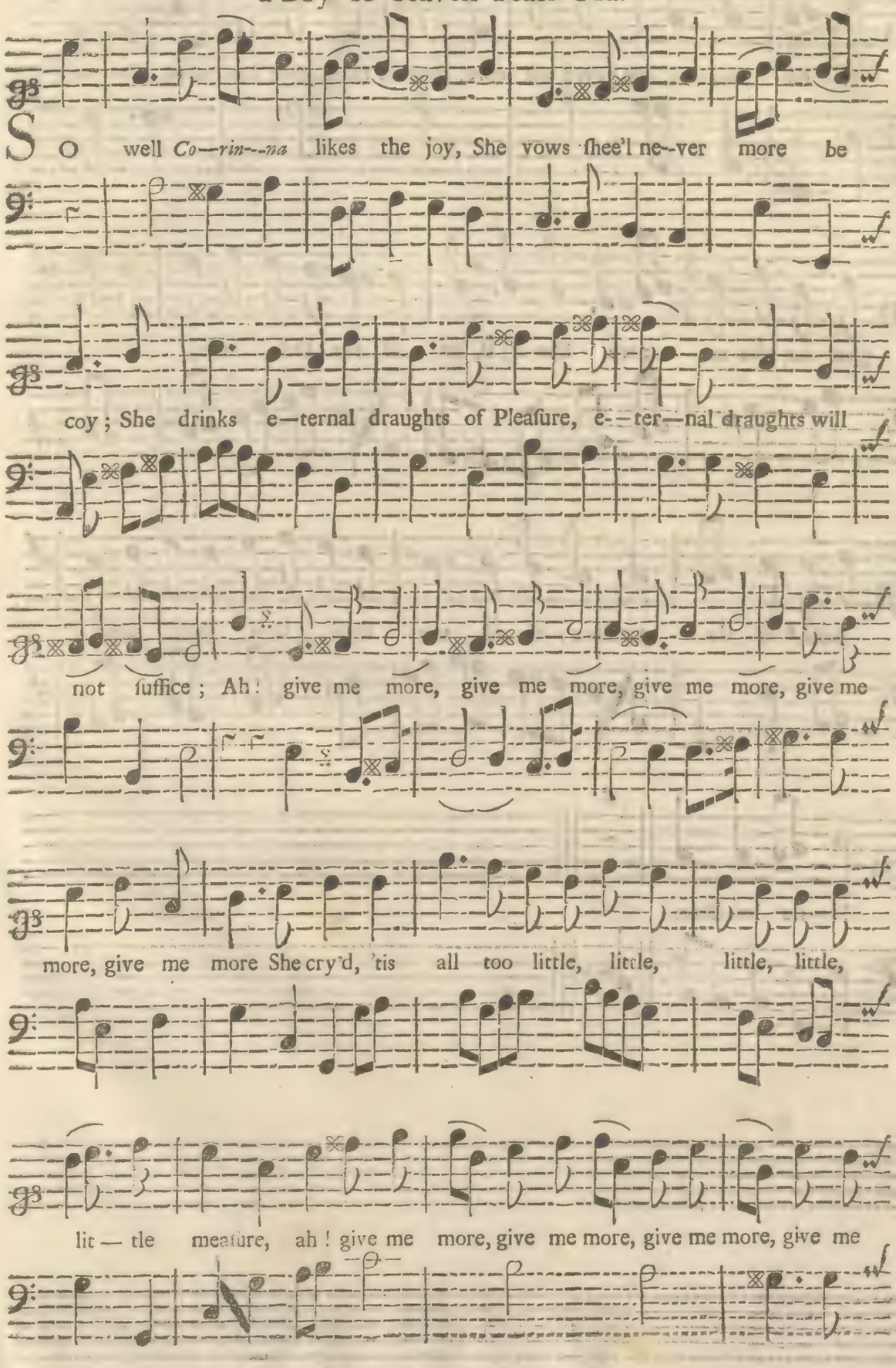
The First Song in the New Play call'd the *She Gallants*, Sung by Mr. *Coper*. Sett by Mr. *John Eccles*.



II.

By Cordials of Wine Love is kept from expiring,
And our Mirth is enliven'd by Love and desirng;
Relieving each other the Pleasure is lasting,
And we now are cloy'd yet are ever a Tasting:
Then *Phillis* begin, let our Raptures abound,
And a Kiss and a Glass be still going round;
Our joys are immortal while thus we remove,
From Love to the Bottle, from the Bottle to Love.

The Second Song in the *She Gallants*, Sung by Young *Laroch* a Boy of Seaven Years Old.



give me, give me more She cry'd, 'tis all too little, little, little, little,

lit—tle measure, ah! give me more, give me more, give me more, give me,

give me, give me more, She cry'd, 'tis all too little, little, little,

little, lit—tle measure; 'tis all too little, little, little, little,

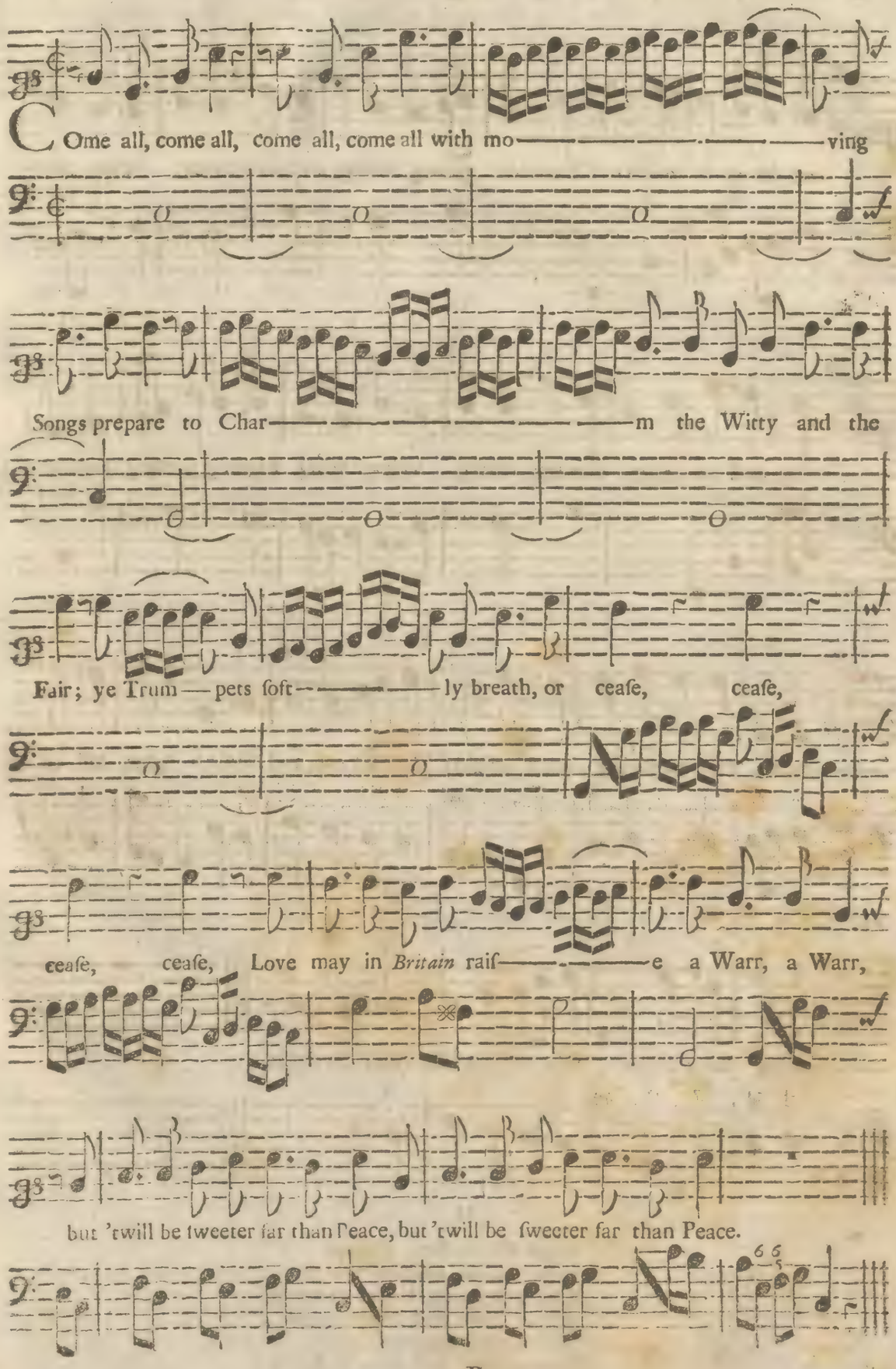
lit—tle measure.

Single / Songs, / and / Dialogues, / in / the Musical Play / of / Mars & Venus. / Perform'd with the Anatomist, or / the Sham Doctor. / Set to Musick by Mr. Finger, and Mr. John Eccles. / London, / Printed by J. Heptinstall, for the Authors, and Sold by John Hare / Musical Instrument Seller, at the Golden Viol in St. Paul's Church-/Yard; and at his Shop in Freeman's-Yard in Cornhill. And by John / Welch Musical Instrument-maker in Ordinary to His Majesty, at the / Golden Harp and Hautboy in Catharine-street against Somerset-house Water-Gate in the Strand. 1697. /

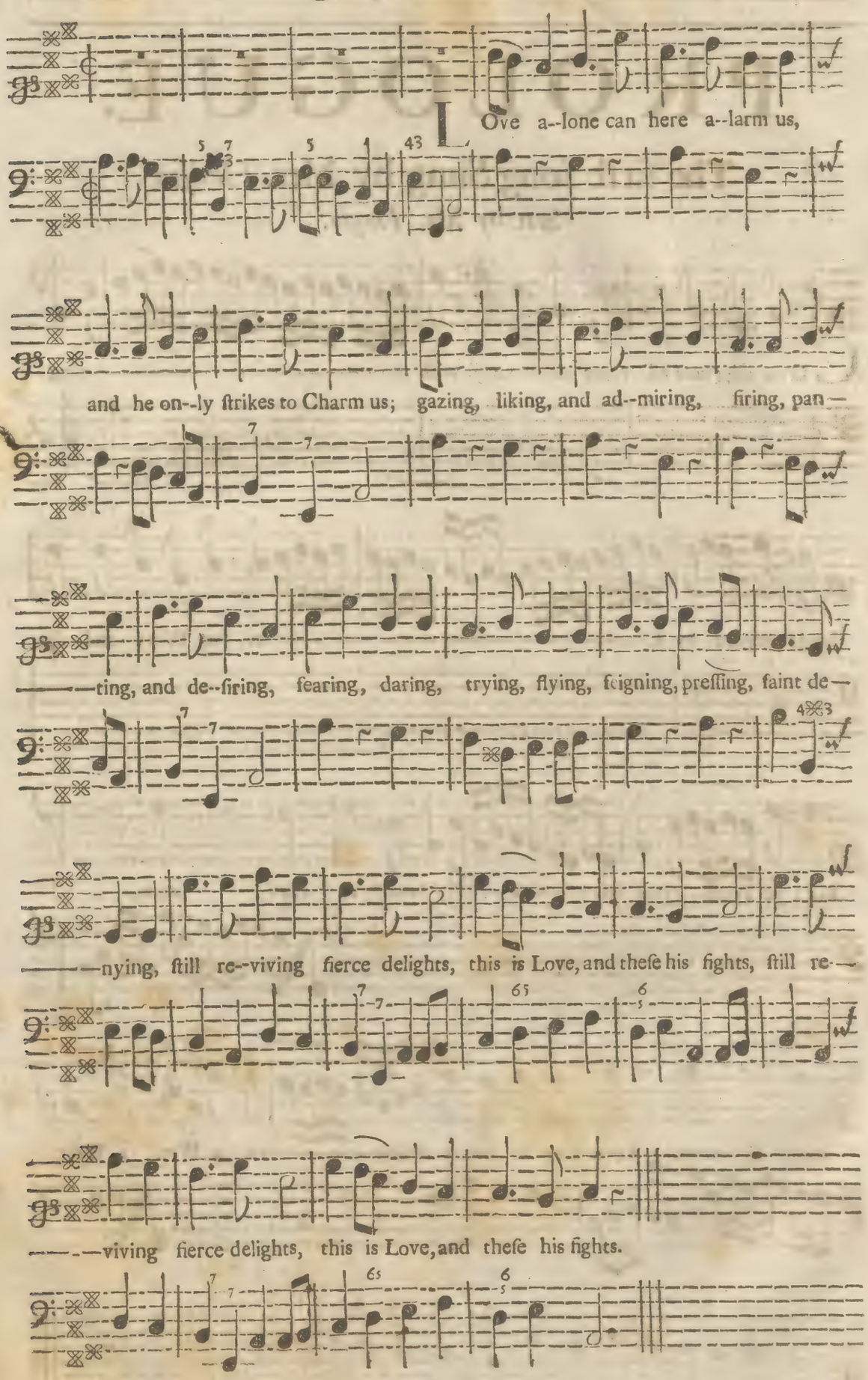
PROLOGUE.

The first Song Sung by Mrs. *Hudson.*

Sett by Mr. *Finger.*



Sung by Mrs. *Ayloffe*.



II.

Eager Kiſſes, Fiery glances,
Balmy Bliſſes, melting trances;
Kind complying, kinder denying,
Happy days, and happier nights,
Sill reviving fierce delights,
This is Love, and theſe his fights.

A Song in Three parts.

War ſheds Blood and Love ſheds Tears, War has Swords,

LOve like War has no-ble cares, War ſheds Blood and Love ſheds Tears, War has Swords,

and Love has Darts, War takes Towns, and Love takes Hearts: Love like War has

and Love has Darts, War takes Towns, and Love takes Hearts: Love like War has

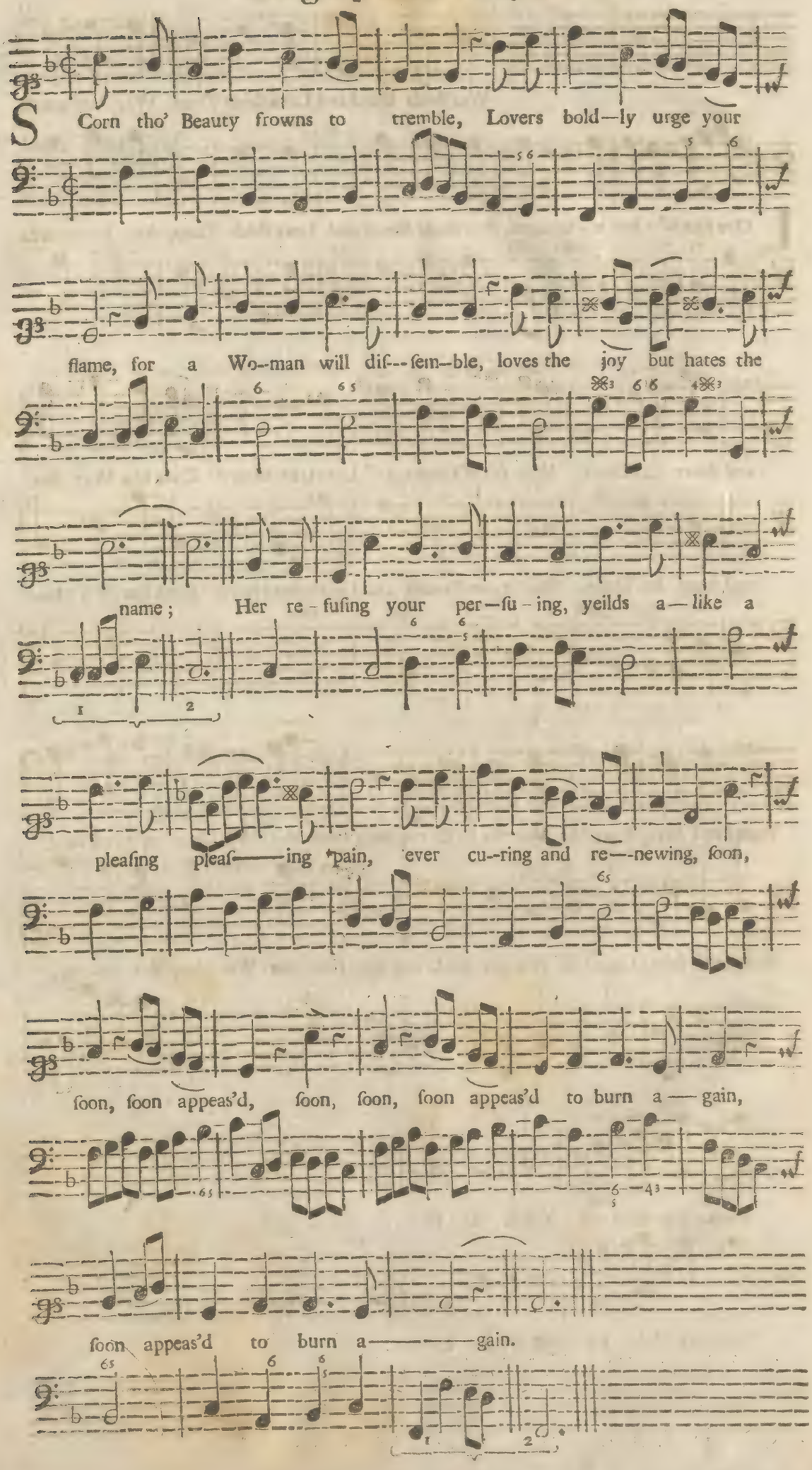
flames and fires, Love like War the bold requires, Love like War does Art ad--mit,

flames and fires, Love like War the bold requires, Love like War does Art ad--mit,

Love like War for Youth is fit.

Love like War for Youth is fit.

Sung by Mrs. *Hudſon.*



Sung by Mrs. *Ayloffe*.

TO dou--ble the ſports, to *Tha—li—a* be—longs, I'le joyn, comick

Scenes to your A—mo—rous Songs; To heighten Life's pleaſures, to

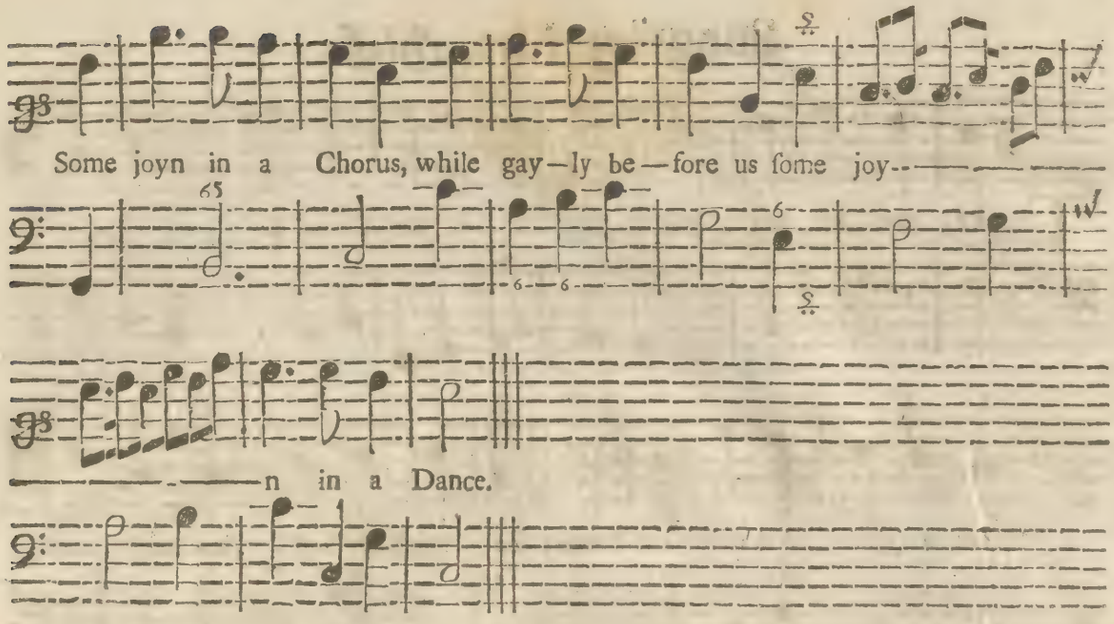
ſoften its cares, no Cha——————rm like a Farce,

no Phy--ſicians like Plays.

Sung by Mrs. *Ayloffe*

TO tre--ble the pleaſures with

re—gu—lar meaſures, my Train ſhall ad—van————ce;

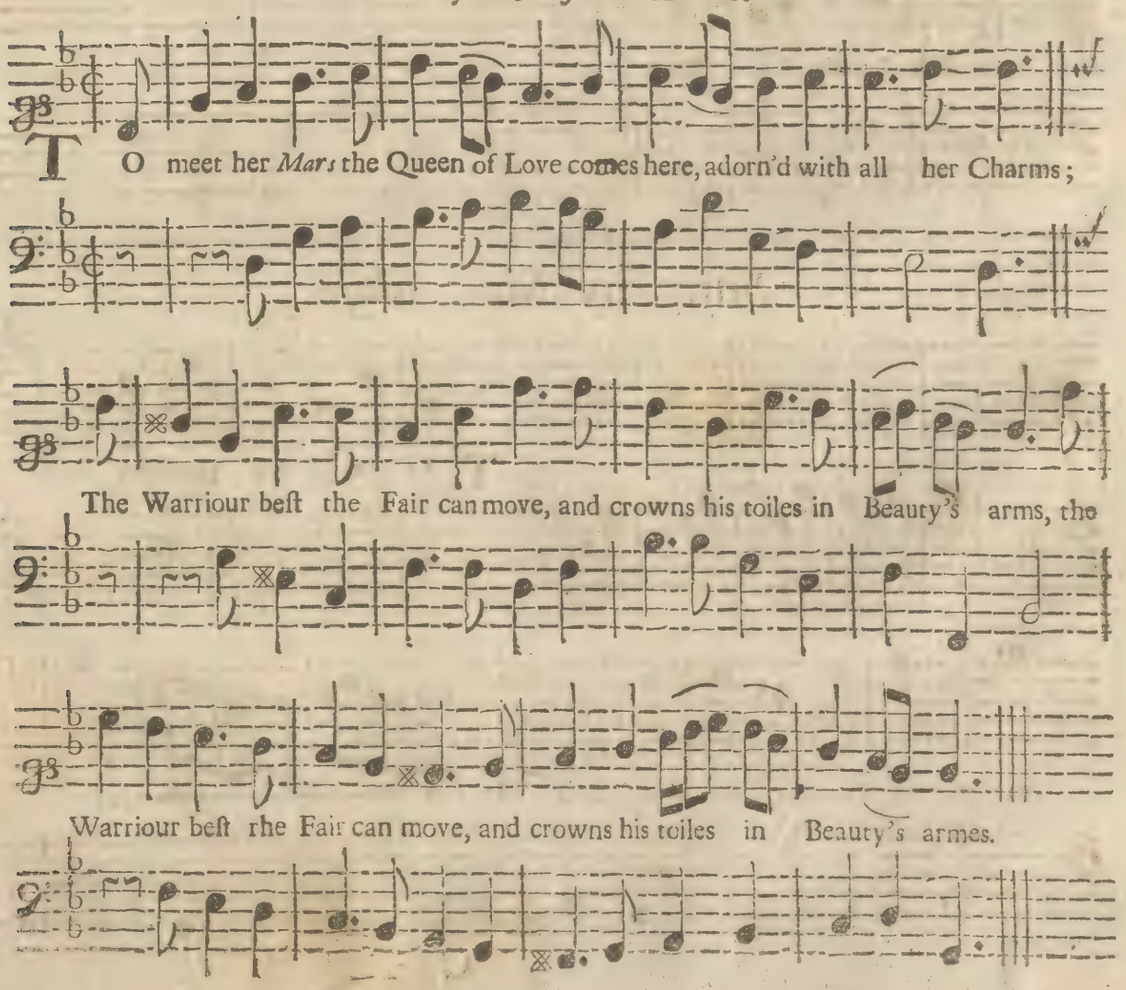


Grand Chorus.

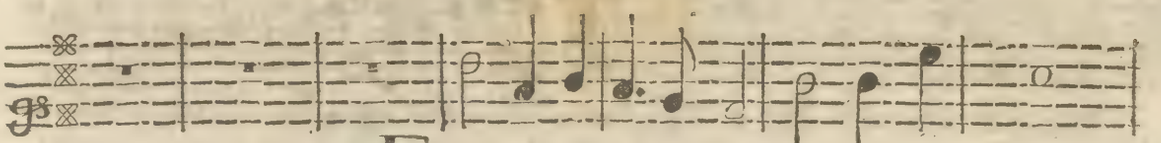
Let Scenes of mirth and love,
With Songs and Dances joyning,
The fleeting hours improve,
And baniſh dull repining;
He who thoſe Joys refuſes,
When kindly they invite,
The end of Living loſes,
Life's buſineſs is Delight.

(1 Act.) First Song Sung by Mrs. *Hudſon.*

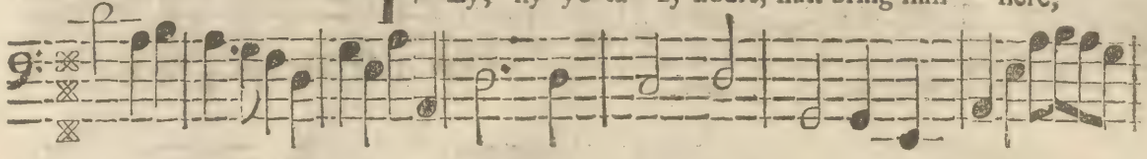
Sett by Mr. *John Eccles.*



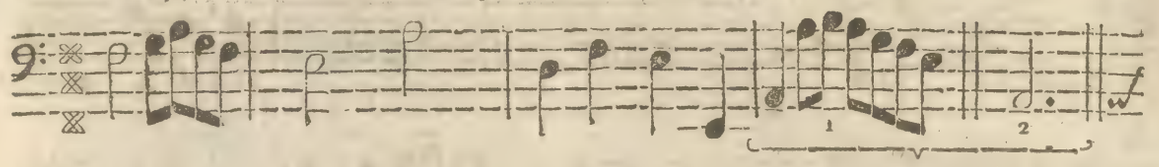
Venus.



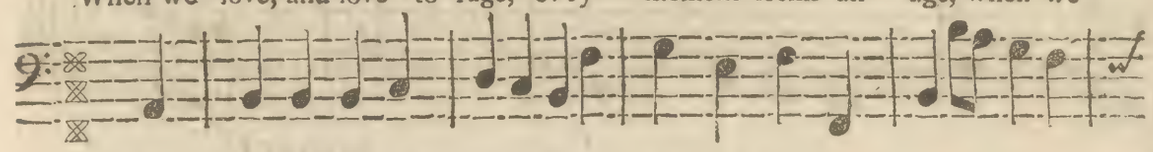
FLy, fly ye la--zy hours, haſt bring him here,



ſwift, ſwift as my fond wiſhes are. are.

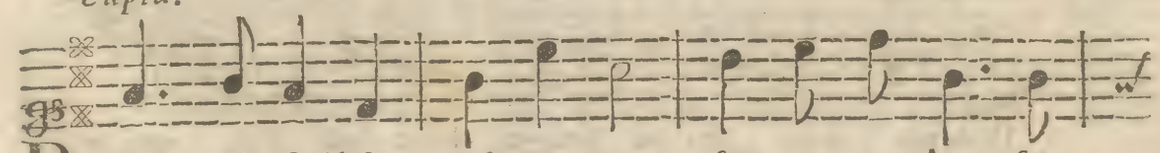


When we love, and love to rage, ev'ry moment ſeems an age; when we

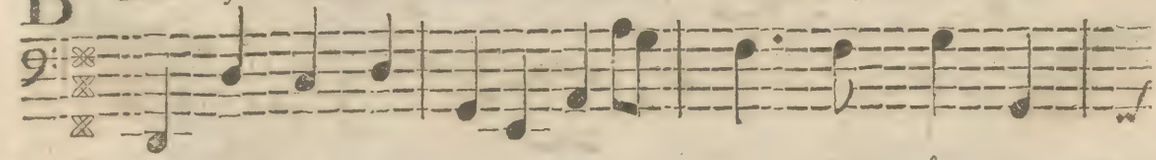


love, and love to rage, ev--'ry moment ſeems an age.

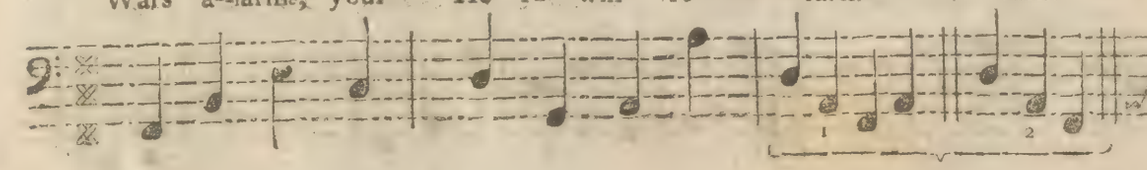
Cupid.



BEau — ty's Goddeſs ceaſe to mourn, ſoon to your Arms from



Wars a--larms, your He—ro will re——turn. ——turn.



Your grief will then be loſt in Kiſſes, mel——ting, mel——ting, mel——

——ting Bliſſes, you ſhall La——ugh, ſhall laugh, and free--ly

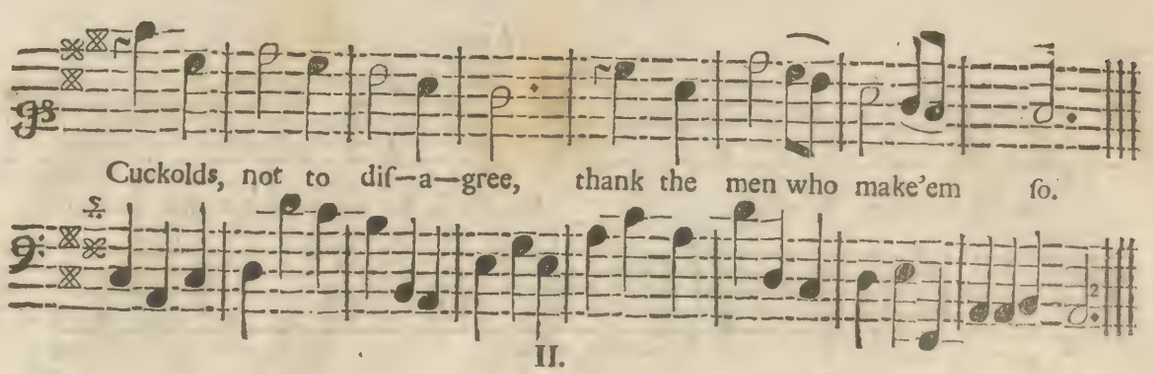
toy, as gloomy Night adds Charms to light, ſo ab--ſence to your Joy.

Cupid.

THere the kind-eſt

Husbands are, and the kind—eſt heart—ed Fair; each in

Hy—mens bonds is free, and when Wives with Lo—vers go,



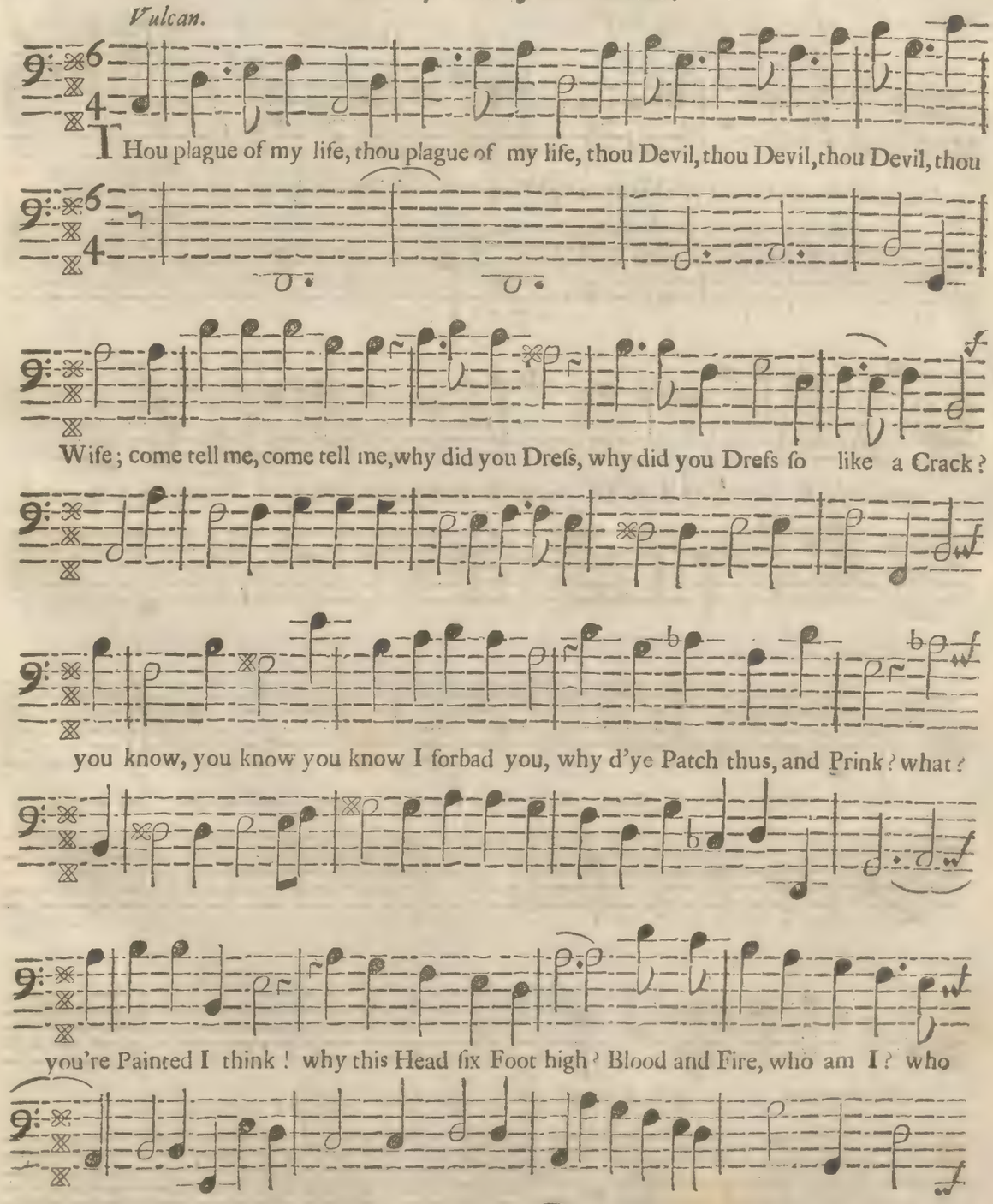
II.

Others fond of Roving Lives,
Love all Women but their Wives:
Painted Beautys there abound,
Nay ſome Men are Painted too;
Crowds are in the Temples found,
But come moſt to Worſhip you.

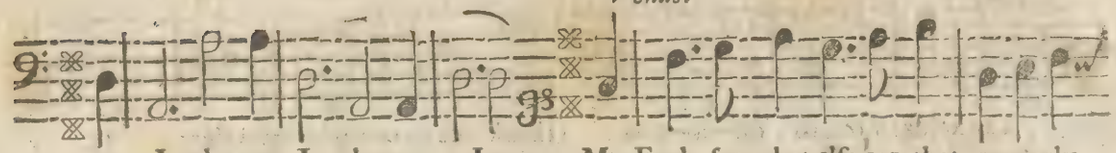
A Dialogue between *Vulcan* and *Venus*.

Sett by Mr. *John Eccles*.

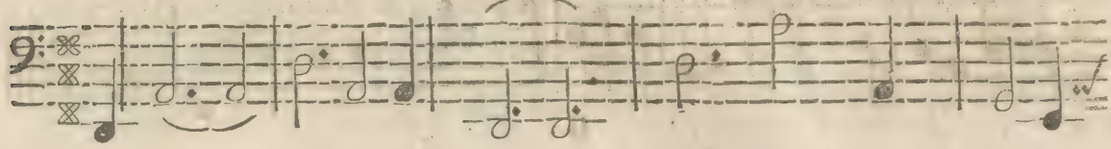
Vulcan.

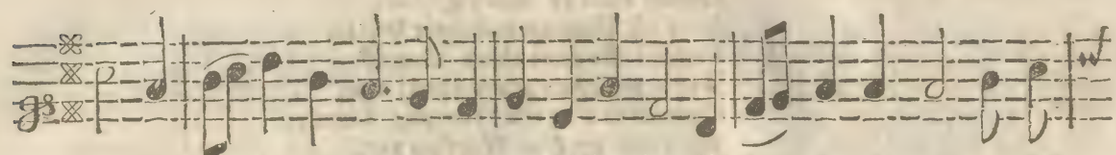


Venus.

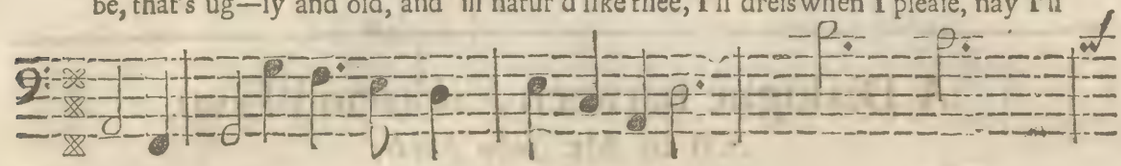


am I, who am I, who am I. My Fool, for what elſe can that properly

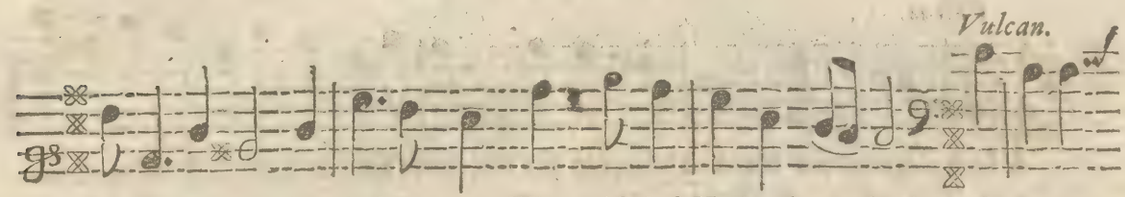




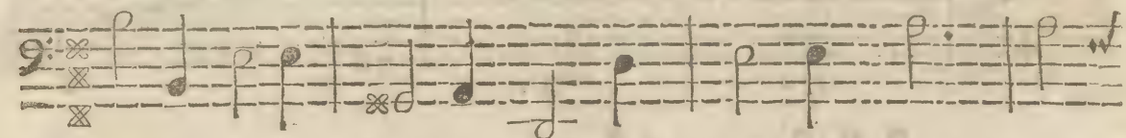
be, that's ug—ly and old, and ill natur'd like thee, I'll dreſs when I pleaſe, nay I'll

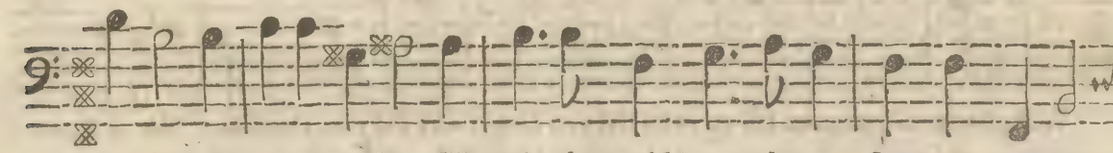


Vulcan.

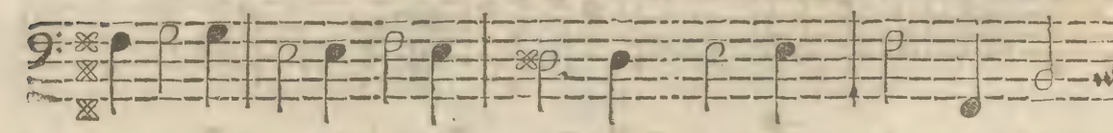


Cuckold thee too, what elſe have young Wives with ſuch Husbands to doe? If ever

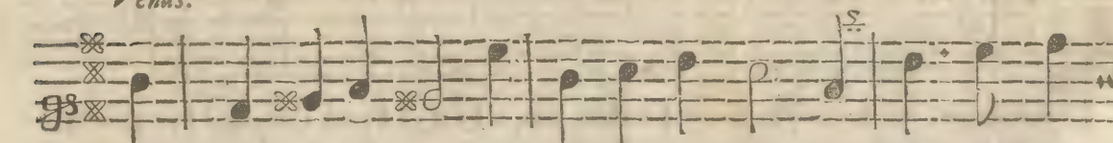




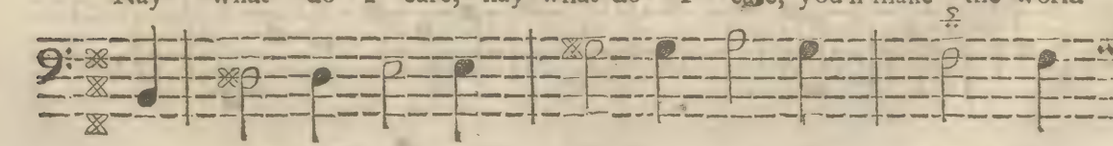
you dare, If ever you dare, I'll make the world know what a Strumpet you are.

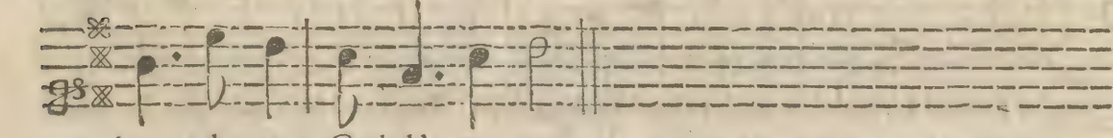


Venus.



Nay what do I care, nay what do I care, you'll make the world

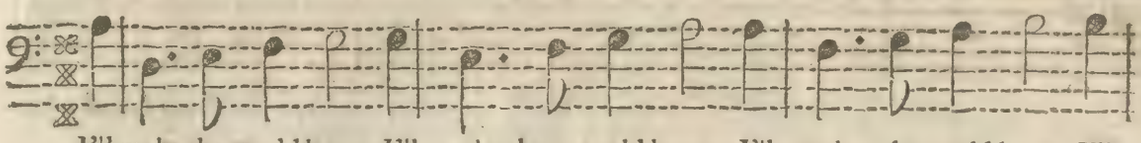




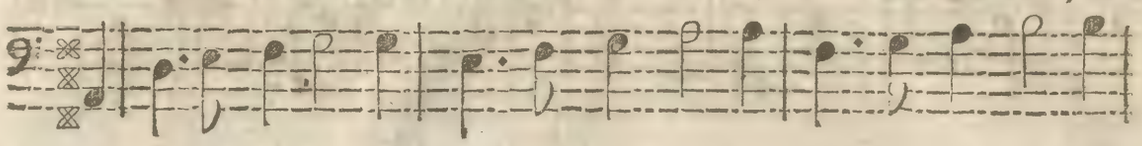
know what a Cuckold you are.

Both together Scolding.

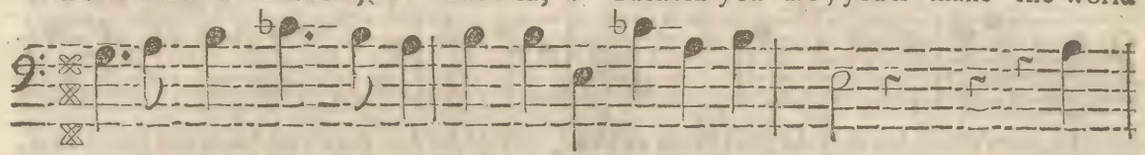
You'll make the world know, you'll make the world know, you'll make the world



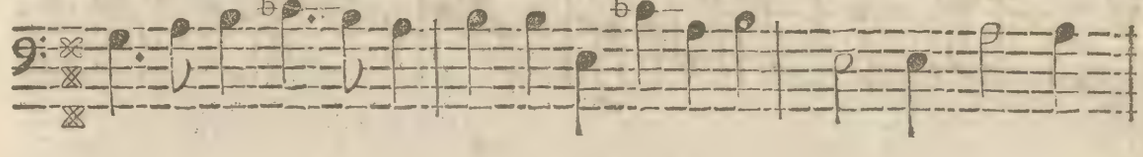
I'll make the world know, I'll make the world know, I'll make the world know, I'll



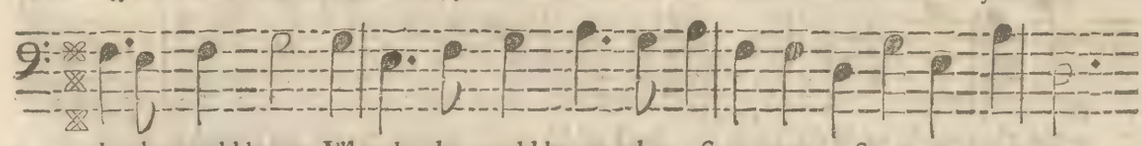
know what a Cuckold, a Cuckold, a Cuckold you are; you'll make the world



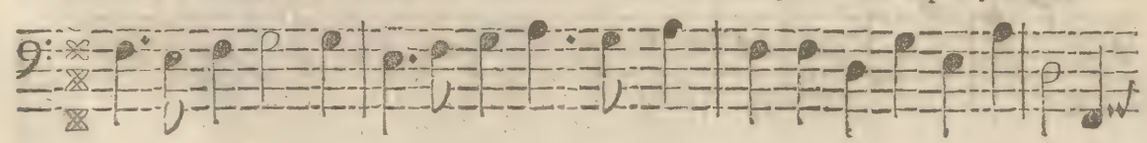
make the world know what a Strumpet, a Strumpet you are, I'll



know, you'll make the world know, you'll make the world know what a Cuckold you are.



make the world know, I'll make the world know what a Strumpet, a Strumpet you are.

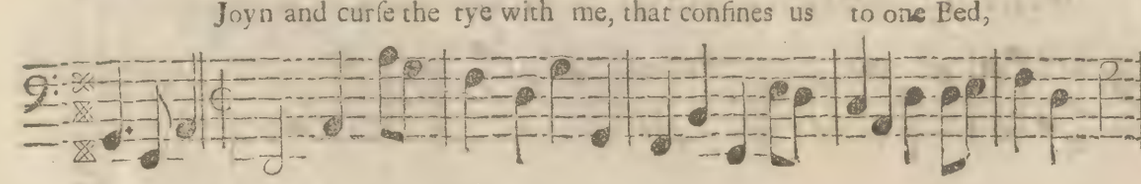


Venus.

Thus at least,

Vulcan.

Joyn and curse the tye with me, that confines us to one Bed,



thus at leaſt we'll once a—gree, curs'd be he, curs'd be he that made us Wed, curs'd be he,

Curs'd, curs'd be

curs'd be he, curs'd be he that made us Wed, curs'd be he, curs'd be he, curs'd be he, curs'd be

he, curs'd be he that made, that made us Wed, curs'd be he, curs'd be he, curs'd be he that

he that made us Wed, thus at leaſt we'll once agree, curs'd be he that made us

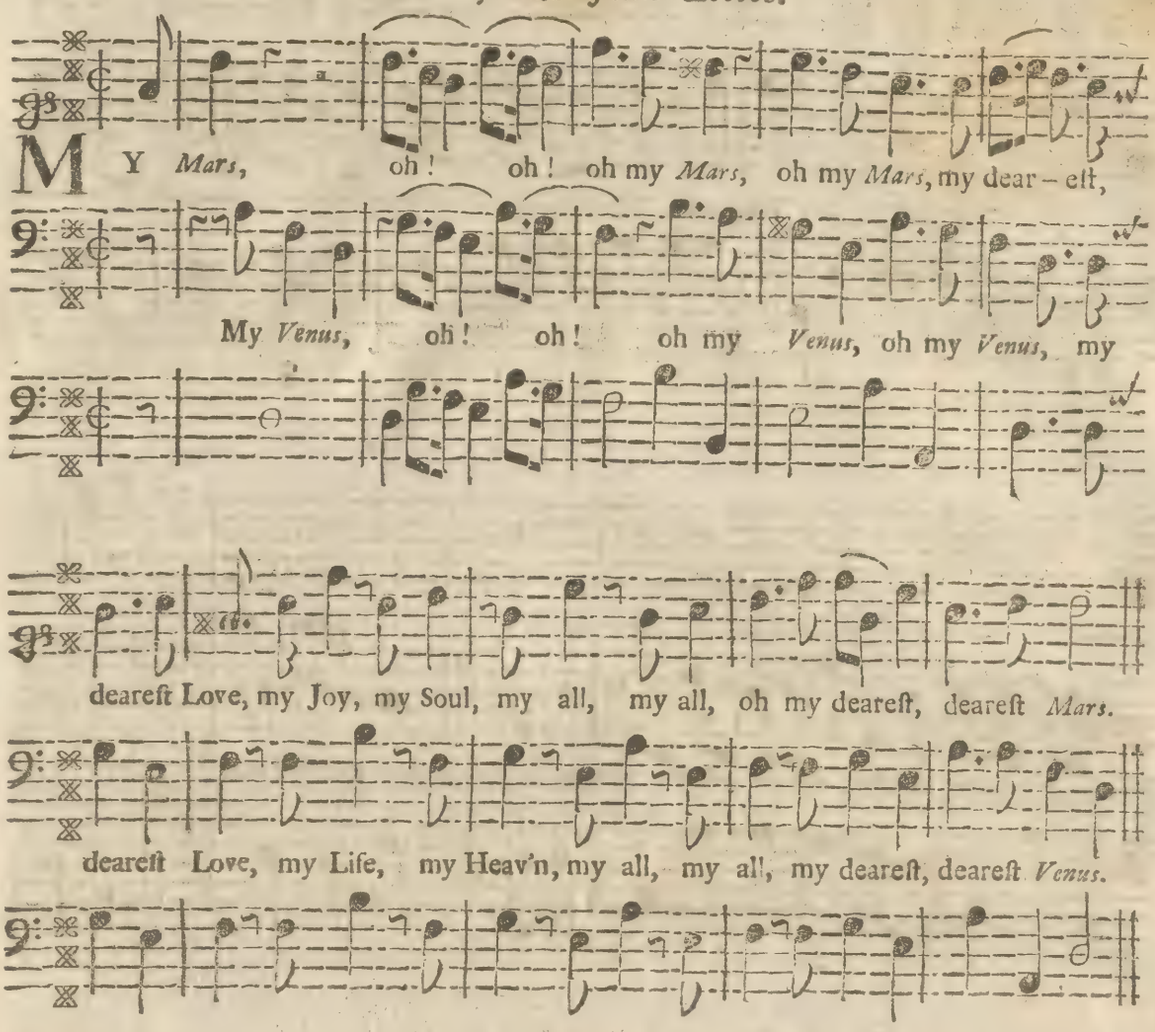
made, that made us Wed, thus at leaſt we'll once agree, curs'd be he that made us

Wed; curs'd be he, curs'd be he, curs'd be he that made us Wed.

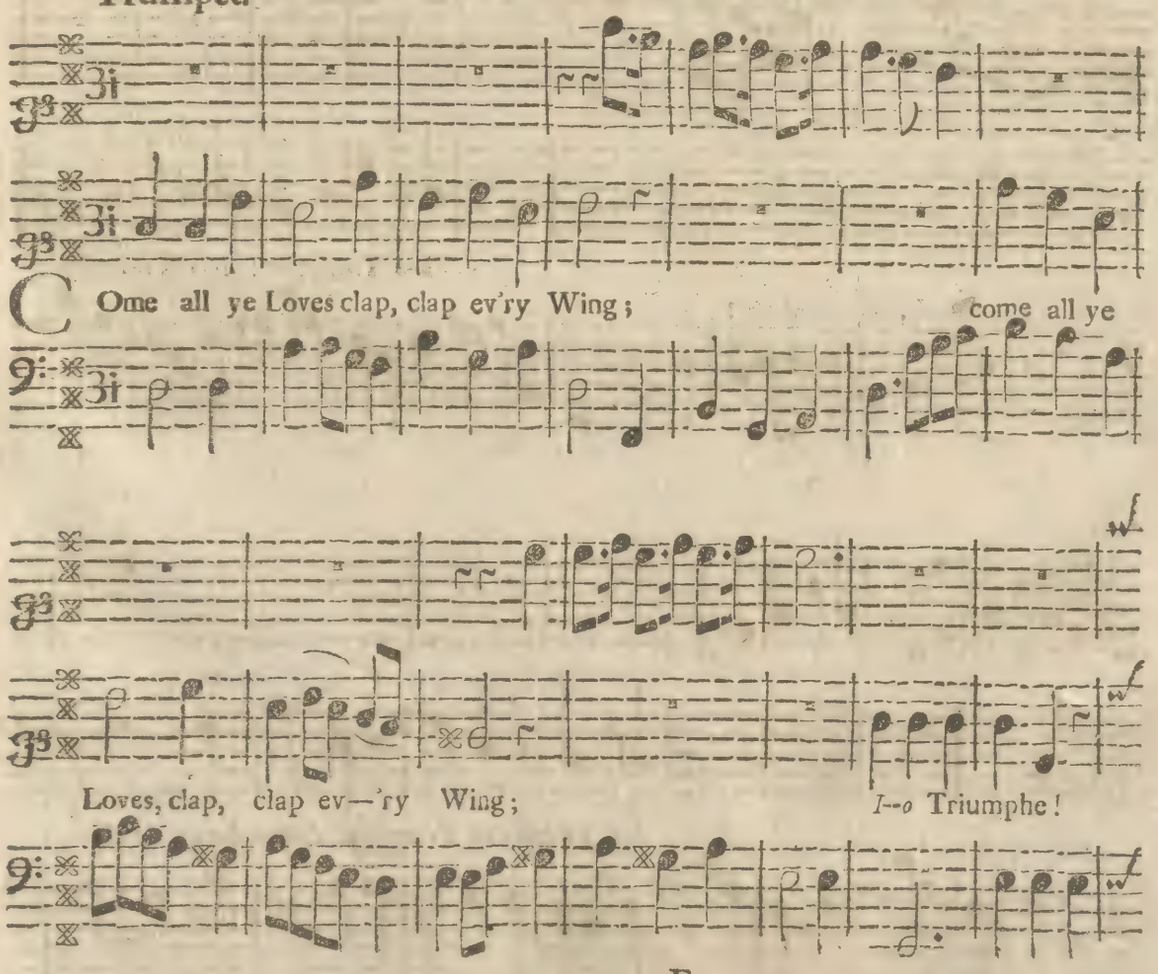
Wed; curs'd, curs'd be he, curs'd be he that made, that made us Wed.

(2 Act.) *Venus* running in to *Mars*'s Arms.

Sett by Mr. *John Eccles.*



Trumpet.



I--o Triumphe! *I--o* Triumphe, Tri——————————————————

——————umphe, Tri——————umphe, dance, dance, dance and fing!

I--o Triumphe! *I--o* Triumphe!

I -o Triumphe, Triumphe, dance, dance, dance and

ſing, Triumphe, Trium——————————phe dance, dance, dance and

ſing.

A Dialogue between *Mars* and *Venus*.

Sett by Mr. *John Eccles*.

How ſweet, how ſweet, how lovely, when re-

——turn'd; how ſweet, how lovely, how lovely when re--turn'd is the dea-——

——turn'd; how lovely, how ſweet, how lovely when return'd, is the dea--r, is the

——r, is the dear, dear ob——je——ct, is the dear, is the dear, dear

dear, dear ob——je——ct, is the dear, dear object, is the dear, the dear, dear

object whom we mourn'd; recruit-ed fires more fiercely warm, and absence heigh——

object whom we mourn'd; re-cruited fires more fiercely, fiercely warm, and absence

——tens, height-ens heightens ev'ry, ev'ry Charm, the Blessing that a while

heightens, heightens ev'ry, ev'ry Charm, the Blessing that a while

was lost, when 'tis regain'd, is valu'd, va-lu'd most; my dear, my dear, my

was lost, when 'tis regain'd, is valu'd, va—lu'd most; my dear, my dear, my

Life, my Joy, my Soul, my Heav'n, my Love, oh! my deareſt, deareſt *Mars.*

Life, my Joy, my Soul, my Heav'n, my Love, oh! my deareſt, deareſt Love.

Songs in the 3*d*. Act, Sett by Mr. *Finger*.

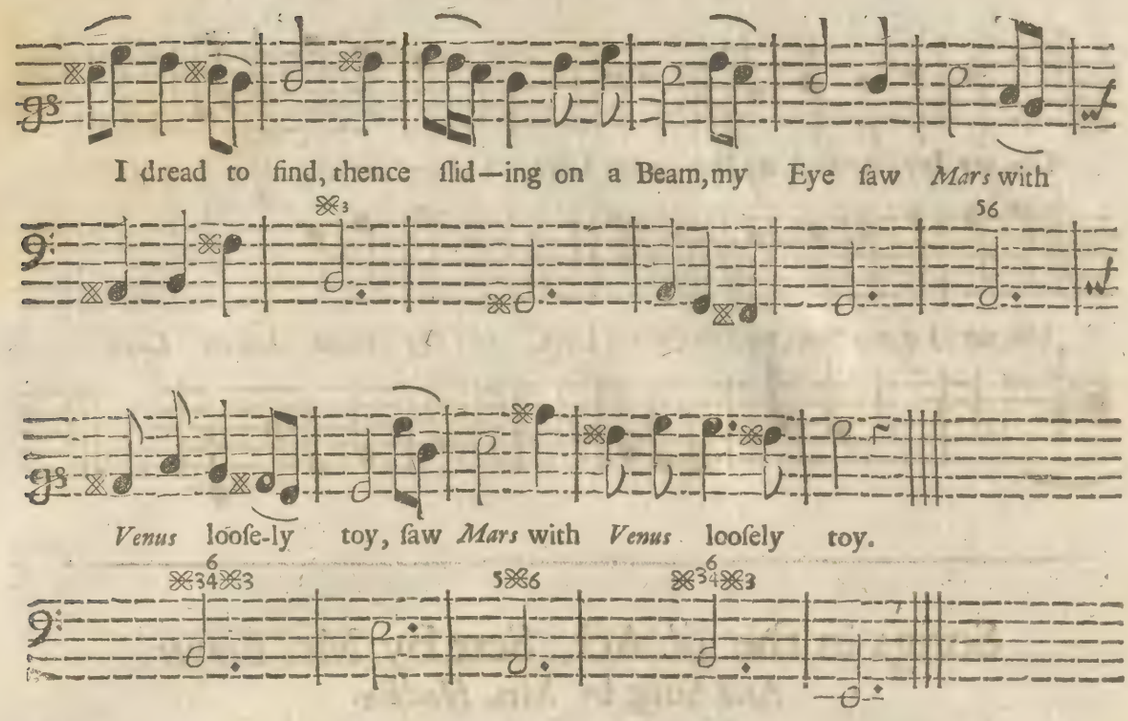
And Sung by Mrs. *Hudſon*.

SEe *Vulcan*, Jealouſie, Jea-louſie ap--pears, tho' not to eaſe but raiſ-

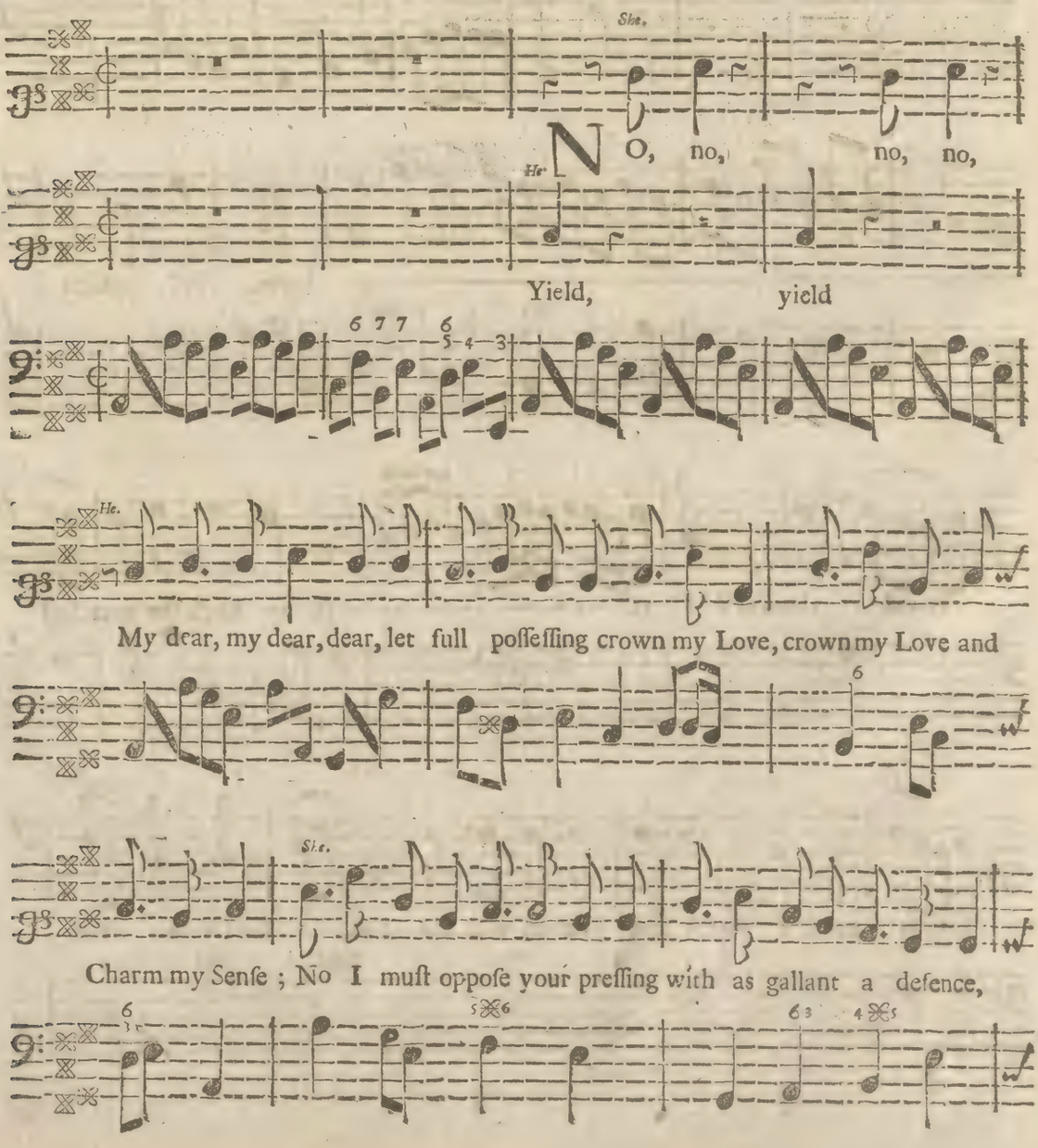
e thy cares, ſtill reſtleſs

round the world I ru——————n, to Rack the wretched

Lovers mind, I watch and journey with the Sun, to ſearch for what



A Dialogue between Mrs. *Bracegirdle* and Mr. *Bowman*.



He.

When Love's Harveſt ſhou'd be reaping, will you waſt the time, in doubt;

She.

Ev'ry Town that's worth the keeping, keeps a while th'—in—va—der out;

Cheap Em—bra--ces quickly cloy, Ea—ſy Conqueſt ſeems a toy,

but de—ny—ing, ſtruggling, flying, wanton playing, wiſe de—lay—ing,

rai———ſe us to a Sen——ſe of Joy.

Love's a Hawk and ſtoops a—pace, we

Love's a Hawk and ſtoops a—pace, Love's a Hawk and ſtoops a—pace, we

all, all, all, all hurry for the Quarry, we all, all, all, all hurry

all, all, all, all hurry for the Quarry, we all, all, all, all hurry

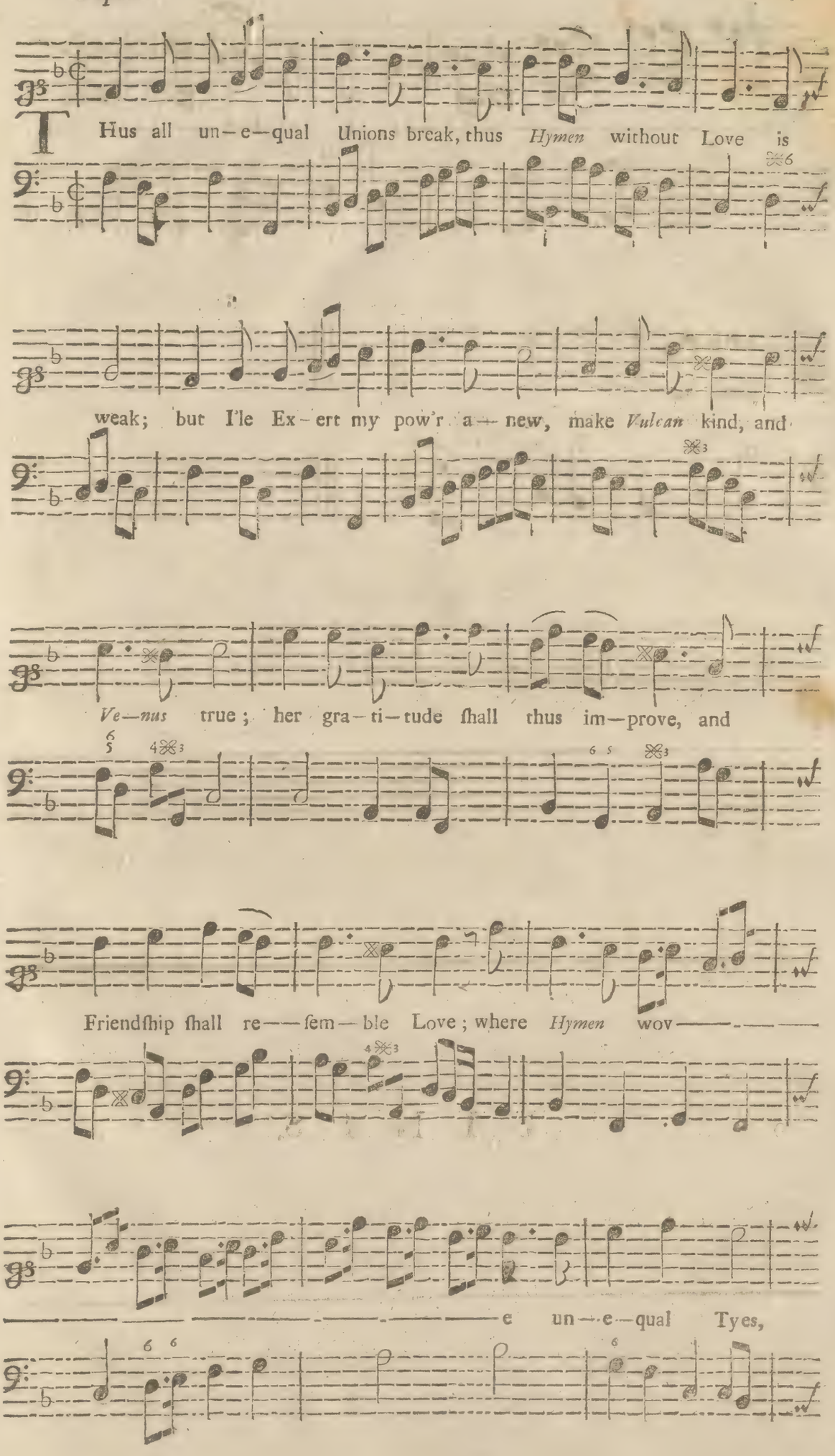
for the Quarry, tho' the ſport, tho' the ſport ends with the Chaſe,

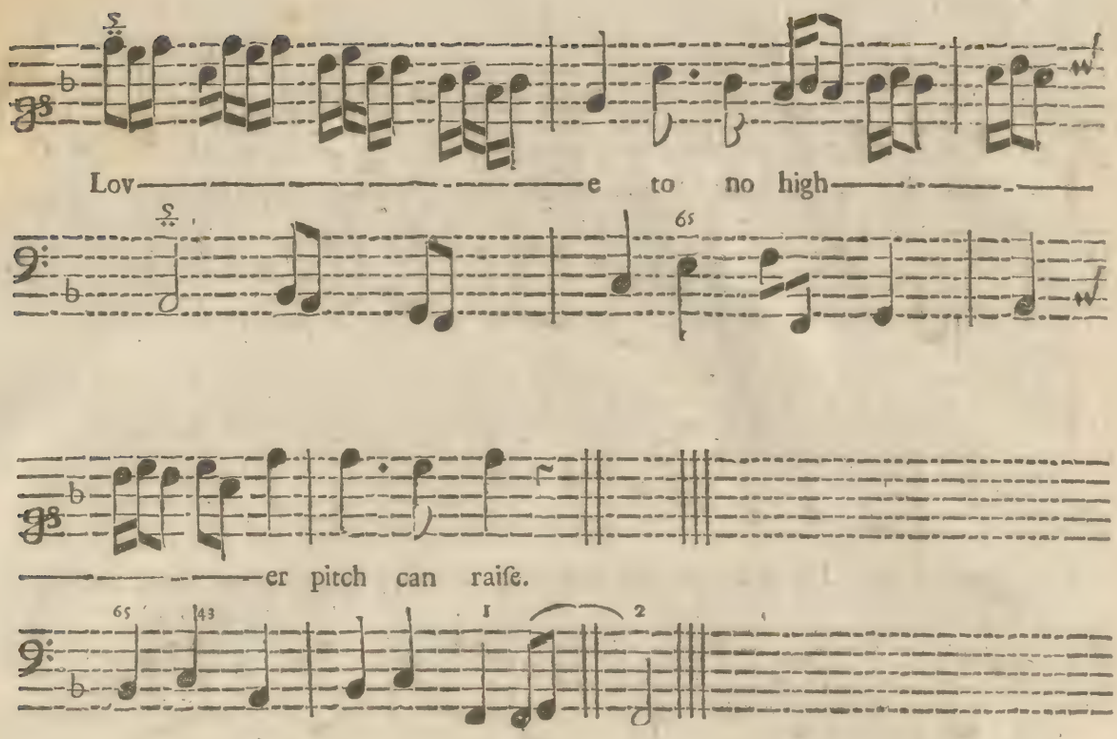
for the Quarry, tho' the ſport ends with the Chaſe, ends with the Chaſe,

tho' the ſport, tho' the ſport ends with the Chaſe.

tho' the ſport ends with the Chaſe, ends with the Chaſe.

Cupid.


THus all un—e—qual Unions break, thus *Hymen* without Love is
weak; but I'le Ex—ert my pow'r a—new, make *Vulcan* kind, and
Ve—nus true; her gra—ti—tude ſhall thus im—prove, and
Friendſhip ſhall re——ſem—ble Love; where *Hymen* wov——
——e un—e—qual Tyes,

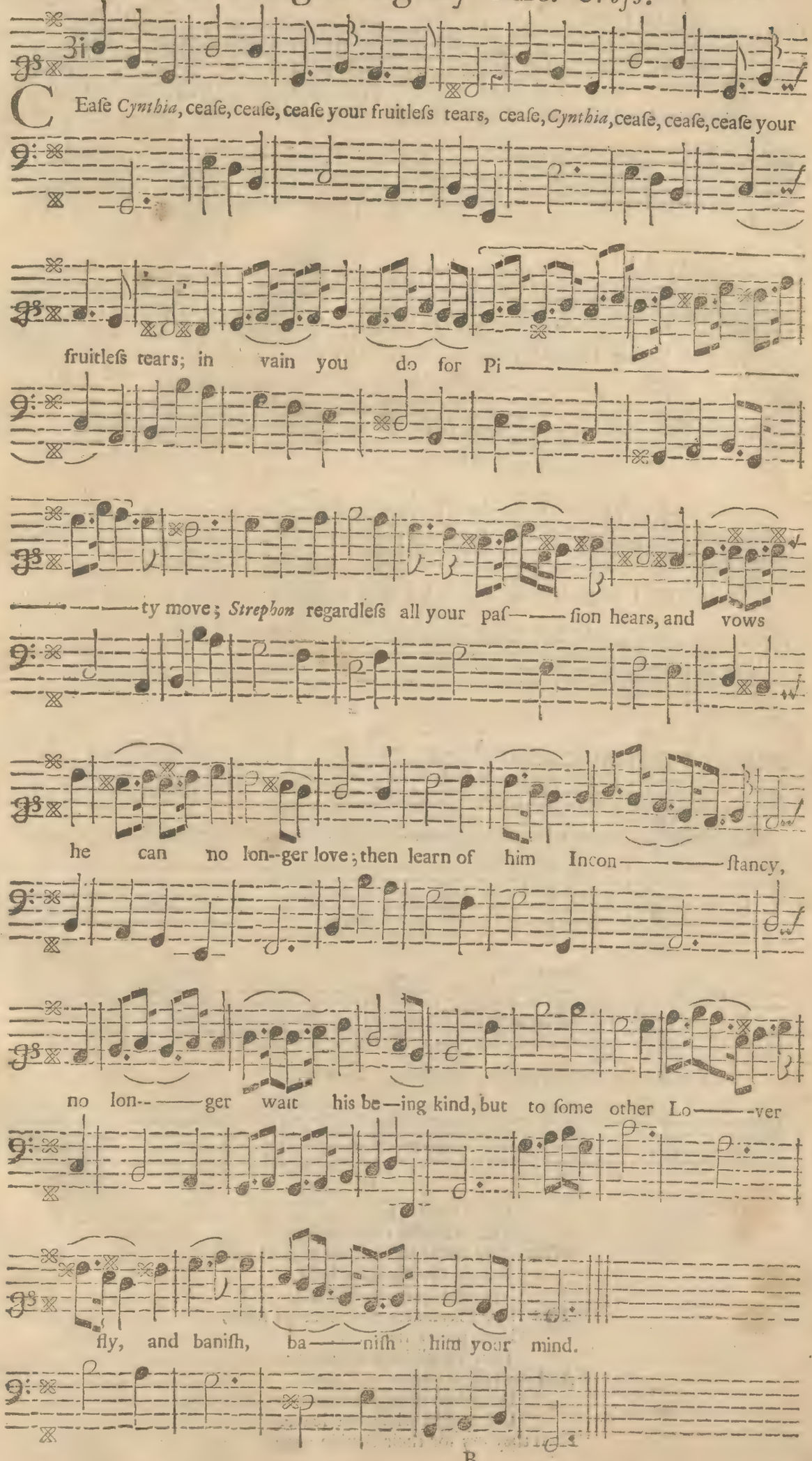


FINIS.

The Single / Songs. / with the / Dialogue, / Sung in the / new Opera, / Call'd / Brutus of Alba: / or, / Augusta's Triumph. / Compos'd by Mr. Daniel Purcell. / Londn, / Printed by J. Heptinstall, for Henry Playford at the Temple-Change, Fleetstreet, / and Samuel Scott at the Middle-Temple Gate, where the first Vol. of De-/liciae Musicae, and the first and second Books of the second Vol. also the / new Scotch Song (numbered the first) is to be had; where all other Sorts / of Vocal and Instrumental Musick is sold. 1696. / Price one Shilling. /

8

A Song Sung by Mrs. *Croſs.*



Sung by Mr. *Church*, the Words by Mr. *Jo. Hanes*.

Courted and Writt ſhew'd my Love and my Witt, and ſtill pretty *Flavia* de – ny'd ;

'twas her Vertue I thought, made me prove ſuch a ſot, to a-dore her the more for her

Pride ; till I happen'd to ſit by her Mask'd in the Pitt, whilſt a crow'd of gay

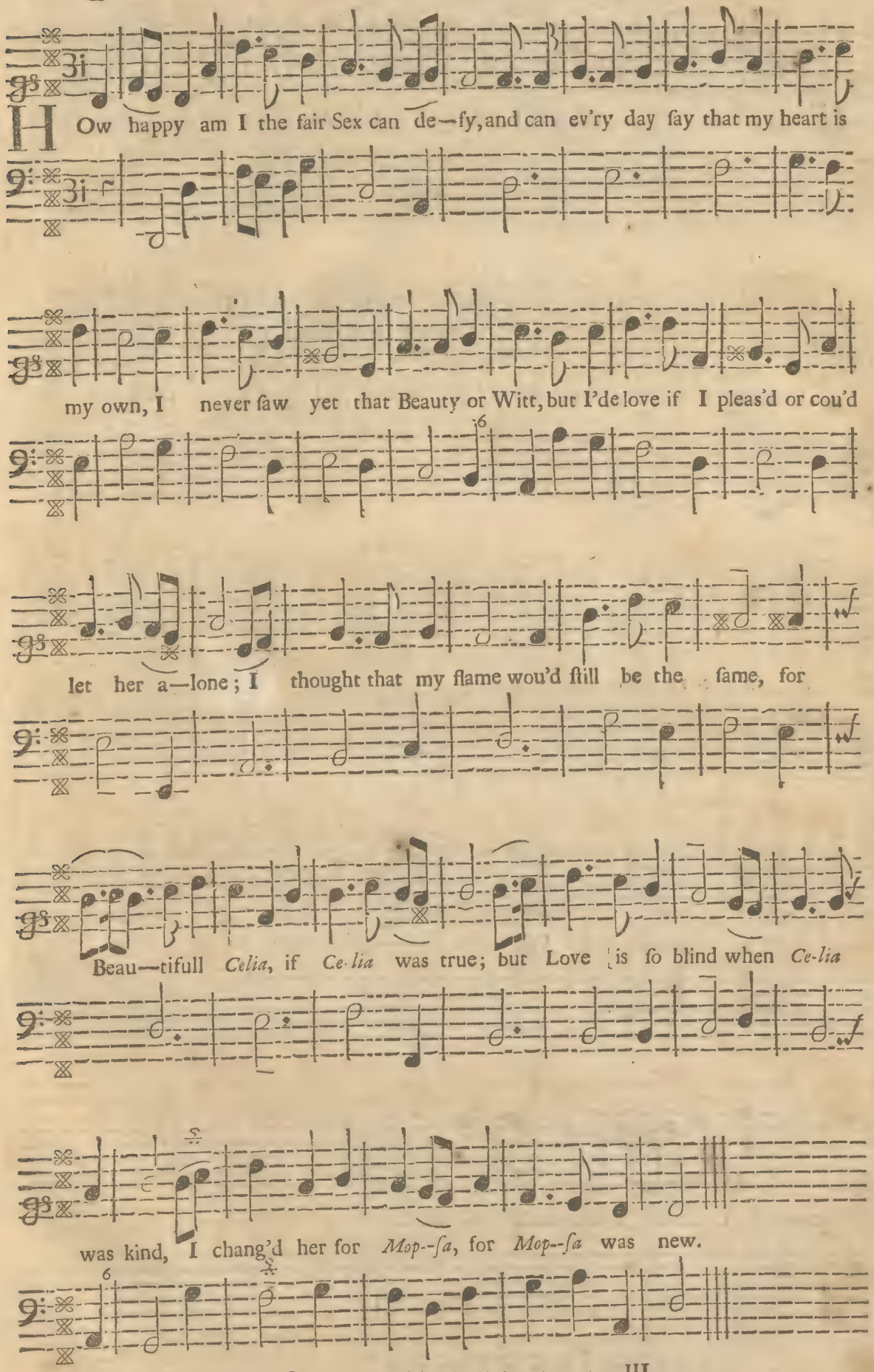
Beaûs held her Play, when ſo wan--ton — ly free, was her ſmart Re-par--tee, I was

Cur'd and went bluſhing, went bluſhing a—way.

II.

How Lovers miſtake,
The addreſſes they make,
When they ſwear to be conſtant and true,
For all the Nymphs hold,
Tho' the ſport be ſtill old,
That their Playmates muſt ever be new ;
Each pretty new toy,
How they'l long to enjoy ;
And then for a newer will pine ?
But when they perceive,
Others like what they leave,
Then they cry for their Bauble agen.

Sung by Mr. *Leverige*, the Words by Mr. *Jo. Hanes.*



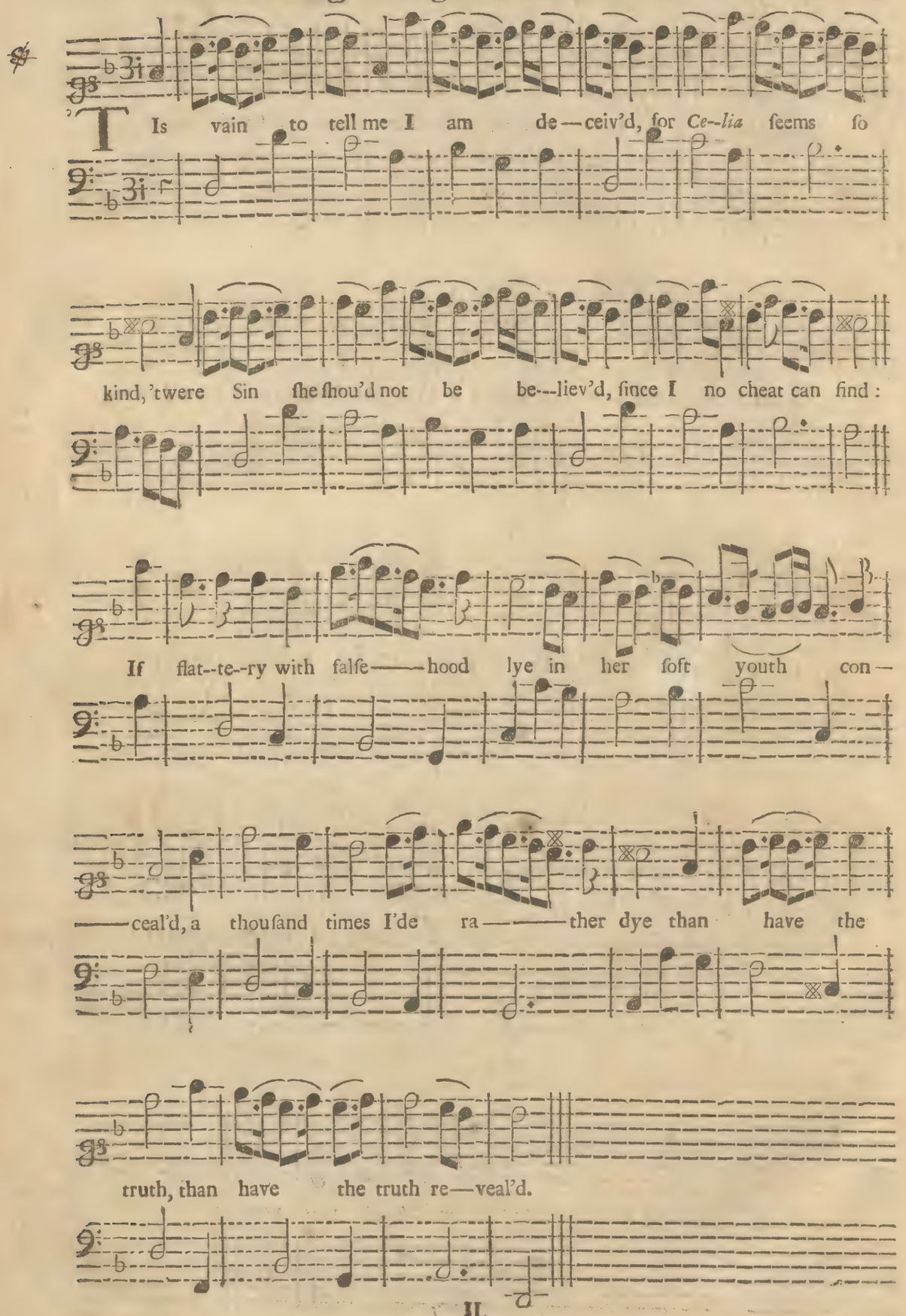
II.

Then *Phillida's* Charms,
Forc't her from my Arms;
But when *Phillida* wou'd not grant my desire,
I presently kneel'd,
To the next that wou'd yeild,
To quench my old flame I made a new fire.

III.

Now is it not fair,
That my faults I declare;
Then Ladies be't known to all you I adore,
Since I must deceive,
Take you the same leave,
The Devil's in't if you can ask any more.

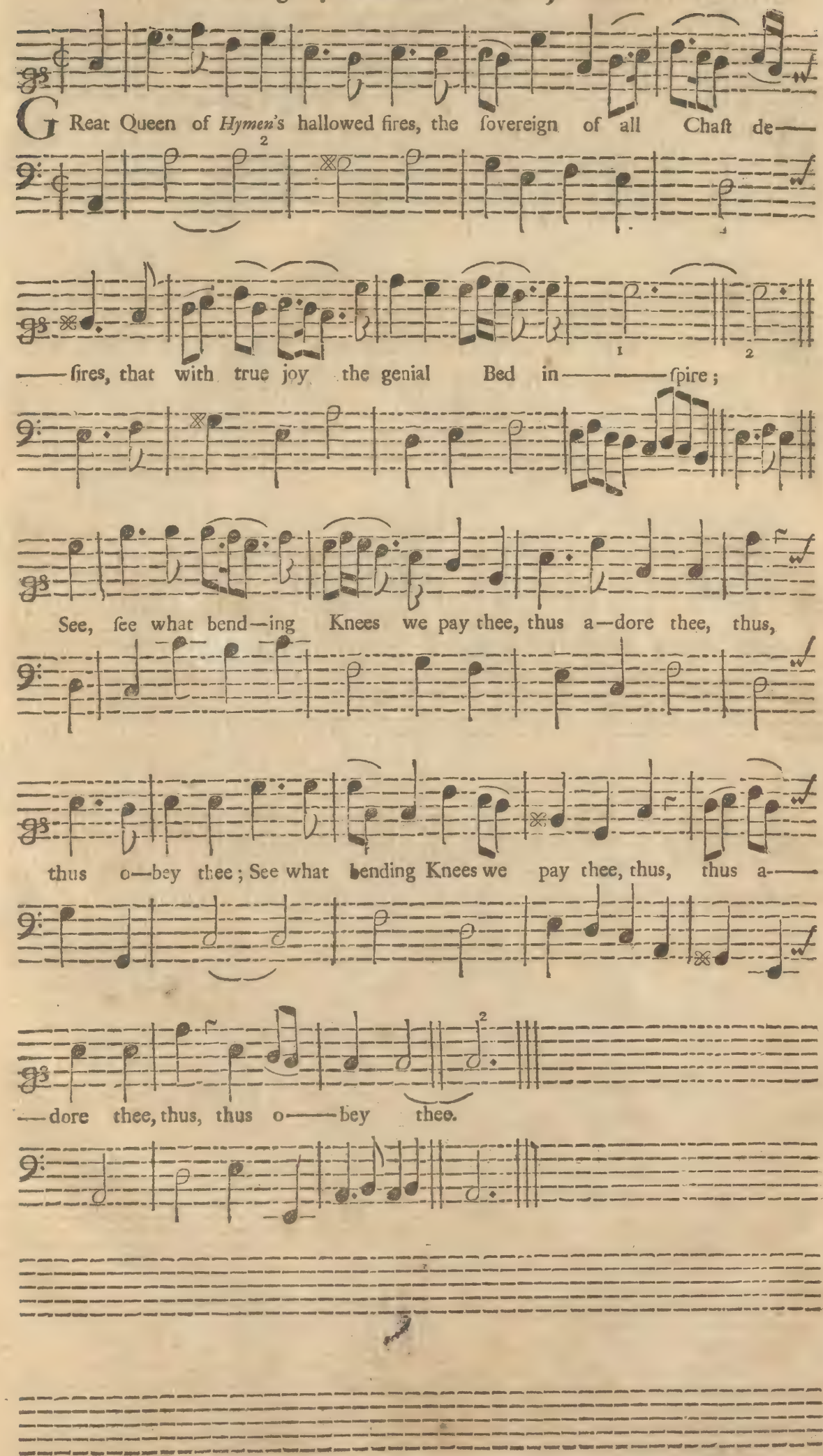
A Song Sung by Mr. *Freeman.*



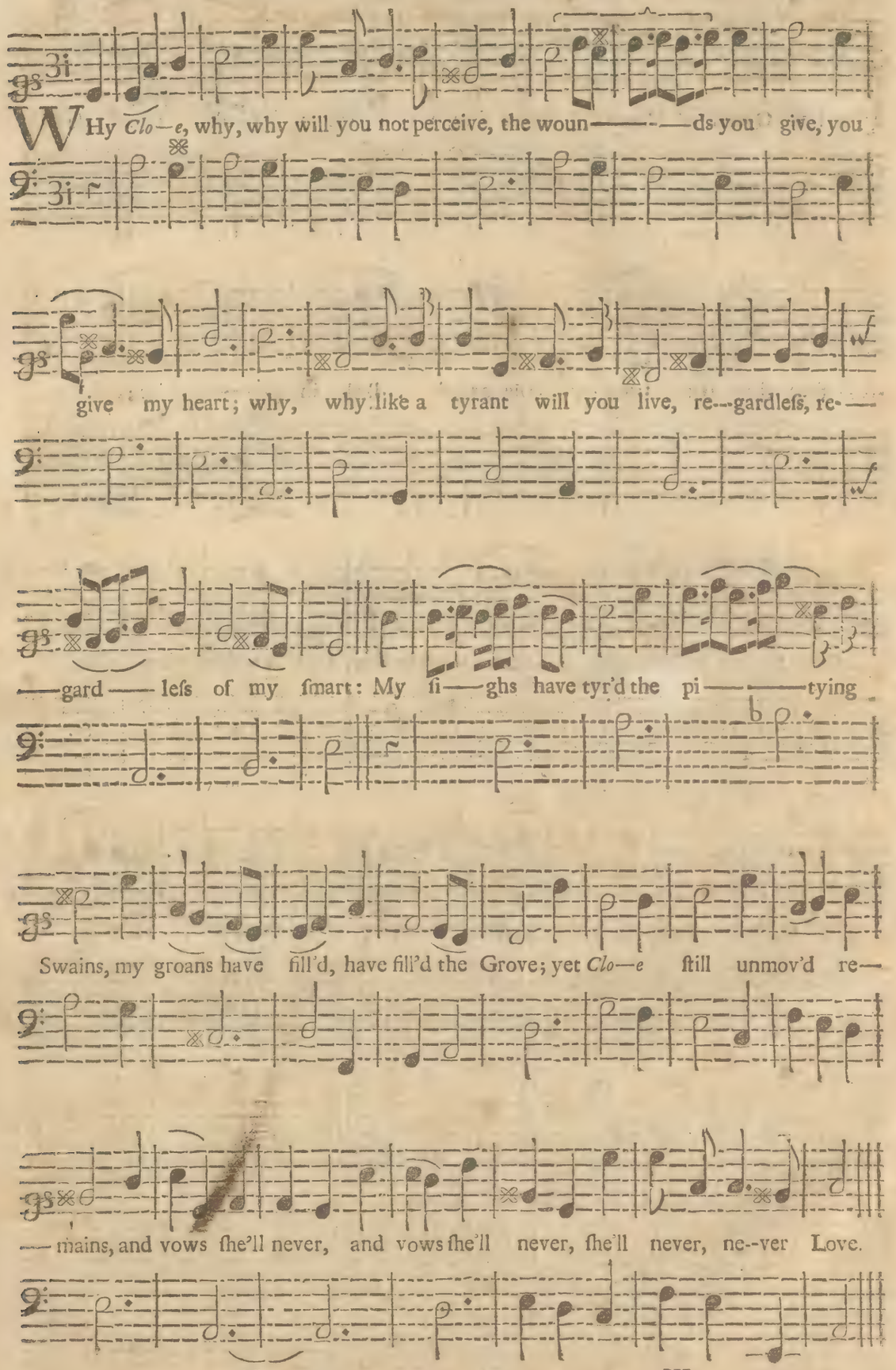
II.

Let buiſy fools in Libels raile,
Their malice I'le out-brave;
On me no ſcandal ſhall prevail,
So ſhe th' appearance ſave;
For if I think I have her Heart,
My own for hers is due;
Let her but act the tender part,
I'le think the joy is true.

Sung by Mrs. *Willis* in the 3*d*. Act.



Sung by Mr. *Church*, Words by *John Robens*, Esq.

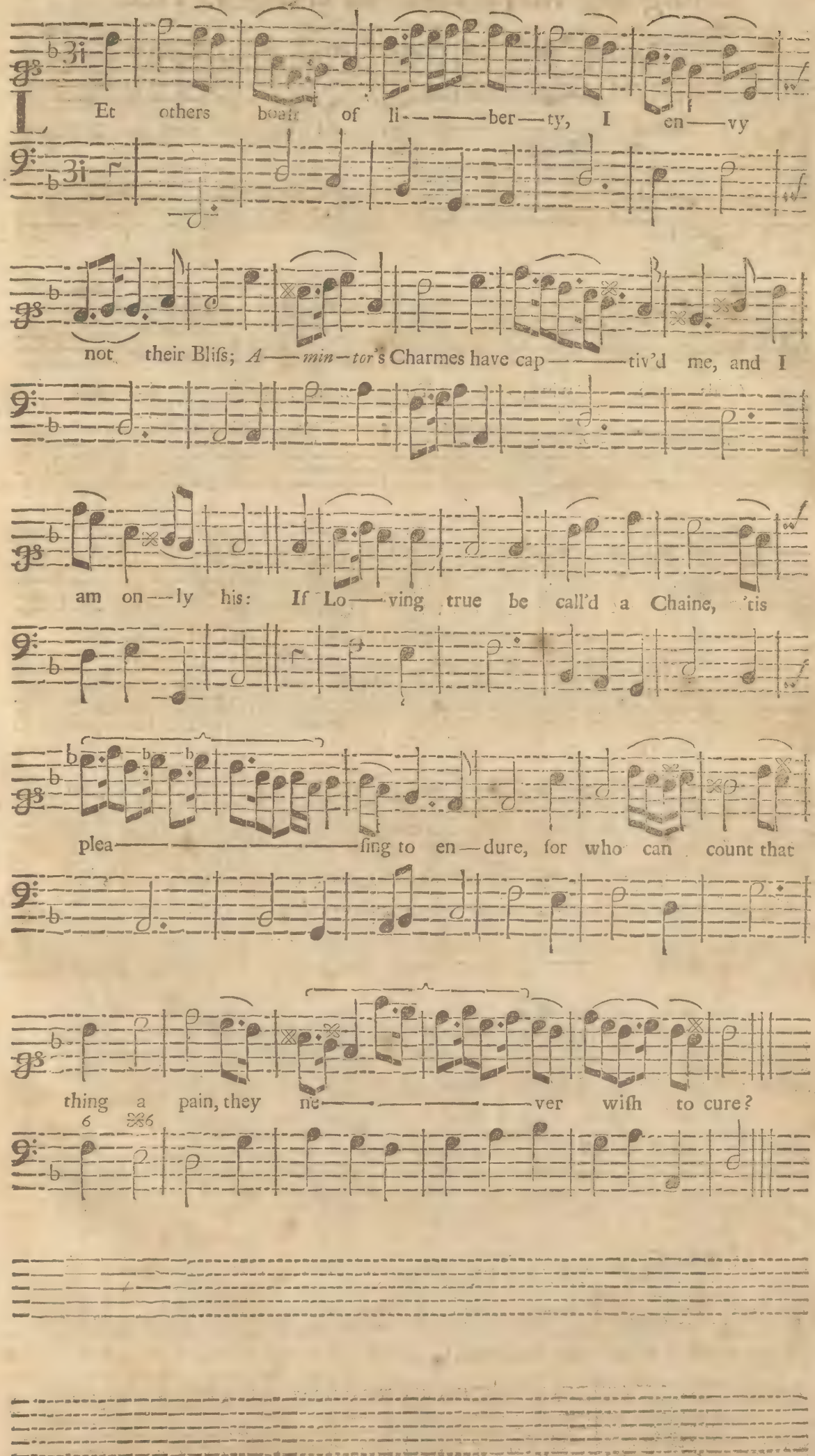


II.

But *Cloe*, oh! at length be taught,
Reserv'dness is a crime;
And if you can commit a fault,
'Tis one to fool with time:
Old age may come, your Charms will wast,
Your Beauties may decay;
Then to Love's tenders't joys make hast,
Be happy whilst you may.

III.

Single the *Phænix* lives alone,
The reason for't is this;
Nature at once permits but one,
If two they'd taste the Bliss:
With envious Eyes long she perceives,
Joys other Creatures prove;
For want of which the world she leaves,
Expires in flames of Love.


LEt others boast of li——ber—ty, I en—vy
not their Bliſs; A——min—tor's Charmes have cap——tiv'd me, and I
am on—ly his: If Lo—ving true be call'd a Chaine, 'tis
plea——ſing to en—dure, for who can count that
thing a pain, they ne——ver wiſh to cure?

Sung by Mr. *Freeman* in the 5*th*. Act.

F Mortals lau——————gh and ſing, 'tis time we Gods, we

Gods take wing; To mount, to mount and

ſend him down the guar-di--an of his Crown; *Aſ*——

——*tre--a*, *Aſ—tre—a*, who from Earth was driv'n till *Al—bion* call'd her

back, till *Albion* call'd her back from Heav'n, till *Al—bion*

call'd her back from Heav'n.

A Dialogue Sung between Mr. *Edwards*, and Mrs. *Croſs*.

He.

WHY, Why doſt thou fly me pretty, pretty, pretty Maid; tho' old, I feel, I

feel Loves fire, which cannot, which cannot be quench'd with—out thy Aid, then

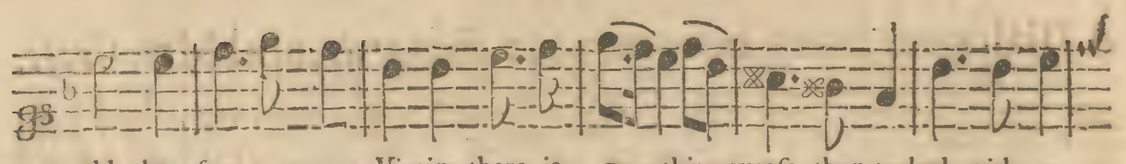
prethee, then pre———thee fair one be not cold, for tho' 'tis true I'm

ve--ry, ve--ry old, I ſtill have young, I ſti———ll have

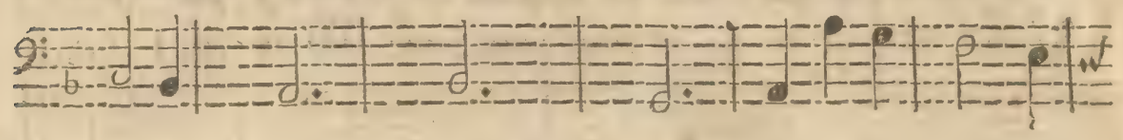
young de—ſire, I ſtill, I ſti———ll have young de—ſire.

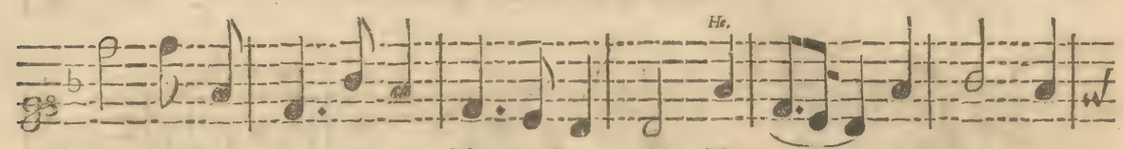
She.

Nay prethee dear *Neſtor* ceaſe, ceaſe this diſcourſe, for I've often, I've often been

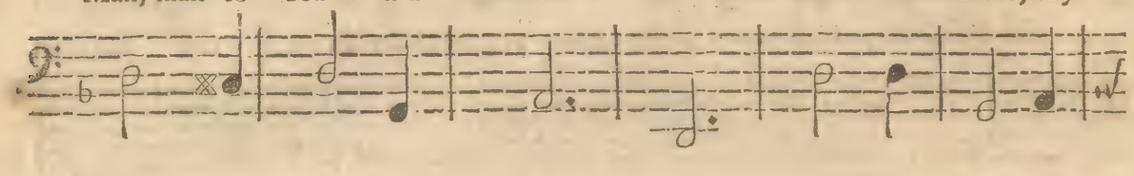


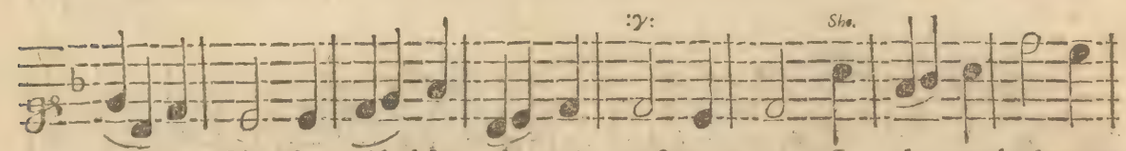
told, that for a young Virgin there is no - thing worſe, than to bed with a



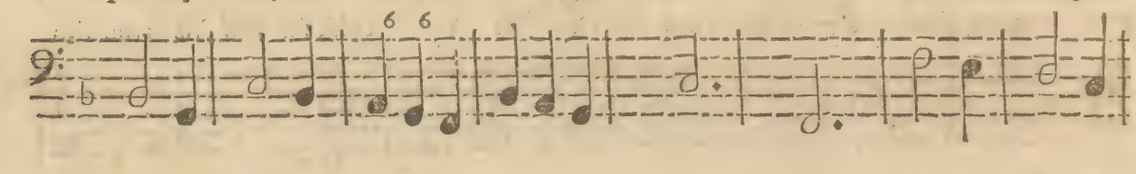


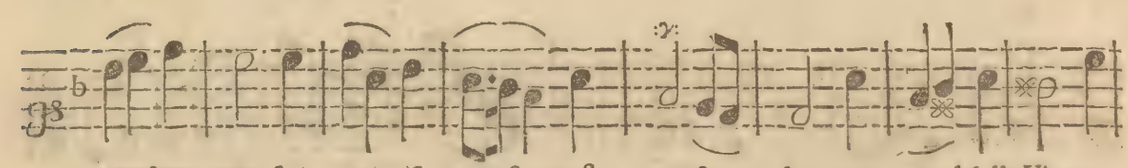
Man, than to bed with a Man that is old. You much mi—ſtake, my



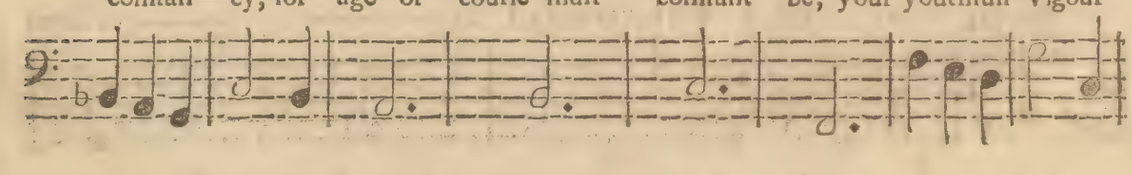


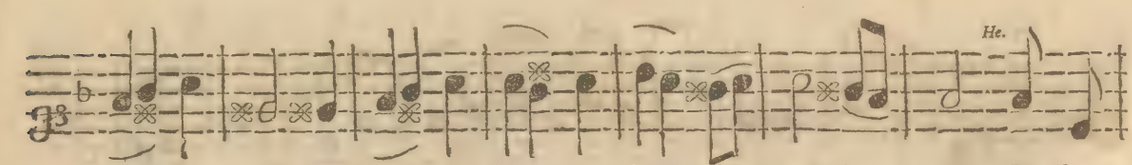
pret--ty fair, for old Men al--ways conſtant are. I do not doubt your



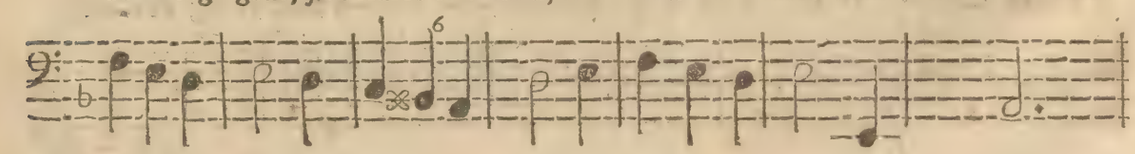


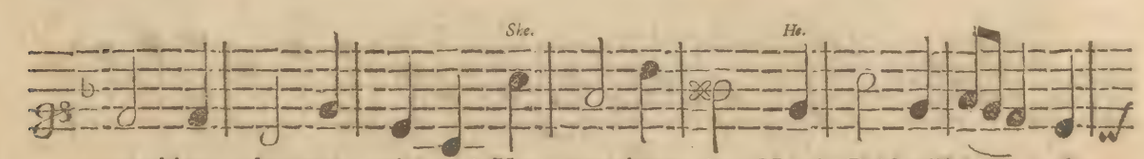
conſtan — cy, for age of courſe muſt conſtant be; your youthfull Vigour



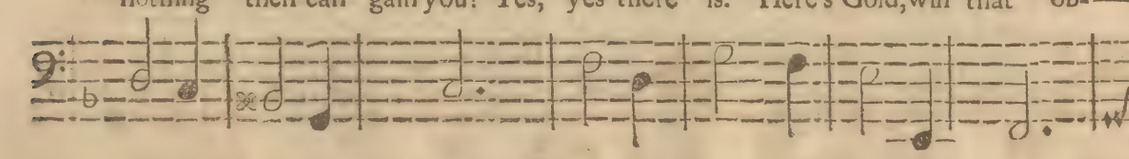


be — ing gone, you ſcarce can think, can think of more than one. Is there





nothing then can gain you? Yes, yes there is. Here's Gold, will that ob-—



She. He. She.

——tain you? Oh! fye, fye, fye. See here, see here is ſtore of Gold, oh!

He.

fye, fye, fye, fye, oh! fye, you'r old. No matter Child, no mat--ter

She.

Child, here's Gold. Well I'le take it for once, but I muſt have more, for

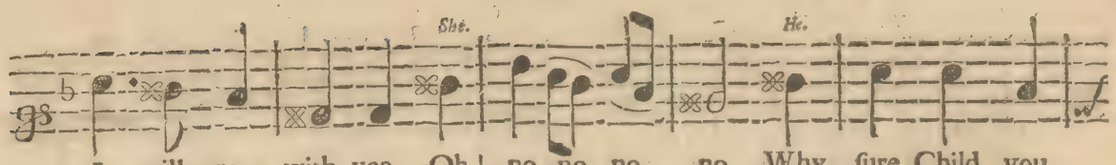
He.

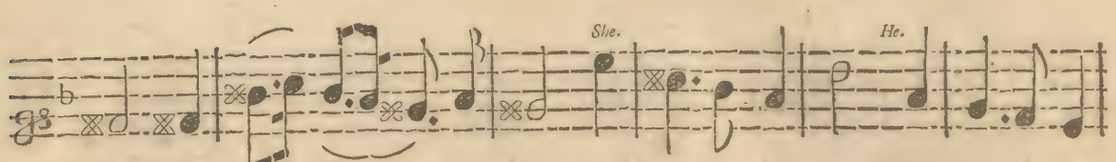
this is too lit--tle, too lit--tle to win me: Nay ra--ther than ſo thou ſhalt

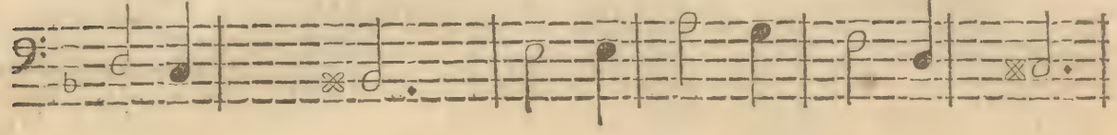
have all my ſtore, and if that fail, and if that fail, the

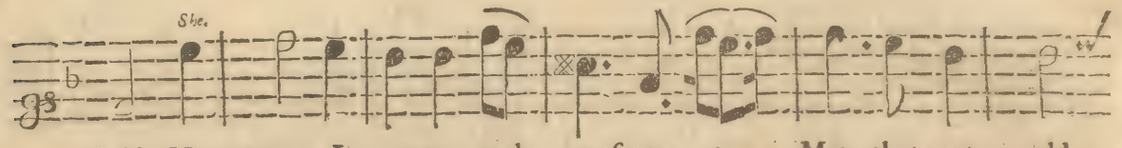
She. He.

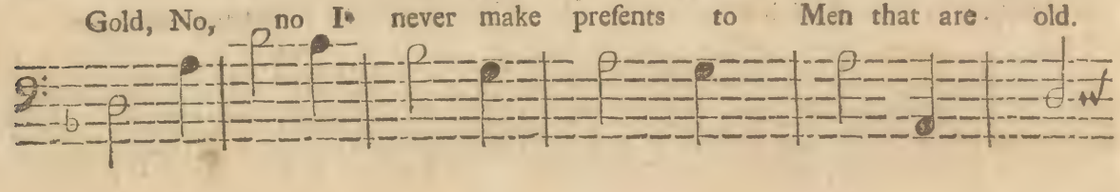
Devil, the Devil is in ye. I thank you, and now I muſt go. And



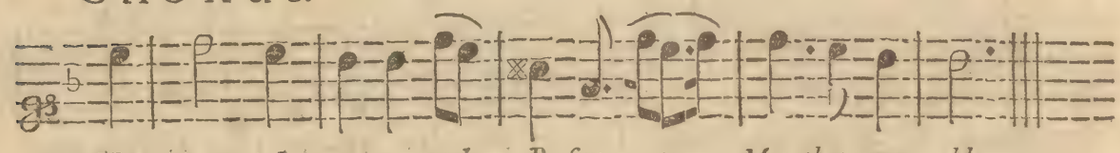


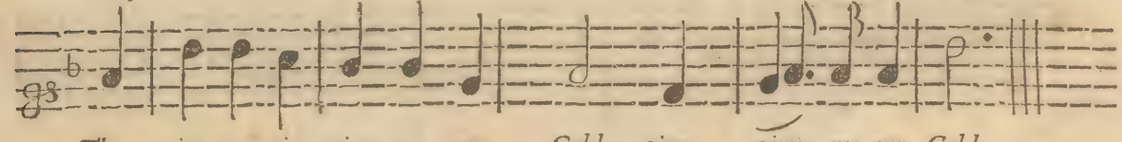


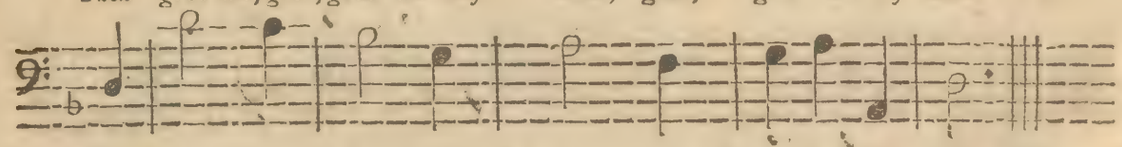




CHORUS.





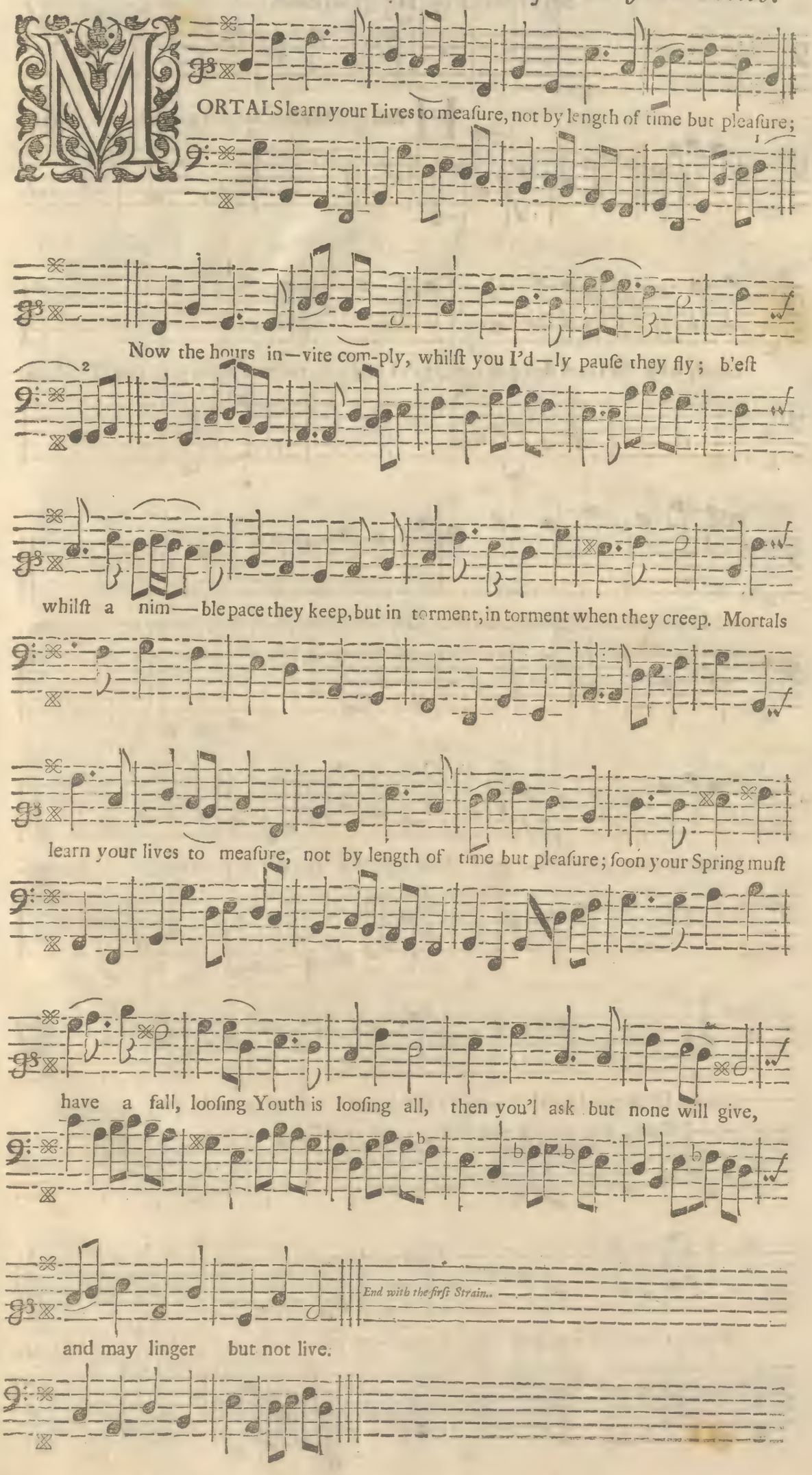


F I N I S.

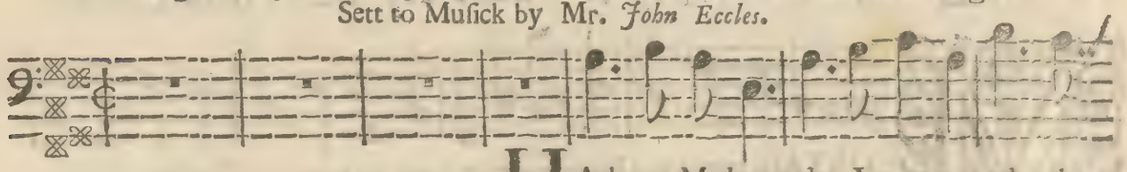
Delitiae Musicae: / Being a / Collection of the newest and best Songs, / with the Dialogues in the last New Play call'd / (Love's a Jest) Sett by Mr. John Eccles. Sung at / His Majesties Theatres. Most of the Songs / within the Compass of the Flute. / with / a Thorow-Bass, for the Theorbo-Lute, / Bass-Viol, Harpsichord, or Organ. / Composed by several of the Best Masters. / The Second Book of the Second Volume. / [illegible]. / London, / Printed by J. Heptinstall, for Henry Playford at his Shop in the Temple-/Change, Fleetstreet, where the first Volume is to be had; also a New Book for the / Flute, being the Best and Easiest Instructions yet Publish'd. And Sold at Oxford / by Francis Dollifie Book-binder, who Sells all other Musick-Books. 1696. / Price One Shilling six Pence. /

9.

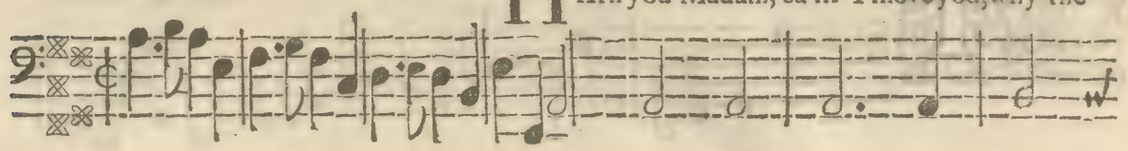
A Song in (*Love's a Jest*). Sett by Mr. *John Eccles*.

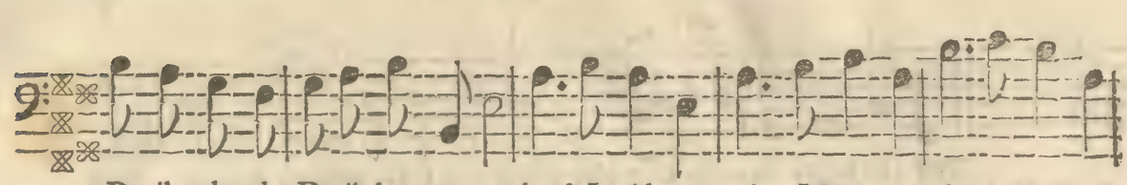


A Dialogue in (*Love's a Jest*) between Mr. *Bowman* and Mrs. *Bracegirdle.*
Sett to Musick by Mr. *John Eccles.*

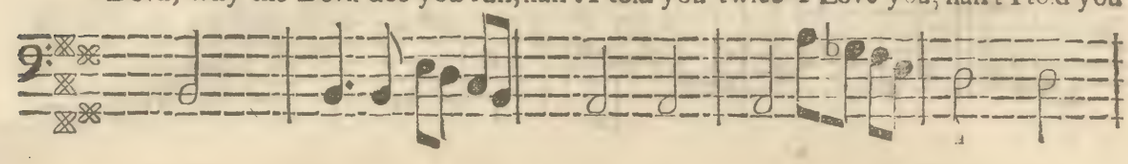


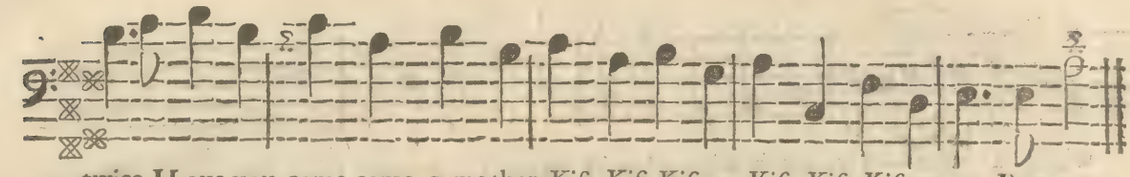
HArk you Madam, ca'nt I move you, why the



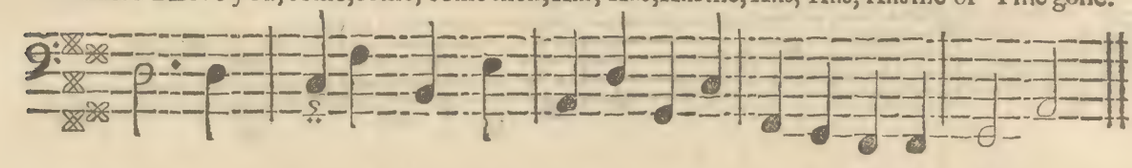


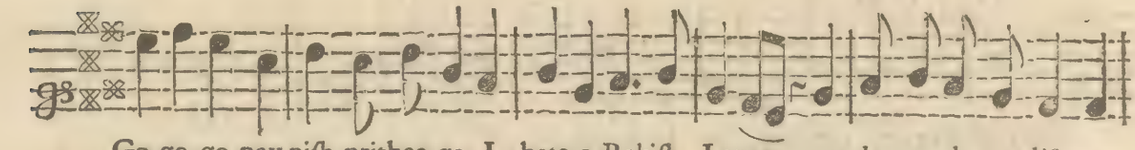
Devil, why the Devil doe you run, han't I told you twice I Love you, han't I to'd you



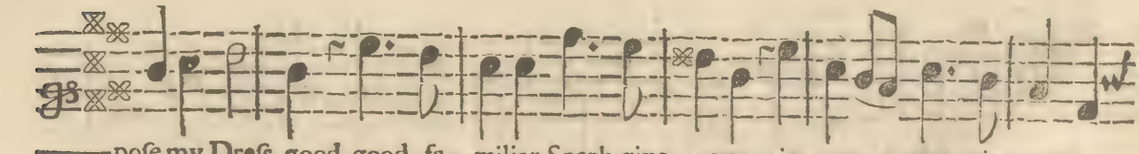


twice I Love you, come, come, come then, Kiſs, Kiſs, Kiſs me, Kiſs, Kiſs, Kiſs me or I'me gone.

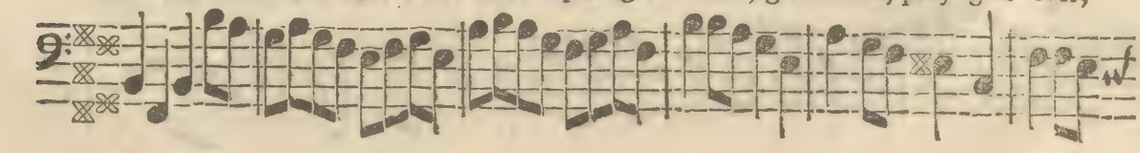


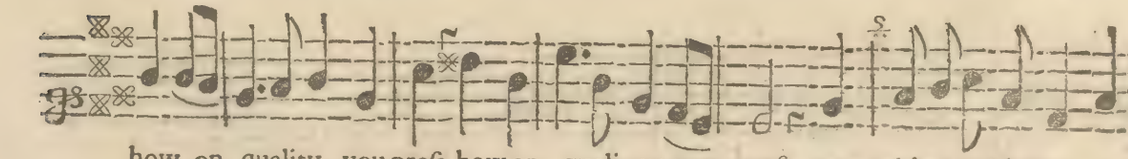


Go, go, go, nay piſh, prithee go I hate a Rakiſh Lover ; nay do not, do not diſcom—

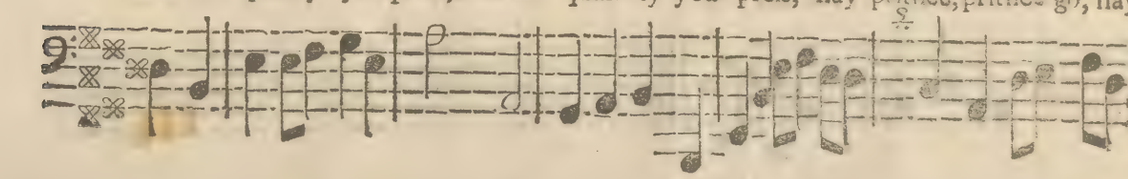


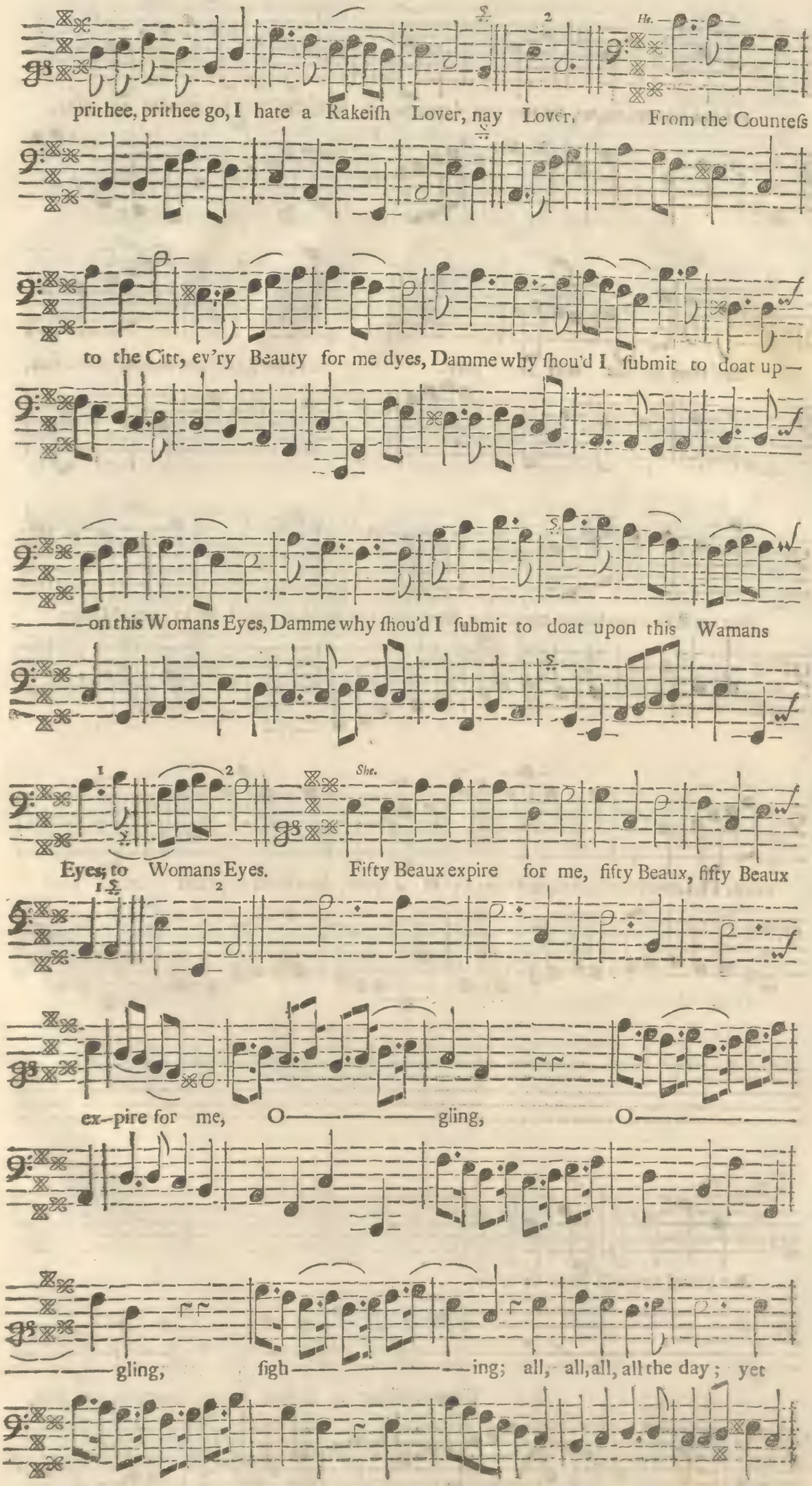
——poſe my Dreſs, good, good fa--miliar Spark give over, give over, pray give over,

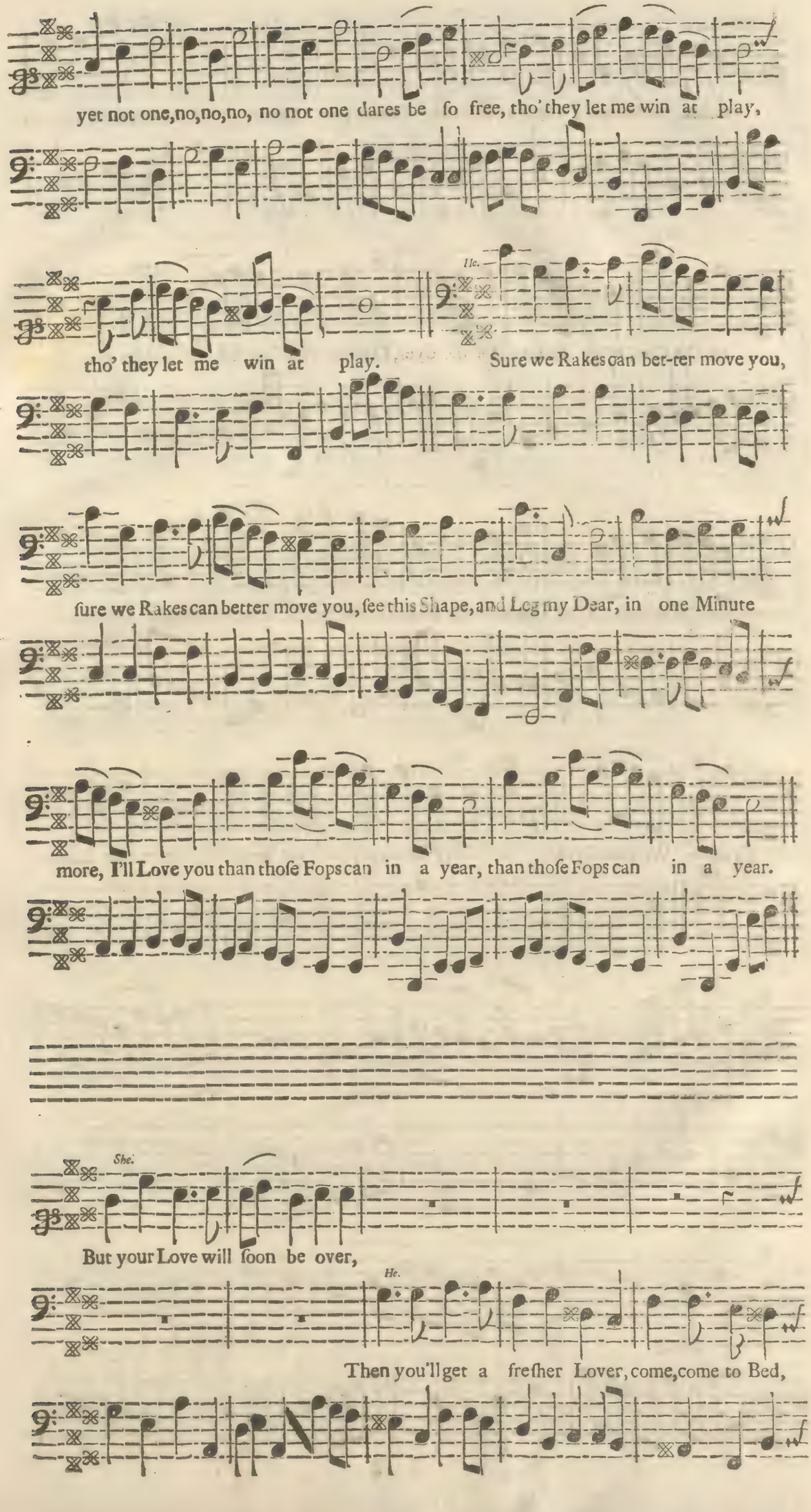


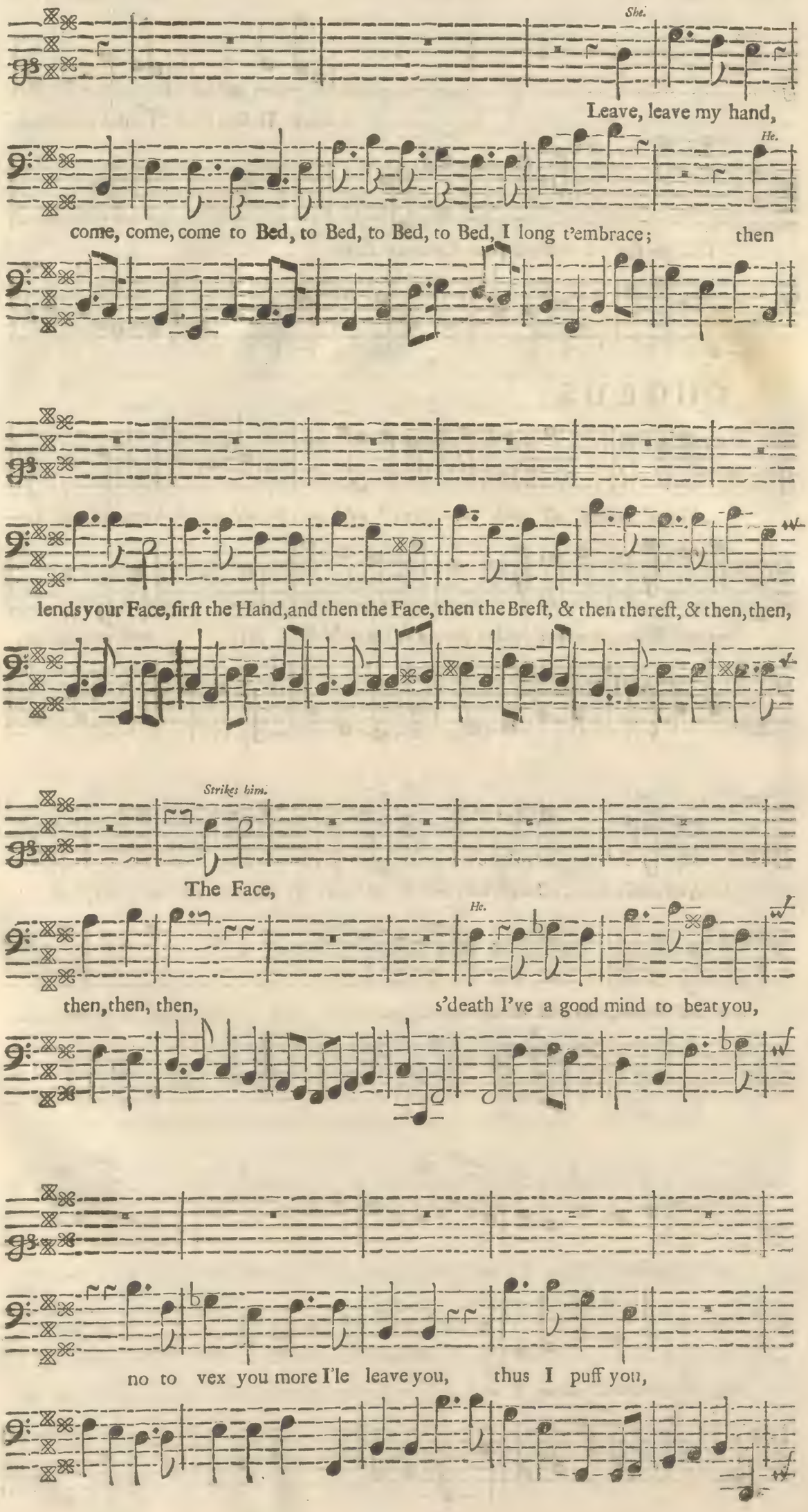


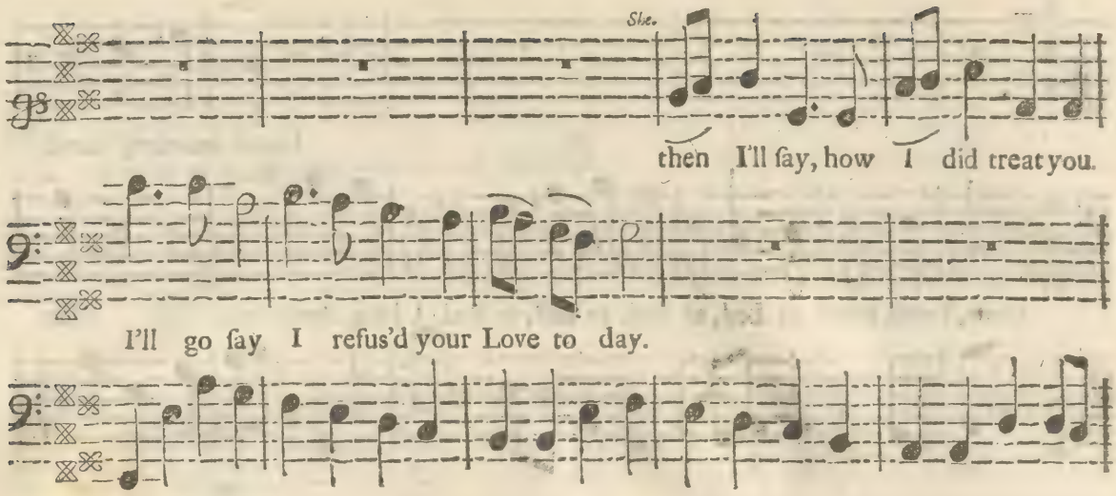
how on quality you preſs, how on quali--ty you preſs, nay prithee, prithee go, nay



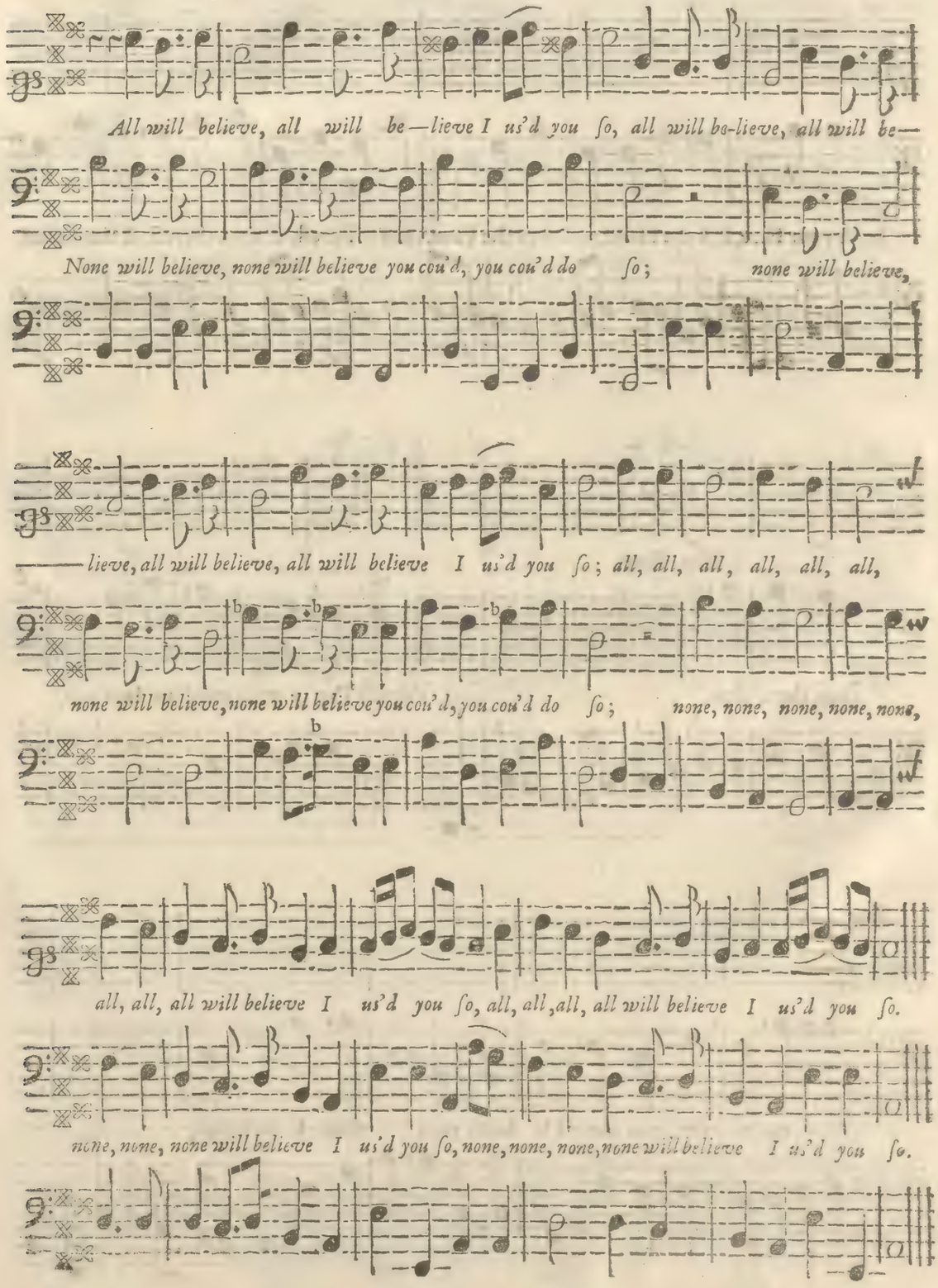

He.
prithee, prithee go, I hate a Rakeish Lover, nay Lover. From the Countess
to the Citt, ev'ry Beauty for me dyes, Damme why shou'd I submit to doat up—
——on this Womans Eyes, Damme why shou'd I submit to doat upon this Wamans
Eyes; to Womans Eyes.
She.
Fifty Beaux expire for me, fifty Beaux, fifty Beaux
ex-pire for me, O——gling, O——
——gling, sigh——ing; all, all, all, all the day; yet


yet not one,no,no,no, no not one dares be so free, tho' they let me win at play,
tho' they let me win at play.
He.
Sure we Rakes can bet-ter move you,
sure we Rakes can better move you, see this Shape, and Leg my Dear, in one Minute
more, I'll Love you than those Fops can in a year, than those Fops can in a year.
She.
But your Love will soon be over,
He.
Then you'll get a fresher Lover, come,come to Bed,

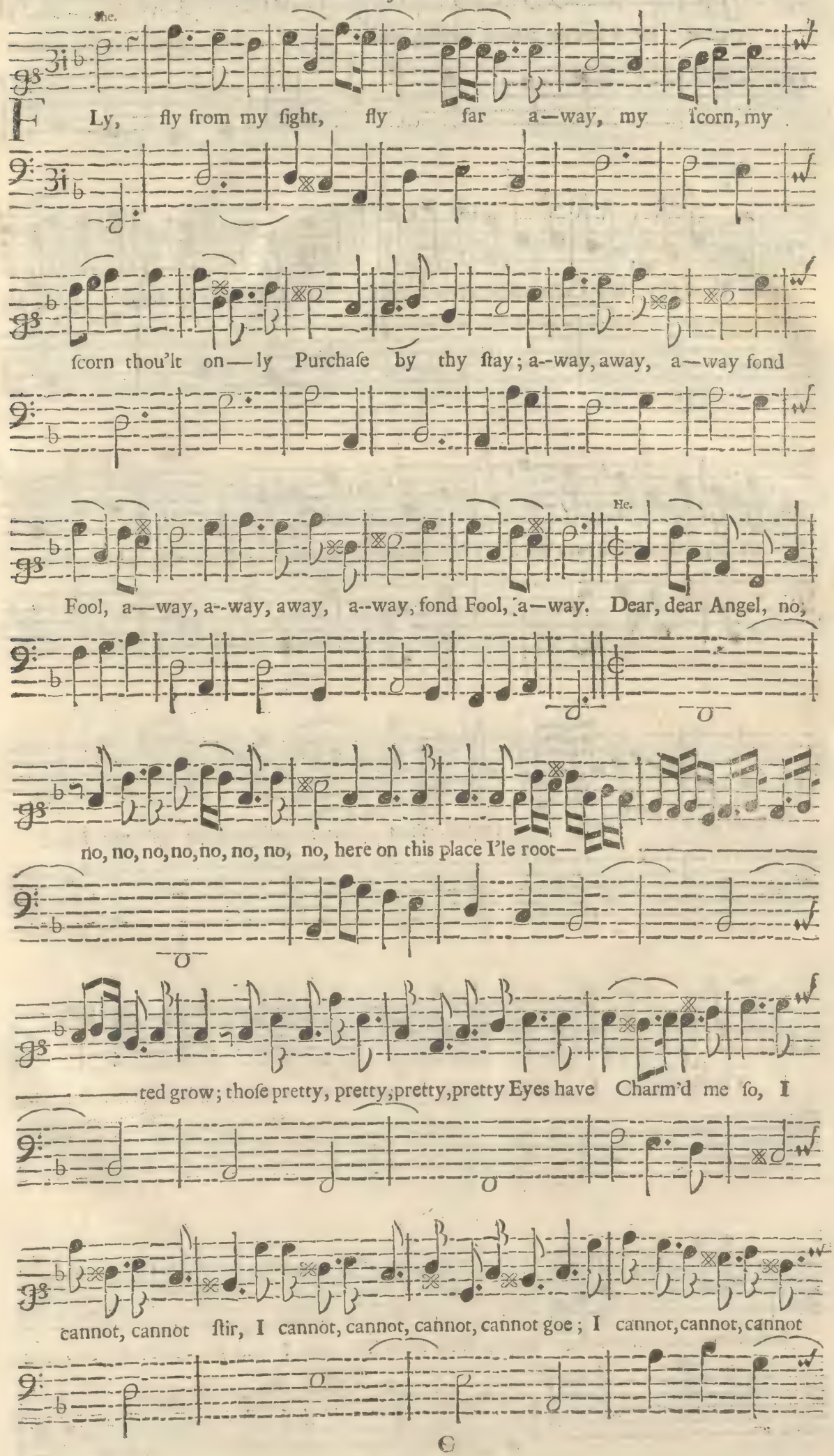

She.
Leave, leave my hand,
He.
come, come, come to Bed, to Bed, to Bed, to Bed, I long t'embrace; then
lends your Face, first the Hand, and then the Face, then the Breſt, & then the reſt, & then, then,
Strikes him.
The Face,
He.
then, then, then, s'death I've a good mind to beat you,
no to vex you more I'le leave you, thus I puff you,

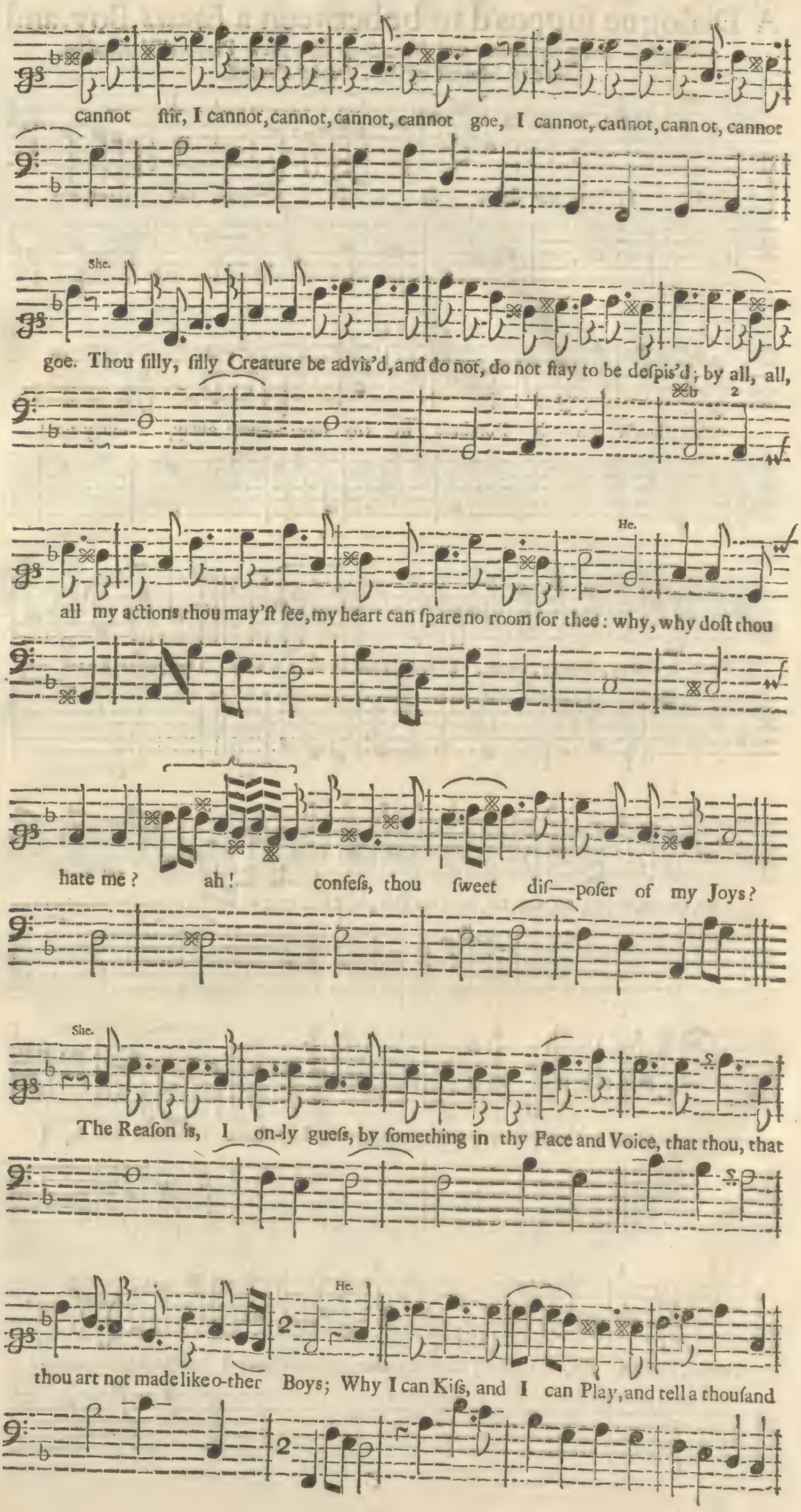

Sho.
then I'll ſay, how I did treat you.
I'll go ſay I refus'd your Love to day.

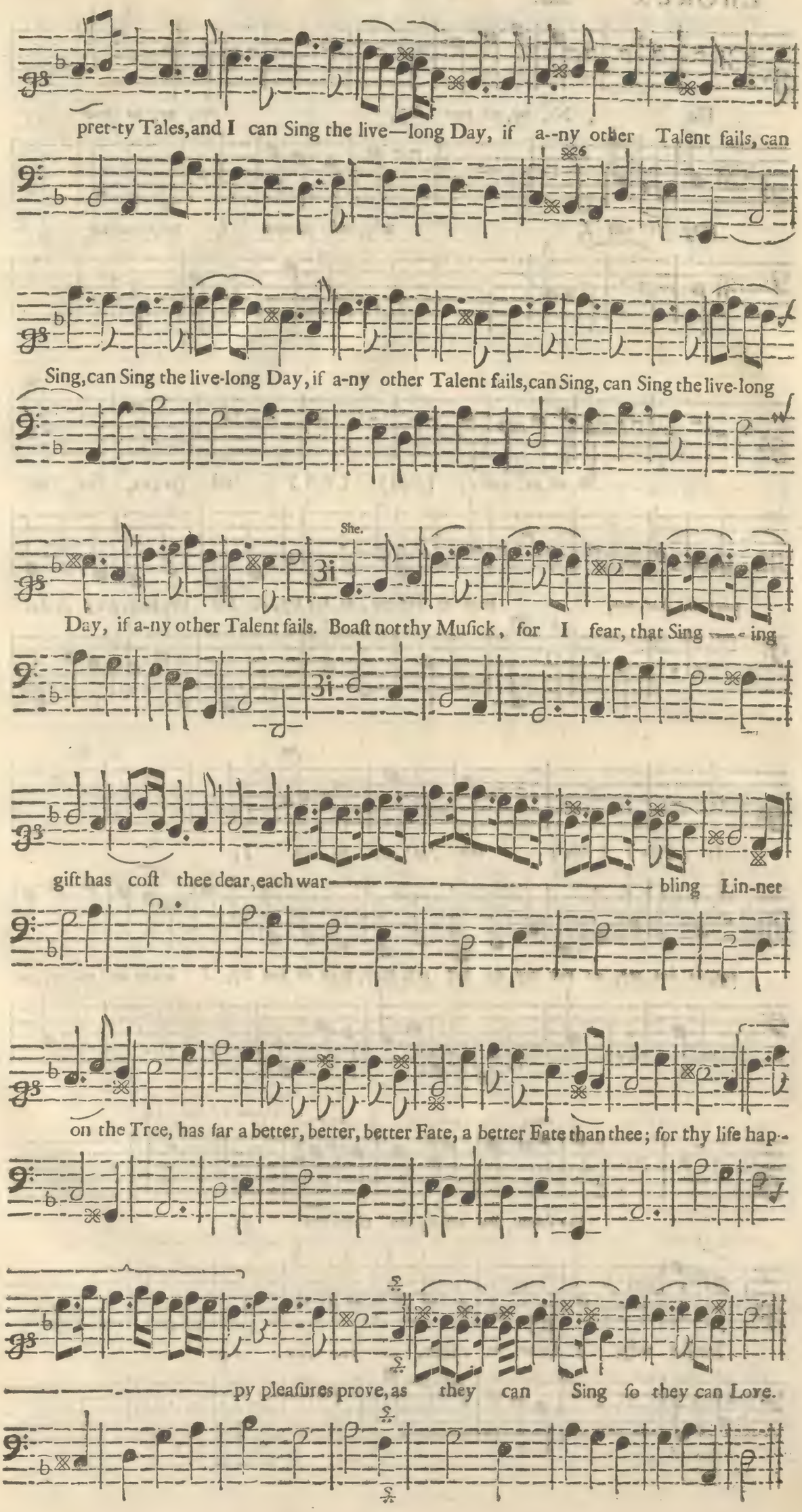
CHORUS.


All will believe, all will be—lieve I us'd you ſo, all will be-lieve, all will be—
None will believe, none will believe you cou'd, you cou'd do ſo; none will believe,
——lieve, all will believe, all will believe I us'd you ſo; all, all, all, all, all, all,
none will believe, none will believe you cou'd, you cou'd do ſo; none, none, none, none, none,
all, all, all will believe I us'd you ſo, all, all, all, all will believe I us'd you ſo.
none, none, none will believe I us'd you ſo, none, none, none, none will believe I us'd you ſo.

A Dialogue ſuppos'd to be between a *Eunuch* Boy, and a Virgin. Sung by *Bowen* and Mrs. *Croſs* in a New Play call'd *Ibrahim*. Sett to Muſick by Mr. *Daniel Purcell*.




cannot ſtir, I cannot, cannot, cannot, cannot goe, I cannot, cannot, cannot, cannot
She.
goe. Thou ſilly, ſilly Creature be advis'd, and do not, do not ſtay to be deſpis'd; by all, all,
He.
all my actions thou may'ſt ſee, my heart can ſpare no room for thee: why, why doſt thou
hate me? ah! confeſs, thou ſweet diſ--poſer of my Joys?
She.
The Reaſon is, I on-ly gueſs, by ſomething in thy Face and Voice, that thou, that
He.
thou art not made like o-ther Boys; Why I can Kiſs, and I can Play, and tell a thouſand


pret-ty Tales, and I can Sing the live—long Day, if a--ny other Talent fails, can
Sing, can Sing the live-long Day, if a-ny other Talent fails, can Sing, can Sing the live-long
She.
Day, if a-ny other Talent fails. Boast not thy Musick, for I fear, that Sing — ing
gift has cost thee dear, each war — bling Lin-net
on the Tree, has far a better, better, better Fate, a better Fate than thee; for thy life hap-
py pleasures prove, as they can Sing so they can Love.

CHORUS. She.

He. No, no, no poor Boy, No, no, no poor Boy;

Why so can I, why, why cannot I, why cannot I,

No, no, no not I; (Pish) (Pish) Oh fye; no, no not

pray do but try, pray do but try, do but try, do but try, pray, pray do but

I; (Pish) (Pish) Oh fye; no, no not I;

try, do but try, do but try, do but try, pray, pray do but try, I know no reason, no

You know, you know, you know you lye.

rea-son why, I know no reason, no rea—son why.

A Dialogue Sung on *Hob's* Wedding, at a Country *Wake*. Sett to Musick by Mr. *John Eccles*.

Mr. *Wiltshire*.

Come *Hodge*, come *Robin*, come *Robin*, come *John*, come *Katy*, come *Katy*, come *Jenny*,

come *Joan*, make haſt all and don, your beſt Clothes on, for *Hob* muſt be Married, be Married

Hob.

a non; For I muſt be Married, for I muſt be Married, be Married, be Married,

Cho.

be Married a--non. *For* Hob, Hob *muſt be Married, for* Hob *muſt be*

Cho.

For Hob *muſt be Married, for* Hob *muſt be Married, for*

Married, for Hob *muſt be Married, for* Hob *muſt be Married, be Married, be Married a non.*

Hob *muſt be Married, for* Hob *muſt be Married, be Married, be Married, be Married a non.*

Wiltshire.

Let the Plough to day ſtand ſtill, and Maids go not to the Mill; but haſt to the

Hob.

Wedding, but haſt to the Wedding, no matter for bidding, no matter for bidding, you may

all come, you may all come, you may all come that will. *You may all*

Cho.

You may all, you may

come, you may all come, you may all come, you may all come, you may all, all, all, all, all,

all, come, you may all come, you may all come you may all, all, all all, all, all

all, all, you may all come that will.

Wiltſhire.

There's Pudding and ſuch good Cheer, and a

all, all, all, all may come that will.

Barrel of good ſtrong Beer, and the Fidler ſhall play, and we'll trip it all day; But at

Cho

Night gadſookers ſtand Clear, ſtand Clear, but at Night gadſookers ſtand Clear.

Cho.

But at Night gadſookers ſtand Clear, gadſookers ſtand Clear, gadſookers ſtand Clear, gad —

But at Night, at Night gad —ſookers ſtand Clear, gad--ſookers ſtand Clear, gadſookers ſtand

—ſookers ſtand Clear, at Night ſtand Clear, ſtand Clear, at Night gad--ſookers ſtand Clear.

Clear, at Night, at Night ſtand Clear, ſtand Clear, at Night gadſookers ſtand Clear.

Mrs. *Hudſon.*

Here's I, and *Katy* and *Sue*, we're all as ready as you; but *Mary* does ſay ſhe'l

Mary.

not Marry to day; By my troth I wonot, I wonot, I wonot, by my troth I

wonnot come too.

Cho. *She wonot come too, ſhe wonot come too, ſhe*

Cho. *She wonot come too, ſhe wonont come*

wonot come too, ſhe wonot come too, by my troth ſhe wonot come too.

too, ſhe wonot come too, ſhe wonot come too, ſhe wonot come too.

Mrs. Hudson.

Come *Mary*, come, come, come, come, come, come, come, come *Mary*, come, come, come,

Mr. Wiltshire.

Come *Mary*, come, come, come *Mary*, come, come, come *Mary*, come,

come, come, come, come, come *Mary* you muſt be rul'd; then give him your Hand, then

come, come *Mary*, come *Mary* you muſt be rul'd; then give him your

Hob.

give him your Hand, and ſay you'r well mov'd, and ſay you'r well mov'd. Don't think,

Hand, and ſay you'r well mov'd, and ſay you'r well mov'd, well mov'd.

Cho.

don't think, don't think that *Hob* will be fool'd.

Cho.

don't think, don't think, don't

don't think, don't think, don't

Mary.

think, don't think, that Hob *that* Hob *will be fool'd.* Come, come then, come, come then

think, don't think, that Hob, *that* Hob *will be fool'd.*

Hob.

Come, come then to Church; come, come then to Church, and let's Wedd. And af--ter

that we'll to Bed, to Bed, and after that we'll to Bed. Yet I cannot, I

cannot, but Cry, to think I ſhall dye, when I part with my Maiden-head; I cannot but

cannot but Cry, to think I ſhall dye when I part with my Mai-den—head.

CHORUS.

She cannot but cry to think ſhe ſhall dye, ſhe cannot but cry to think ſhe ſhall dye, ſhe

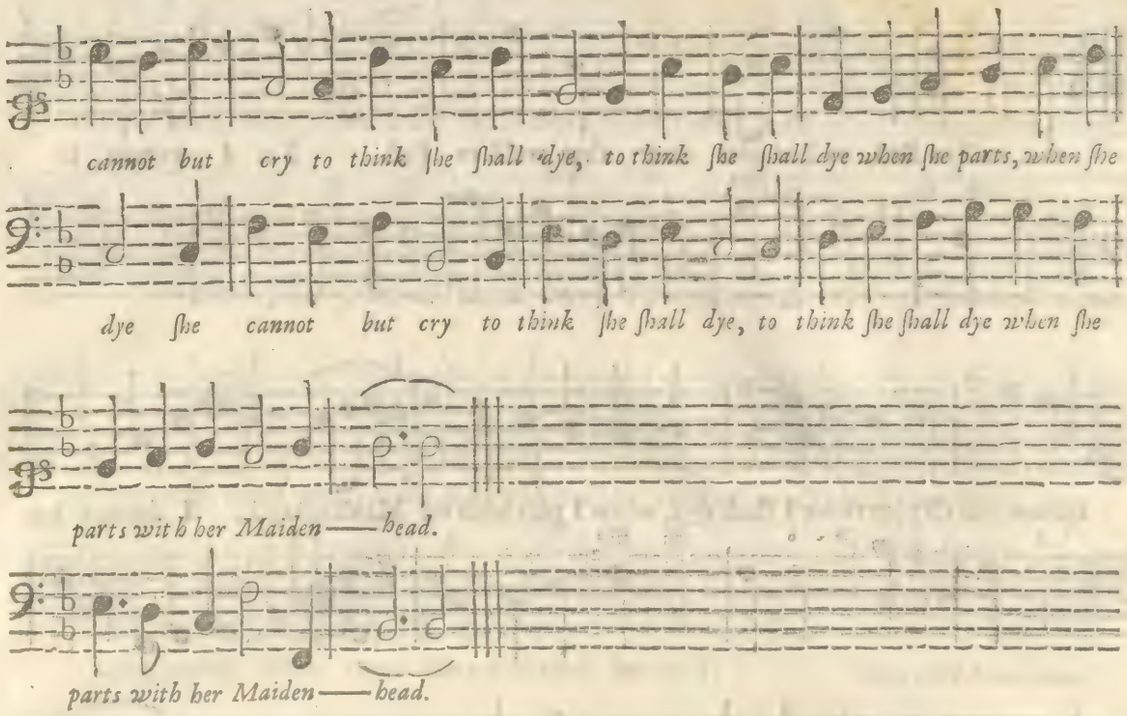
She cannot, ſhe cannot but cry to think ſhe ſhall dye, ſhe cannot but cry, to think ſhe ſhall

cannot but cry to think ſhe ſhall dye, when ſhe parts with her Mai--den--head;

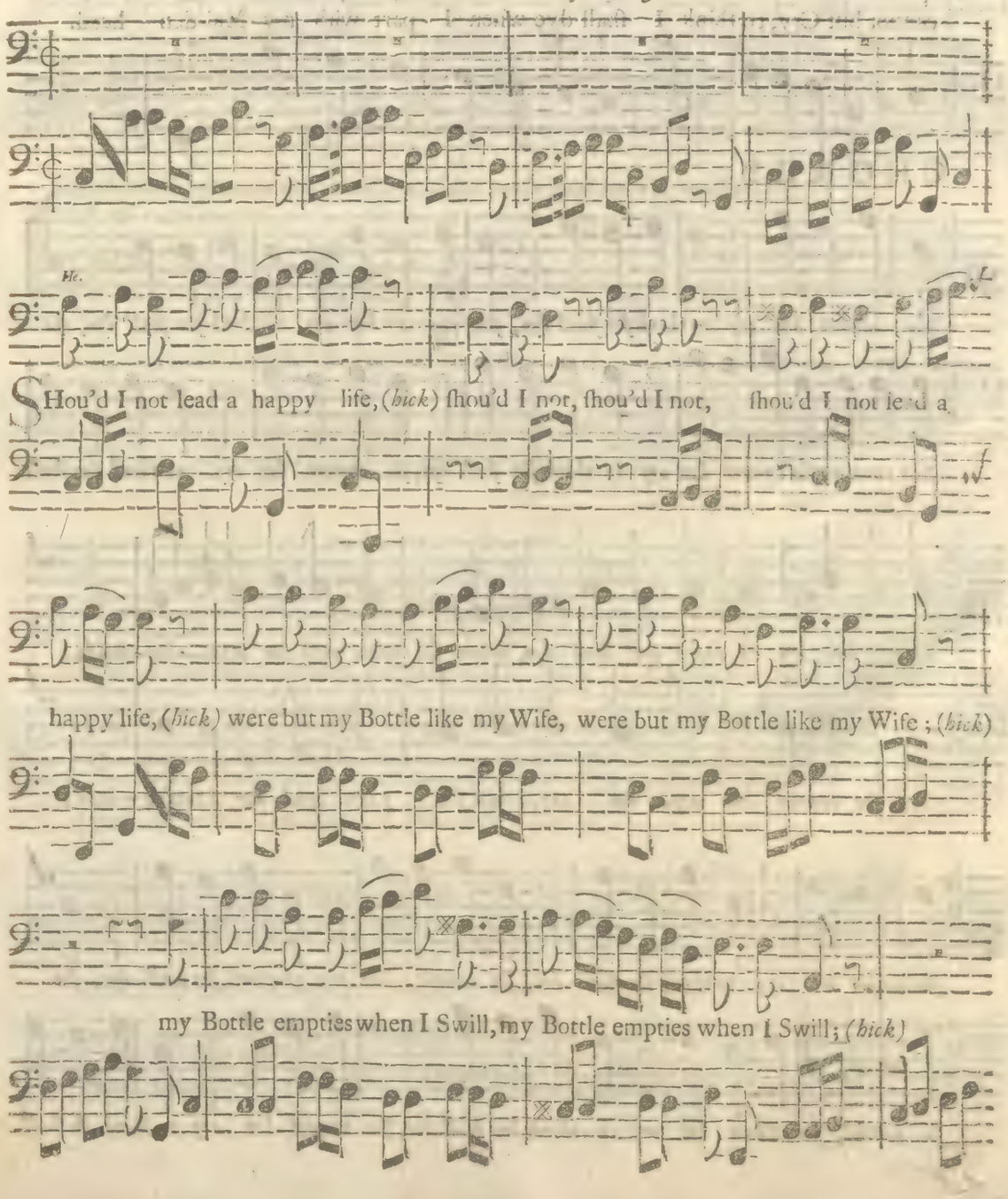
dye, ſhe cannot but cry, but cry, when ſhe parts with her Maiden—head;

ſhe cannot but cry to think ſhe ſhall dye, ſhe cannot but cry to think ſhe ſhall dye, ſhe

ſhe cannot, ſhe cannot but cry to think ſhe ſhall dye, ſhe cannot but cry to think ſhe ſhall



A Drunken Dialogue in (*Love's a Jeſt*) between Mr. *Reading* and M. *Lee*, in the Second Act. Sett to Muſick by Mr. *John Eccles*.



But my Wife ſwells up, but my Wife ſwells up, but my Wife, my Wife ſwells up

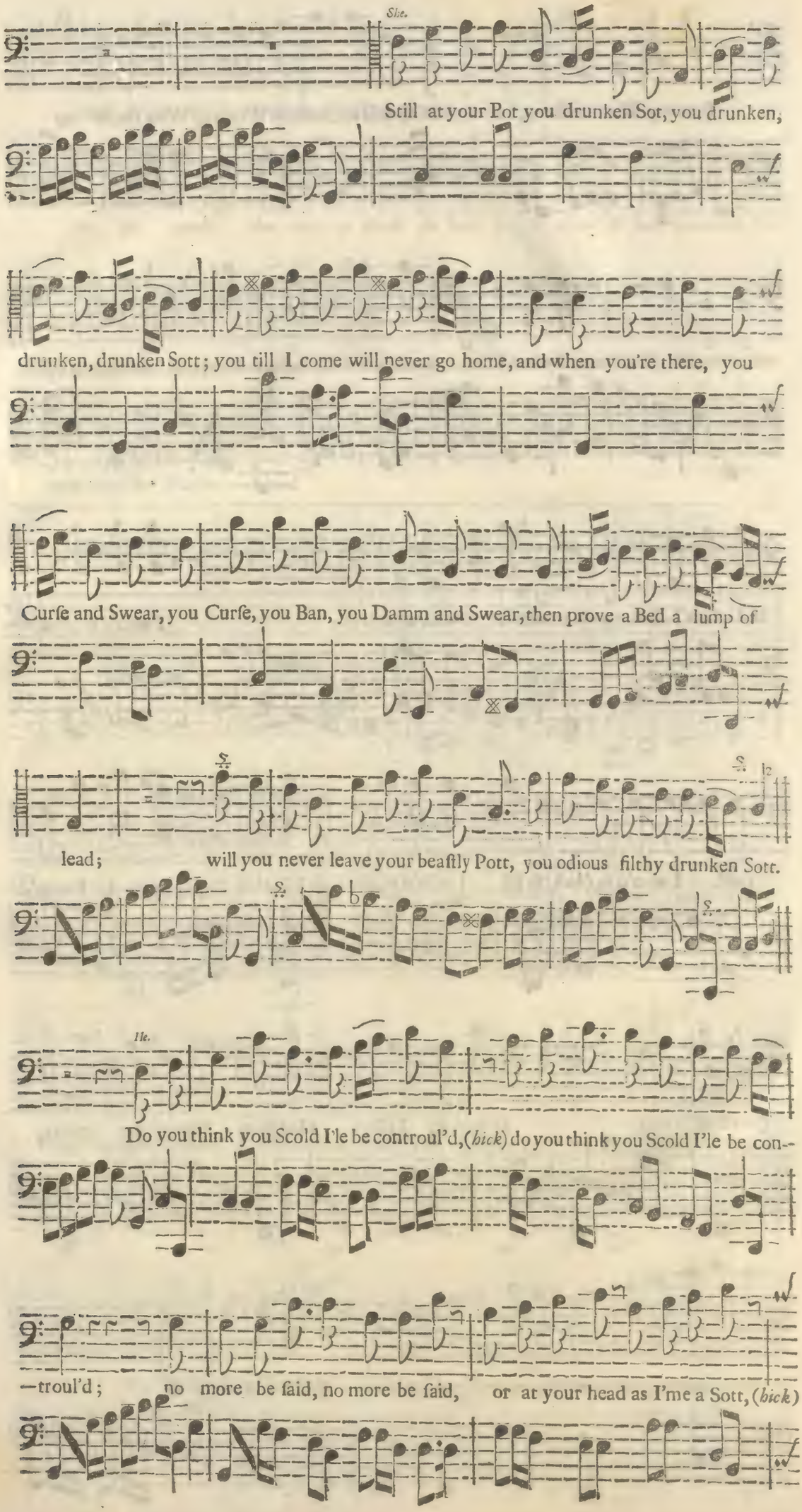
when we Bill; (*hick*) wou'd when I Drink, wou'd when I Drink my Bottle fill; and when I Kiſs,

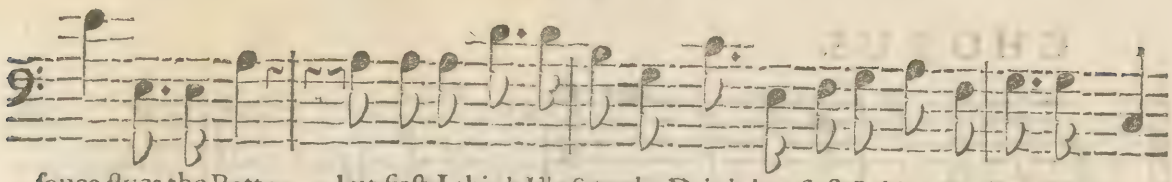
and when I Kiſs my Wife not ſwell, all wou'd be well; I wou'd ſo (*hick*) ſo

ſwill, I wou'd ſo, (*hick*) ſo fill, I wou'd ſo, (*hick*) ſo Bill, that dai-ly, dai—ly I wou'd

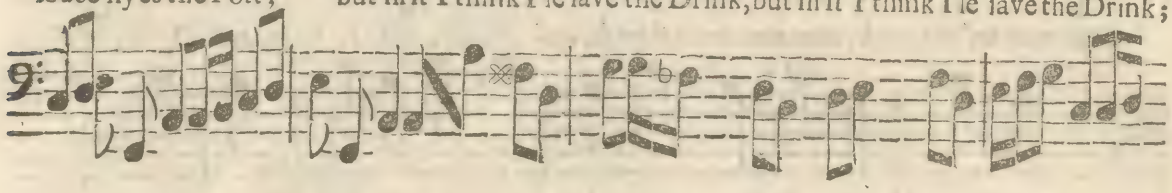
ſpend my life; Drinking, Filling, Hugging, Billing, my merry,

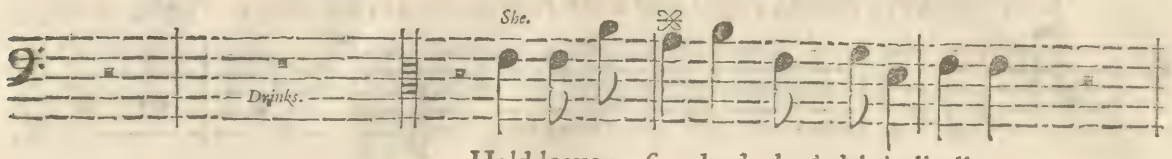
merry, merry, merry, merry, merry, merry, merry Bottle and my Wife.


She.
Still at your Pot you drunken Sot, you drunken,
drunken, drunken Sott; you till I come will never go home, and when you're there, you
Curſe and Swear, you Curſe, you Ban, you Damm and Swear, then prove a Bed a lump of
lead; will you never leave your beaſtly Pott, you odious filthy drunken Sott.
He.
Do you think you Scold I'le be controul'd, (*hick*) do you think you Scold I'le be con-
-troul'd; no more be ſaid, no more be ſaid, or at your head as I'me a Sott, (*hick*)

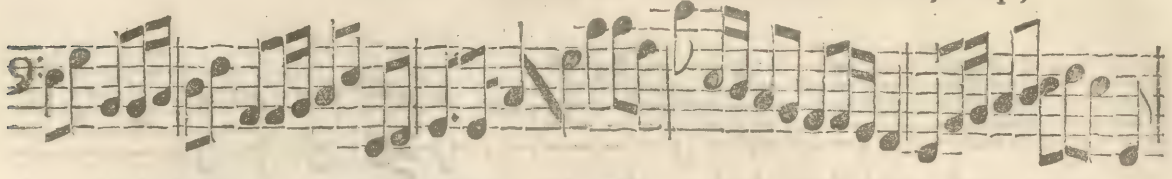


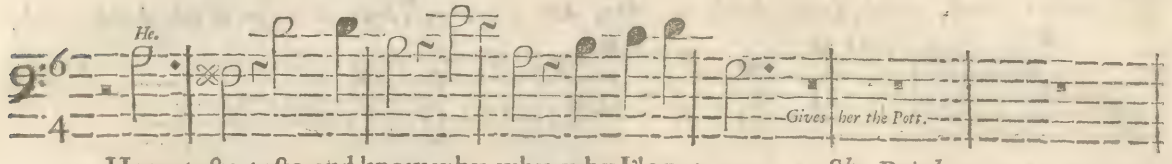
ſouce flyes the Pott; but firſt I think I'le ſave the Drink, but firſt I think I'le ſave the Drink;



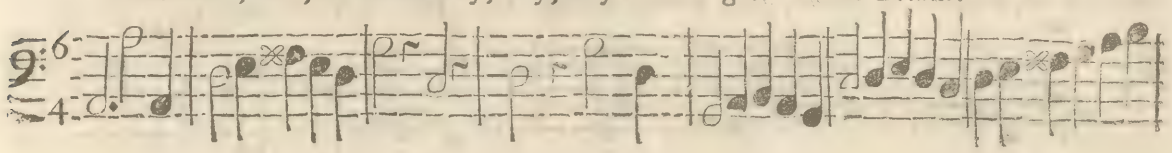


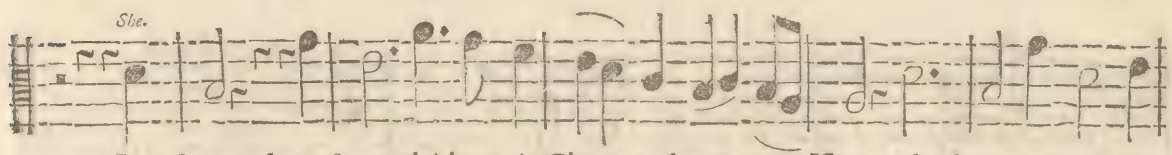
Hold leave a ſup, don't, don't drink all, all up;



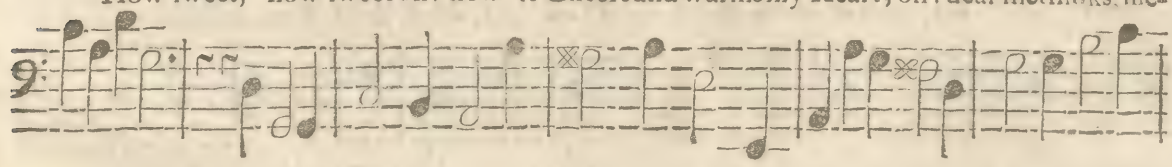


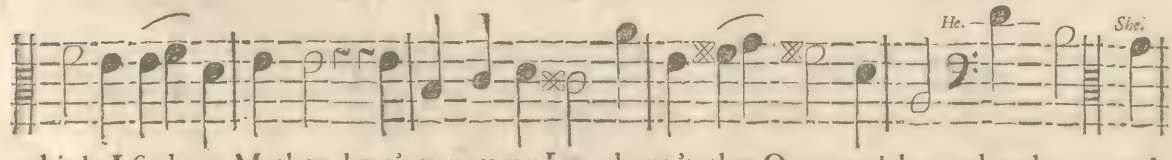
Here taſte, taſte, and know why, why, why I'le not go. *She Drinks.*



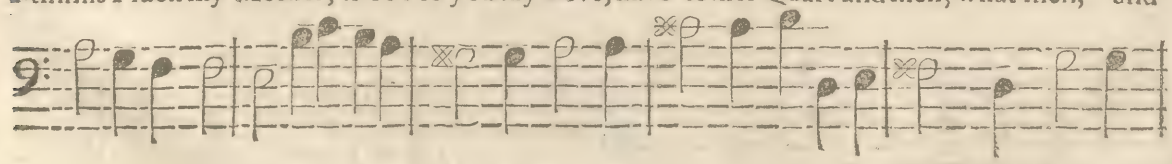


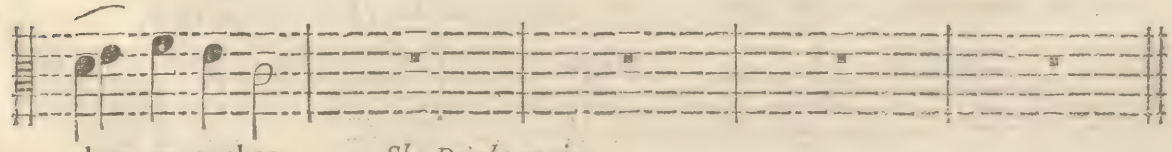
How ſweet, how ſweet oh! how it Cheers and warms my Heart; oh! dear methinks, me-



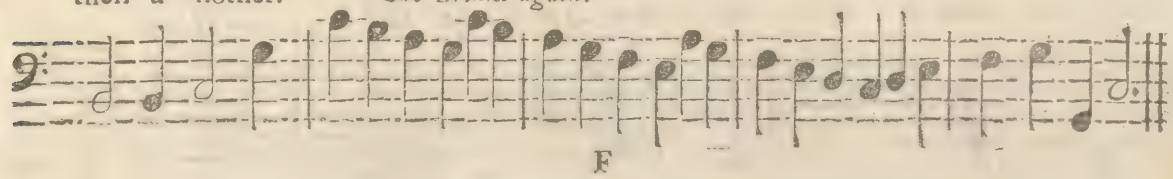


--thinks I ſuck my Mother, here's to you my Love, have 'tother Quart and then, what then, and

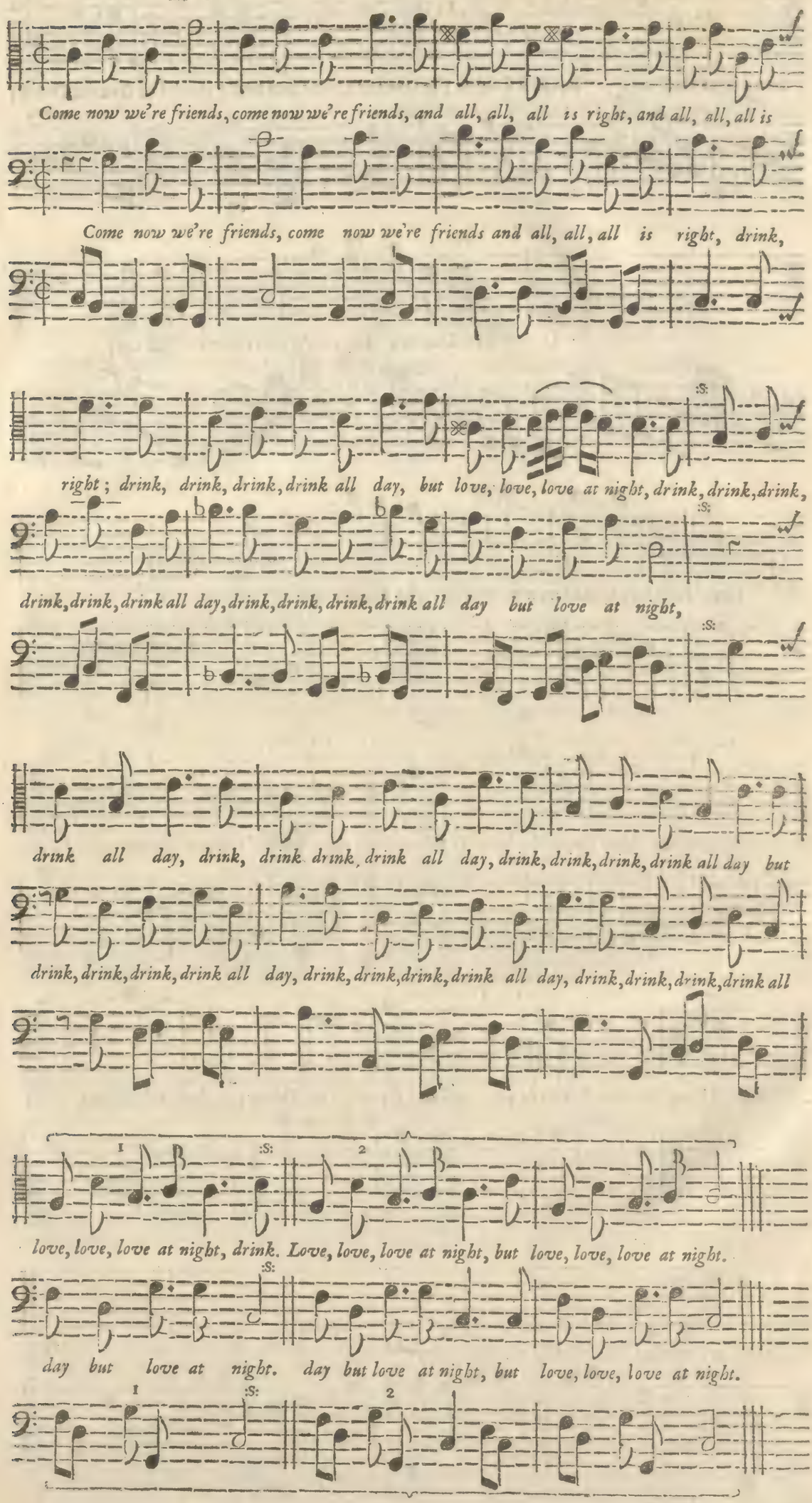




then a—nother. *She Drinks again.*



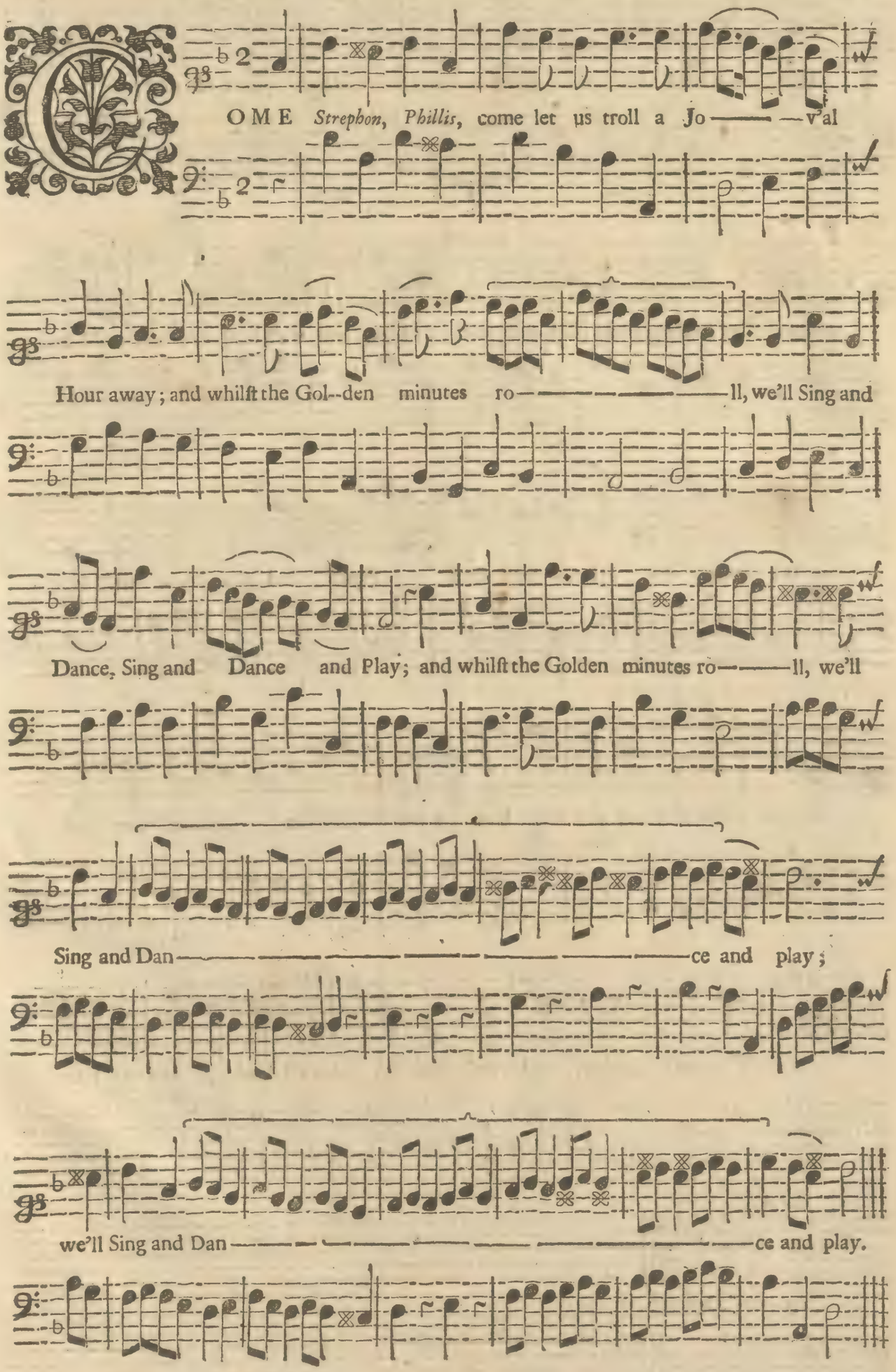
CHORUS.


Come now we're friends, come now we're friends, and all, all, all is right, and all, all, all is
Come now we're friends, come now we're friends and all, all, all is right, drink,
right; drink, drink, drink, drink all day, but love, love, love at night, drink, drink, drink,
drink, drink, drink all day, drink, drink, drink, drink all day but love at night,
drink all day, drink, drink drink, drink all day, drink, drink, drink, drink all day but
drink, drink, drink, drink all day, drink, drink, drink, drink all day, drink, drink, drink, drink all
love, love, love at night, drink. Love, love, love at night, but love, love, love at night.
day but love at night. day but love at night, but love, love, love at night.

The Jugle / Songs / in / The new Opera / call'd / The World in the Moon. / Sett by Mr. David Purcell, and Mr. Clark. / [illegible] / London, / Printed by J. Heptinstall, for Henry Playford at his Shop in the Temple-/ Change Fleetstreet, where also may be had a General Catalogue of all / the Musick-Books for this Thirty Years last past down to this pre-/sent time. 1697. / Price Six Pence. /

Song in the New *Opera*, call'd the *New World in the Moon*,

Sung by Mrs. *Crofs*. Sett by Mr. *Daniel Purcell*.



A Song Sung by Mrs. *Lindſey*. Sett by Mr. *Daniel Purcell*.

THen come kind *Da—mon* come a--way, to *Cinthia's* pow'r advance; the

Sylvians they ſhall Pipe and play, and we'll lead up, and we'll lead up, and we'll lead

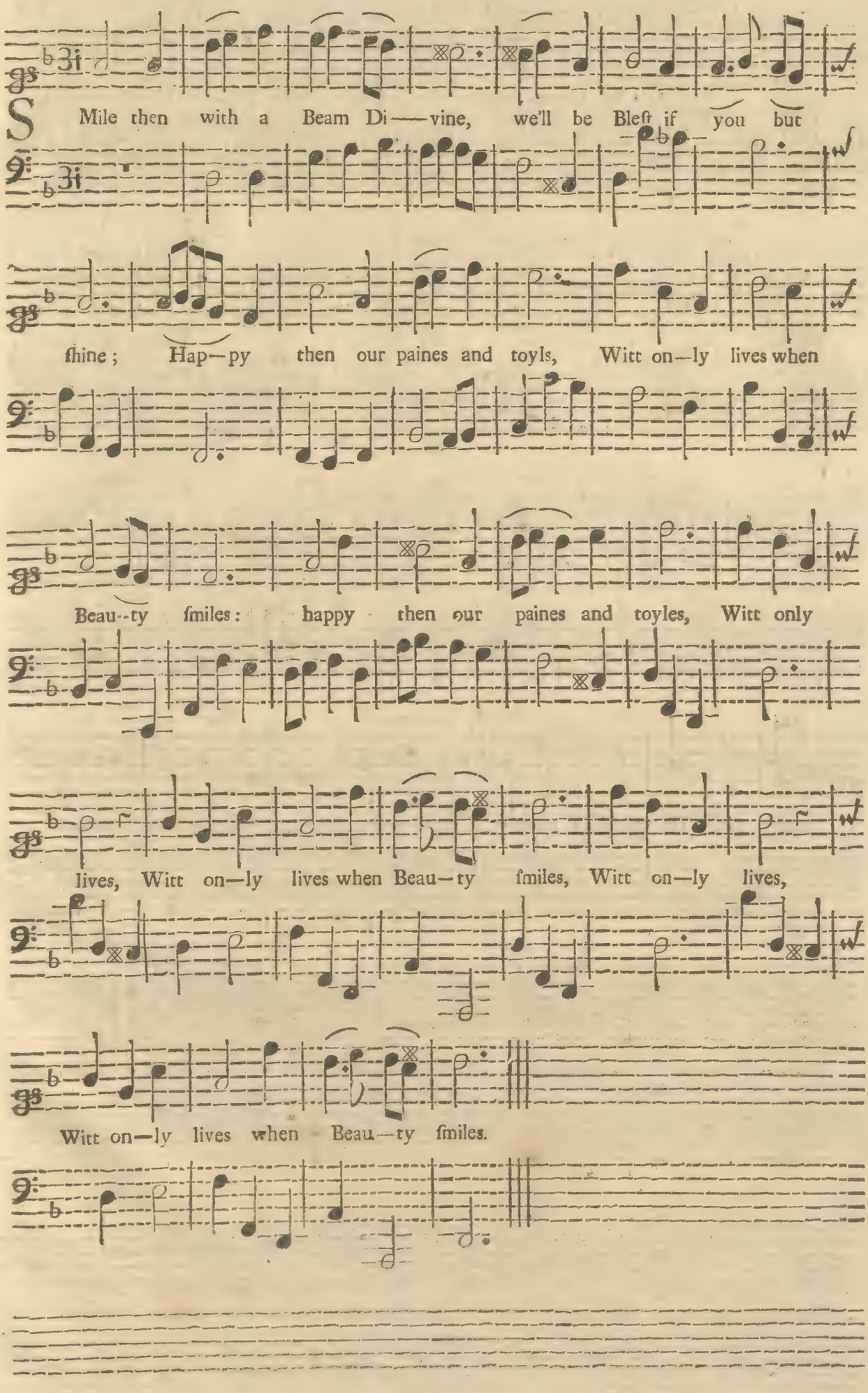
up the Dance; the *Sylvians* they ſhall Pipe and play, and we'll lead

up, and we'll lead up, and we'll lead up the Dance; the *Sylvians* they ſhall

Pipe and play, and we'll lead up, and we'll lead up, and we'll lead

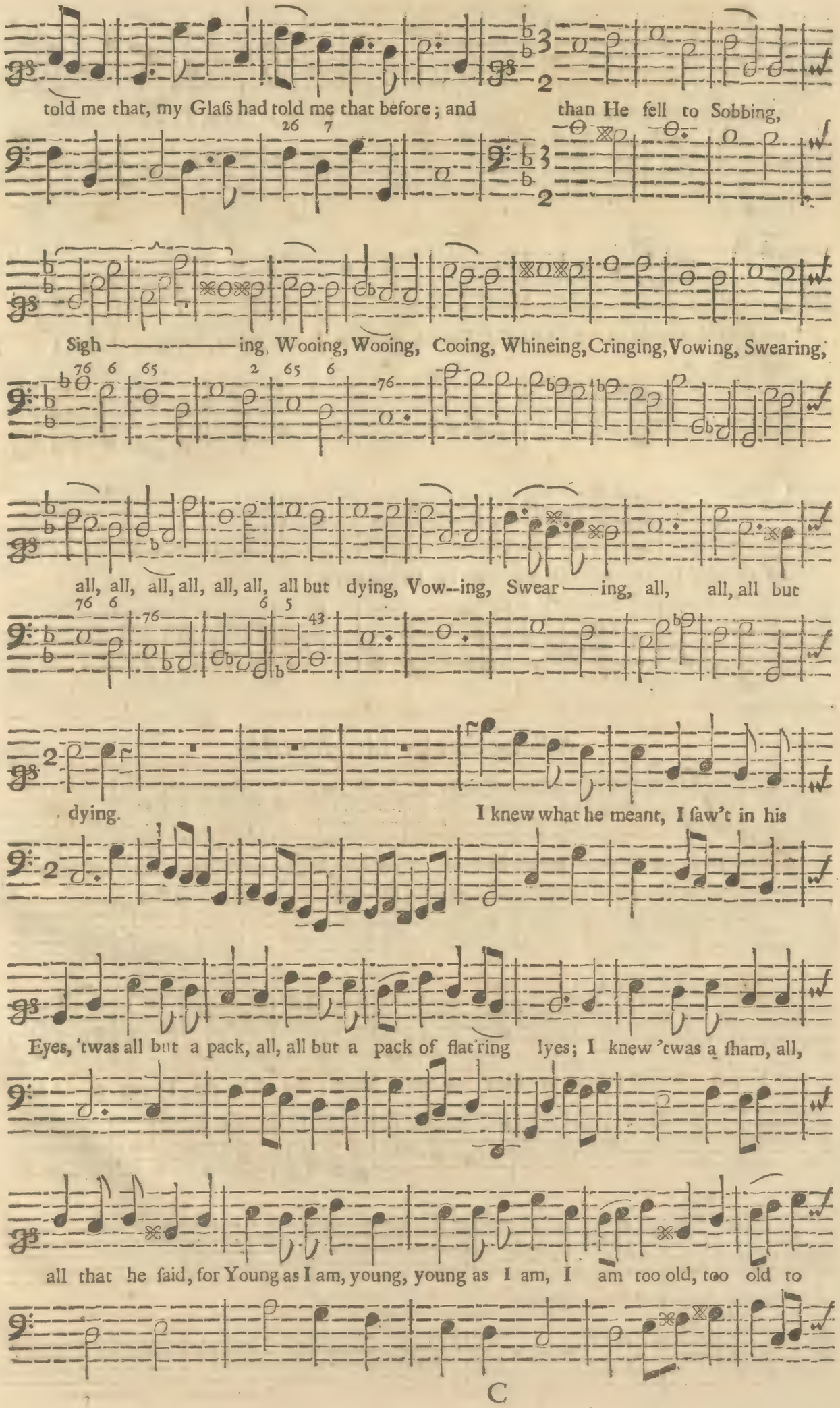
up the Dance.

A Song Sung by Mrs. *Crofs.* Sett by Mr. *J. Clark.*



A Song Sett by Mr. *Daniel Purcell*, Sung by a little Girl.

YOung *Strephon* met me the o—ther day, and Cour——ted me to toy, to to——y and play. Young *Strephon* met me the o—ther day, and Cour—ted me to to——y, to to——y and play: He talk'd of twenty prit——ty things, of Darts and Flames, of Darts and Flames, and *Cu-pid*'s Wings; what need he tell me o'er and o'er, I had a thousand Charms and more, my Glass had told me that, my Glass had told me that be-fore, my Glass had


told me that, my Glaſs had told me that before; and than He fell to Sobbing,
Sigh ——————— ing, Wooing, Wooing, Cooing, Whineing, Cringing, Vowing, Swearing,
all, all, all, all, all, all, all but dying, Vow--ing, Swear —— ing, all, all, all but
dying. I knew what he meant, I ſaw't in his
Eyes, 'twas all but a pack, all, all but a pack of flat'ring lyes; I knew 'twas a ſham, all,
all that he ſaid, for Young as I am, young, young as I am, I am too old, too old to

be betray'd; for Young, young, young as I am, young, young as I am, I am too old, I

am too old, too old to be betray'd; Young, young as I am, young, young as I am, I

am too old, I am too old, too old to be betray'd.

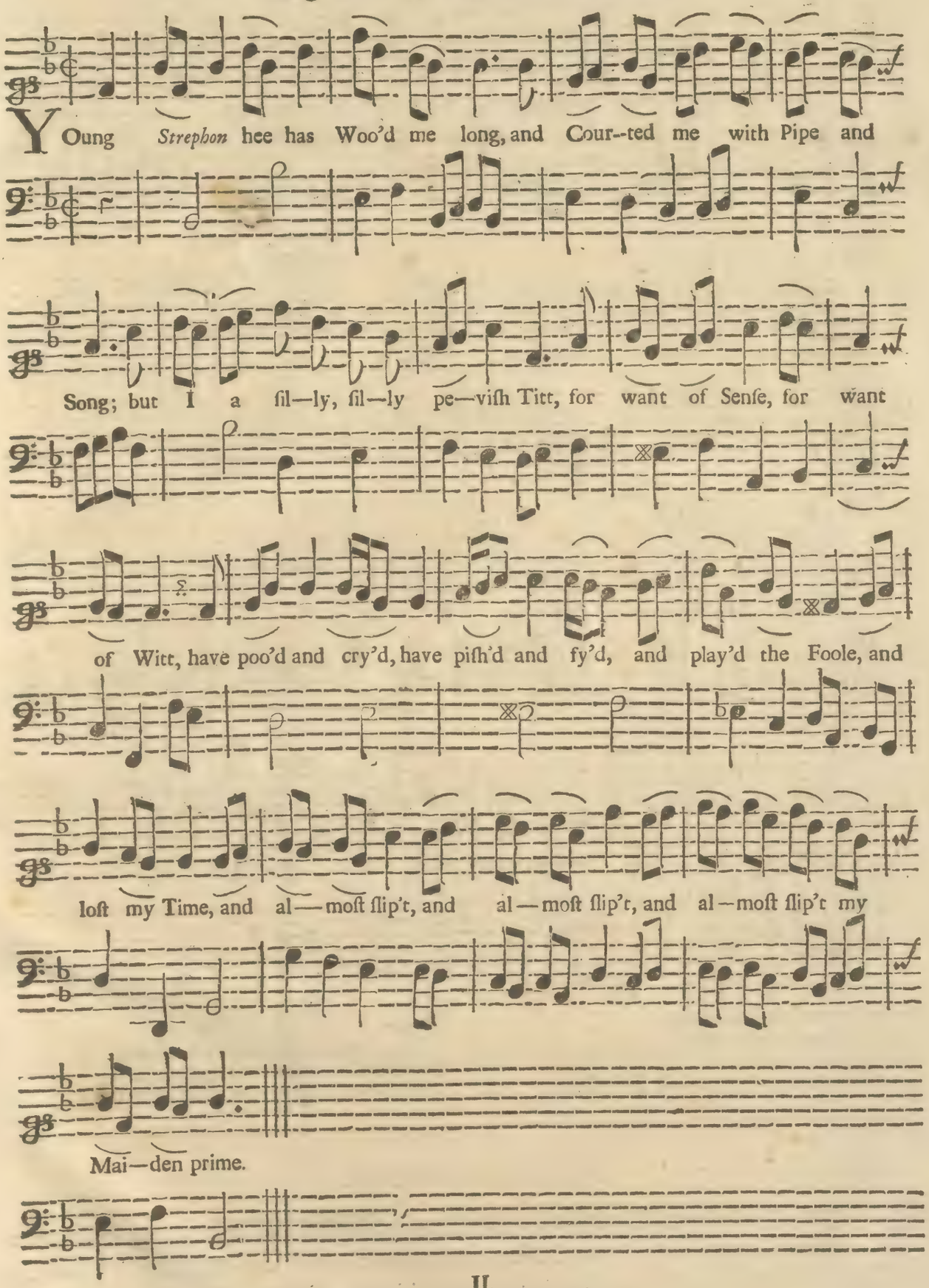
A Song Sett by Mr. *J. Clark.*

DI—vine *A--ſtrea* hither flew to *Cynthia's* brigh—ter Throne, ſhe left the

I—ron World below, to bleſs the Silver Moon; She left the I—ron world be—

——low to bleſs the Silver Moon.

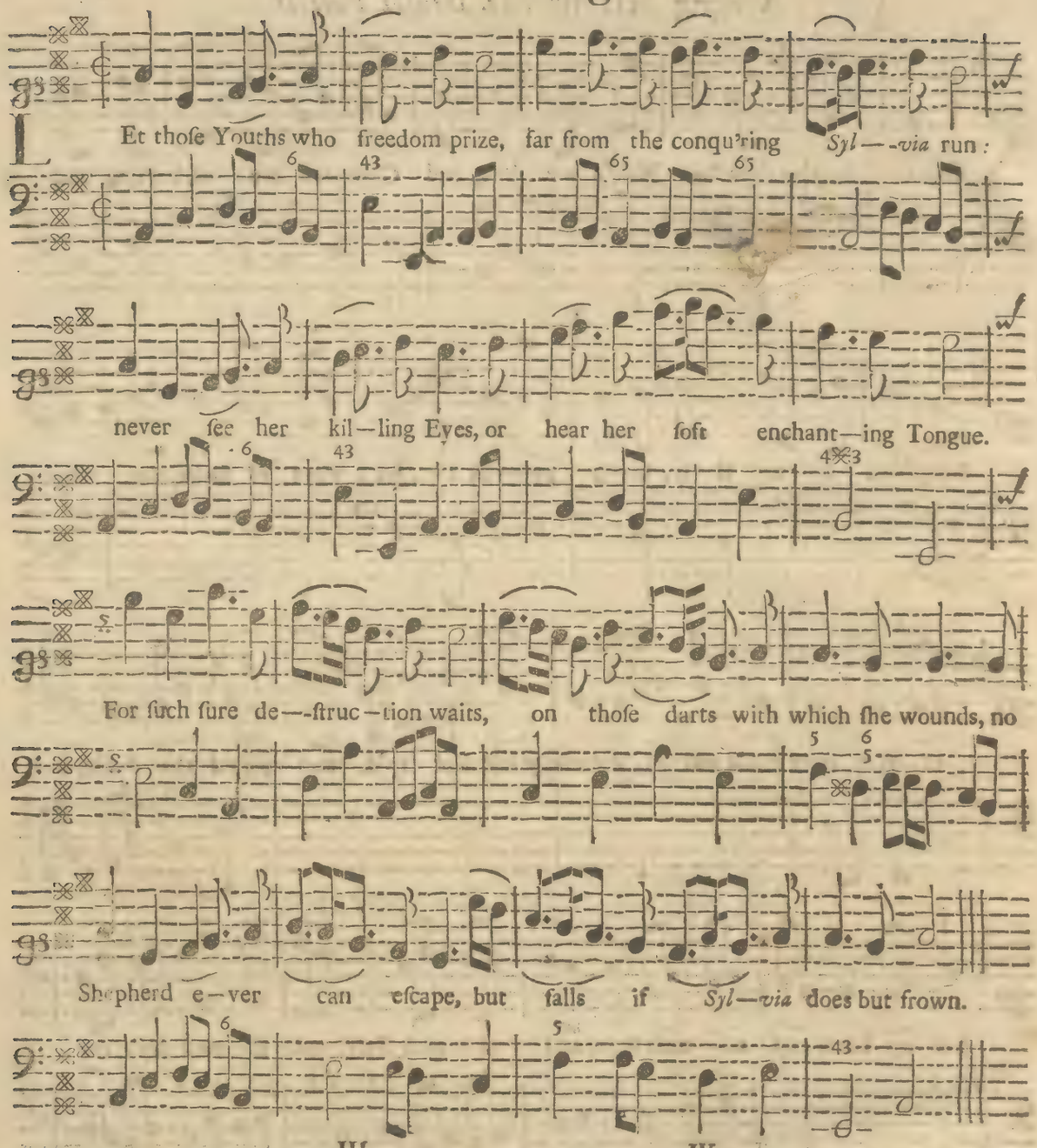
A Song Sett by Mr. *Daniel Purcell.*



II.

But now I thank my gracious Heav'n,
I hope my faults are all forgiven;
I've ſtruck the Bargain, eas'd my pain,
And am reſolv'd to take my Swain:
To Poo, and cry,
And Piſh, and Fye,
And make a Virgin's coy pretence,
Is all, all, all, is all, all, all, is all, all, all
For want of Senſe.

A New Song.



III.

Damon, to his cost has prov'd,
All resistance is but vain:
Heav'n has form'd her to be lov'd,
And made her Queen of all the plain.

IV.

Damon, when he saw her face,
From her beauty wou'd have fled;
But the Charmer turn'd her voice,
And with a Song she struck him dead.

Advertisement.

BY Reason Madam *Purcell*'s AYRES and SONATA'S coming out this *Trinity* Term, the Press could not compleat the Collection of Choice SONGS of Mr. *Henry Purcell*'s; for which, several Gentlemen have Subscrib'd; and also a greater Number of SONGS than was Proposed, will be Added. Therefore all Gentlemen and Ladys, that intend to Subscribe, are desired to doe it before the 25*th*. of *July*; and the Books, without farther delay, will be deliver'd *Michaelmas*-Term next.

FINIS.